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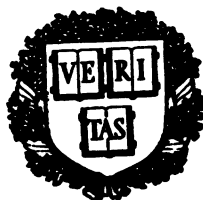
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GOETHE'S REINEKE FOX, WEST-
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GOETHE'S
REINEKE FOX,
WEST-EASTERN DIVAN,
AND
ACHILLEID.

TRANSLATED IN THE ORIGINAL METRES.

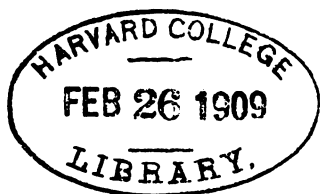
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CONTENTS.

	PAGE
REINEKE FOX	1
WEST-EASTERN DIVAN	195
ACHILLEID	341

REINEKE FOX.

INTRODUCTION.

THE history of Reynard the Fox has been known in Europe under various forms for upwards of five centuries, and has probably enjoyed the greatest amount of popularity of any legends of the sayings and doings of animals. It has been supposed by some to have been written with a political design; but, apart from the exhaustive refutation of this supposition, given by Grimm (Reinhart Fuchs von Jacob Grimm, Berlin, 1834), a perusal of the story, as given by Goethe, and translated in the following pages, appears sufficient to dispel any idea of the kind. It is a fable, in which beasts, whilst retaining their characteristic traits and propensities, display worldly wisdom combined with the quaintest humour, in a manner that not even the Hitopadesa and other Oriental collections of fables derived from it can at all equal, the latter, although abounding in instances in which beasts are credited with almost superhuman acuteness and subtlety, always treating such subjects in a dry, matter-of-fact style, and, as it were, not seeing any fun in them. Probably the best English criticism of the story in existence is that by Carlyle, which may appropriately be quoted here.

“This remarkable book comes before us with a character such as can belong only to a very few; that of being a true world’s book, which through centuries was everywhere at home, the spirit of which diffused itself into all lan-

guages and all minds. These quaint Æsopic figures have painted themselves in innumerable heads; that rough, deep-lying humour has been the laughter of many generations, so that, at worst, we must regard this Reinecke as an ancient idol, once worshipped, and still interesting for that circumstance, were the sculpture never so rude. We can love it, moreover, as being indigenous, wholly of our own creation; it sprang up from European sense and character, and was a faithful type and organ of these.

“But, independently of all extrinsic considerations, this fable of Reinecke may challenge a judgment on its own merits. Cunningly constructed, and not without a true poetic life, we must admit it to be; great power of conception and invention, great pictorial fidelity, a warm sunny tone of colouring, are manifest enough. It is full of broad, rustic mirth; inexhaustible in comic devices: a World-Saturnalia, where Wolves tonsured into Monks and nigh starved by short commons, Foxes pilgriming to Rome for absolution, Cocks pleading at the judgment-bar, make strange mummery. Nor is this Wild Parody of Human Life without its meaning and moral; it is an Air-pageant from Fancy’s Dream grotto, yet Wisdom lurks in it; as we gaze, the vision becomes poetic and prophetic. A true Irony must have dwelt in the poet’s heart and head: here, under grotesque shadows, he gives us the saddest picture of Reality; yet for us without sadness; his figures mask themselves in uncouth, bestial vizards, and enact gambolling; their Tragedy dissolves into sardonic grins. He has a deep, artful Humour, sporting with the world and its evils in kind mockery: this is the poetic soul, round which the outward material has fashioned itself into living coherence. And so, in that rude old Apologue, we have still a mirror, though now tarnished and time-worn, of true magic reality; and can discern

there in cunning reflex, some image both of our destiny and of our duty, for now, as then, 'Prudence is the only virtue sure of its reward,' and Cunning triumphs where Honesty is worsted; and now, as then, it is the wise man's part to know this, and cheerfully look for it, and cheerfully defy it:

'Ut vulpis adulatio
Here thro' his own world moveth,
Sic hominis et ratio
Most like to Reynard's proveth.'

If Reinecke is nowise a perfect Comic Epos, it has various features of such, and, above all, a genuine Epic spirit, which is the rarest feature.

"It has been objected that the animals in Reinecke are not animals, but men disguised; to which objection, except in so far as grounded on the necessary indubitable fact that this is an Apologue or emblematic Fable, and no Chapter of Natural History, we cannot in any considerable degree accede. Nay, that very contrast between Object and Effect, where the Passions of men develop themselves on the Interests of animals, and the whole is huddled together in chaotic mockery, is a main charm of the picture. For the rest, we should rather say, these bestial characters were moderately well sustained; the vehement, futile vociferation of Chanticleer; the hysterical promptitude, and earnest profession, and protestation of poor Lampe the Hare; the thick-headed ferocity of Isegrim; the sluggish, gluttonous rapacity of Bruin; above all the craft, the tact, and inexhaustible knavish adroitness of Reinecke himself, are in strict accuracy of costume. Often also their situations and occupations are bestial enough. What quantities of bacon and other proviant do Isegrim and Reinecke forage; Reinecke contributing the scheme—for the two were then in partnership—and Isegrim paying

the shot in broken bones! What more characteristic than the fate of Bruin, when ill-counselled to introduce his stupid head into Rustifill's half-split log; has the wedges whisked away, and stands clutched there, as in a vice, and uselessly roaring, disappointed of honey, sure only of a beating without parallel! Not to forget the Mare, whom, addressing by the title of Good-wife, with all politeness, Isegrim, sore-pinched with hunger, asks whether she will sell her foal, she answers that the price is written on her hinder hoof; which document the intending purchaser, being an 'Erfurt graduate,' declares his full ability to read; but finds there no writing, or print, save only the print of six horse-nails on his own mauled visage. And abundance of the like, sufficient to excuse our old epos on this head, or altogether justify it."¹

Grimm denies that there exists in the story any tendency to satire, but several of the incidents related go far to prove that the author of the version from which Goethe drew the materials for *Reineke Fuchs*, at all events, had in view some of the abuses that had crept into the administration of the Church of Rome, and fully intended to put in a ridiculous point of view some of the customs of the Middle Ages.

The exact time when the events of the story may be supposed to have taken place naturally cannot be determined, as, although some of them may have been suggested to the author by contemporary occurrences, the general thread of the narrative consists simply of such imaginative incidents as might occur to the mind of a man of humour well acquainted with the habits of the animals that constitute his *dramatis personæ*.

¹ See article on "German Literature of the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Centuries," in the "Foreign Quarterly Review," No. XVI., and "Miscellanies" (1872), iii., p. 204.

The locality where these events are supposed to have occurred is identified by the mention of the names of several places in Flanders:—Aachen, more familiar under the name of Aix-la-Chapelle, and Hüsterlo, the place where King Emmerich's treasure is falsely reported by Reineke to be buried, is situated near Ghent.

Of the literary productions to which the popularity of the story of Reynard the Fox has given rise at various times the following may be noted.

The Latin poem entitled, "*Ecbasis cujusdam captivi pro Tropologiam*," published by Grimm and Andreas Schmeller in 1838. This consists chiefly of the story of the lion's illness told by the wolf as explanatory of the feud between the fox and himself, and the king's anger against the fox, who alone among the animals neglected to attend and bring medicines for his recovery. A decree is issued against the fox, who, however, unexpectedly appears at Court, and manages to cure the lion and punish the wolf by having the hide of the latter torn off to envelop the former while it is still hot. The names of the beasts in this poem are not those used in the Reynardine stories.

The Latin poem entitled "*Isengrimus*," printed by Grimm from a MS. of the fourteenth century. In this for the most part the beasts have the Reynardine names. It contains only two stories, viz.: the Sickness of the Lion, and the Pilgrimage of the Goat. The sick lion, lying in a cool place at the side of a wood, orders a general assemblage of the beasts, and proclaims a solemn peace. The fox does not appear at first, but subsequently comes and suggests as a remedy for the lion's complaint that he should be enveloped in the fresh hide of a wolf of the age of three-and-a-half years, and proving that Isengrim is just of that age, gets the lion to order him to be flayed, and flays him accordingly, thus wreaking his vengeance on his enemy

the wolf. From various circumstances connected with this poem, it is evident that it was written in South Flanders in about the first half of the twelfth century, and it is therefore probable that the tales were current in the preceding century.

The latter poem was incorporated into another work, entitled "*Reinardus Vulpes*," published by Moore in 1832. This contains several incidents similar to those in the later versions of the Reynardine story, but not related in the same order. It seems unnecessary to enter into the details of these.

The next is the first High German poem on the subject of Reynard the Fox. It was contained in a subsequent work of an unknown author, who lived fifty years later than Heinrich der Glichescere, or Glichsençere, its author, and was discovered by Grimm, who found it in the library at Cassel, to be a portion of the Reinhart as originally written. In this the illness of the lion is accounted for by his having trampled down the nests and killed thousands of ants because they would not recognize his authority. The king of the ants vows vengeance, and the lion is bitten so severely that he looks on it as a judgment of heaven for having neglected his duties. A Court is then assembled, and various incidents are told of the same nature as in the more modern versions. There appears to have been a number of Norman French poems treating the story of Reynard the Fox in various ways, but the source to which Goethe's version may be directly traced is the Low German poem of *Reineke de Fos*, attributed by some to Heinrich von Alkmar, and by others to Nicolaus Baumann. Innumerable editions and translations of this poem have appeared from time to time, and contributed greatly to the popularity of the story. The particular translation with which we are now concerned is that by Gottsched, pub-

lished at Leipzig and Amsterdam in 1752, entitled, "Heinrichs von Alkmar Reineke der Fuchs mit schönen Kupfern, nach der Ausgabe von 1498." The plates were by Albert van Elverdingen, and are identical with those of which a few were used in the "Pleasant History of Reynard the Fox," issued by Felix Summerly. Goethe's Hexameters are said by himself to have been something between a translation and an independent version, and the work is described by Carlyle as being, "for poetical use infinitely the best: like some copy of an ancient, bedimmed, half-obliterated woodcut, but now done on steel, on India paper, and with all manner of graceful and appropriate appendages."

Other translations into High German, Danish, Swedish, and Latin have since appeared. Of the German translations the most interesting to the English public is one by D. W. Soltau, first published at Berlin in 1803, and afterwards in 1823 at Brunswick, on account of a subsequent translation into doggerel English verse by the same author, which possesses no merit but its quaintness. Of other English translations the best known is that of Caxton, published by him in 1481. It is clear, however, from references to the story in Chaucer and elsewhere, that it had been known in England in far earlier times. Caxton's version is in prose, and contains the same incidents as Goethe's work: it has been republished in 1844, in the twelfth volume of the Transactions of the Percy Society, with a preface by W. Thoms, and it is from this preface that the information embodied in this Introduction has been derived.

It will be seen what store of incidents is comprised in the story. These are, of course, not of Goethe's invention, and he is only responsible for the versification of Gottsched's translation into hexameters, which are as good as they can

be expected to be in a language that lends itself to this particular metre but little better than does our own.

For the following translation the editor is not solely responsible, having availed himself of numerous suggestions made by a friend. Many instances occur in which there has been a doubt as to the advisability of adopting a literal rendering in spite of its making the versification rough, or a freer translation which might lend itself to a smoother line. In all such cases he has endeavoured to steer, as far as possible, a middle course, but in no case, although not adopting the actual wording of his original, knowingly to depart from its sense. The difficulty of hitting the happy medium must be his excuse for the shortcomings of a work at which he has earnestly laboured, and which he now submits, with a prayer for reasonable criticism, to the judgment of the public. The few notes have mostly been taken from Herr Strehlke's edition in Hempel's series.

CONTENTS.

CANTO I.	PAGE
How the Lion assembles his court; and the Fox, being absent through fear of his accusers, is charged with many crimes.	
How the Bear is sent to summon him	1
CANTO II.	
How the Bear is received and betrayed by the Fox; and having suffered grievously at the hands of certain peasants, returns to Court in a pitiful condition	14
CANTO III.	
How the Cat, having been sent, also suffers evil treatment, and returns to Court having lost an eye. How the Badger is sent to summon his kinsman for the third time, and having persuaded him to come, hears his confession on the way, and makes pretence of giving him absolution	27
CANTO IV.	
How the Fox makes his defence, and is condemned to be hanged, but, at the gallows, obtains a respite from the King and Queen, by falsely telling them of a certain hidden treasure, and of a plot against the King's life	46
CANTO V.	
How the Fox describes the feigned plot, in which he implicates his father, now dead, and his kinsman the Badger, as well as his chief accusers; and how the King approves of his design to go on a pilgrimage to Rome and the Holy Land, to obtain absolution from a ban under which he lies	59
CANTO VI.	
How the Bear and the Wolf are imprisoned, and how Reineke starts on his pilgrimage equipped at their expense; but having beguiled the Ram and the Hare to his castle, murders the	

	PAGE
latter, and insolently causes the Ram to convey his head to the King ; whereupon the Bear and the Wolf are released, and receive compensation, the Ram's life being forfeit	72
CANTO VII.	
How the Court is prolonged ; and the Rabbit and Crow complain of further outrages by the Fox, whereupon the King commands an expedition against him ; but the Badger goes quickly, and persuades the Fox to come and defend his conduct	92
CANTO VIII.	
How the Fox again makes confession to the Badger, and lays his crimes upon the evil example set by the clergy. How they meet with the Ape on his way to Rome, who promises to obtain for his kinsman, the Fox, absolution from the ban under which he lies	105
CANTO IX.	
How the Fox makes his defence before the King, and challenges his enemies to single combat. How his cause is pleaded by the She-ape, who is in favour with the King and Queen	120
CANTO X.	
How the Fox describes the treasures which he feigns to have been stolen by the Ram ; and recounts his father's services and his own, and is pardoned by the King	138
CANTO XI.	
How the Wolf brings further charges against the Fox, who replies plausibly, whereupon the Wolf challenges him to single combat. How the She-ape gives wise counsel to the Fox	158
CANTO XII.	
How the Wolf and the Fox fight in the presence of the King, and the Fox by craft and adroitness defeats the other, and attains to great honour and favour with the King	177

REINEKE FOX.

FIRST CANTO.

WHITSUNTIDE,¹ loveable feast, was come: the plain
and the forest
Broke forth in verdure anew: on the hills, in the bushes
and hedges,
Birds, as if newly awakened to life, sang their happiest
ditties;
Every meadow was decked with flowers in sweet-scented
valleys;
Bright of hue was the earth, and the sky of brilliance festal.⁴
Nobel,² the king, assembled together his Court, and his
vassals
Quickly came at his call in state; ³ from ev'ry direction
Trooped in many a haughty fellow at once at the summons;
Lütke, the crane, and Markart, the jay, and all of the chief
ones.
It was the wish of the king, with all his barons and
nobles,

10

¹ Under the Merovingian king a general assembly of the people, as well as the nobles of the realm, took place in the spring of the year, and was fixed by Pepin the Little for the month of May. In this May-field (Majicampus) were assembled by name the lay and clerical vassals under Charles the Great.

² In the original form of the fables of beasts the bear was considered the king of animals. In Reinardus Vulpes and Isengrimus, however, the lion appears. In the former he is called Rufanus, supposed to be an anagram for Arnufus, the German Emperor Arnulph (887 to 899). The name Nobel comes from the French versions.

³ The summons to a Court festival was in earlier times by a verbal message, but afterwards in writing, about six weeks before the time of assembling.

Grandly to hold a magnificent Court; and with this intention

One with another he summoned, the small as well as the great ones.

None should fail to be there! And yet there was one who was absent,

Reineke Fox, the rascal! who, deeply given to mischief, Held aloof from half of the Court. As shuns a bad conscience

Light and day, so the fox fought shy of the nobles assembled.

One and all had complaints to make, he had all of them injured;

Grimbart,¹ the badger, his brother's son, alone was excepted.

Isegrim² Wolf began the complaint; by all his well-wishers,

And by all of his cousins accompanied, and his companions,³

Standing before the king, he spoke in accents forensic:

"Master, most gracious Sovereign! Hear my grievous affliction.

Noble are you and great and worshipful, showing to all men Mercy and right; so now for the injury grant me compassion,

That from Reineke Fox, to my great disgrace, I have suffered.

Give me especially pity for this, that often for mischief

He has made sport of my wife, and injury done to my children.

Even, alas! with dirt and corroding filth he defiled them, So that at home there are three who weep and wail in their blindness.

True, long ago we came to terms with regard to his mischief.

¹ This appears to have meant originally "shining with fury," or "shining like a helmet," the latter from the face of the badger, which has on both sides of its head a black band like the fastenings of a helmet.

² The reported meanings of the name are "eisgrimmig" (probably a contraction for eisengrimmig), "iron-masked," or "shining like a sword."

³ According to old German judicial custom people appeared before the legal tribunals accompanied by their relations.

Yes, a day had been fixed on which to settle the grievance.
Even to swear¹ did he offer, but soon thought better about it,
Dext'rously slipping away to his stronghold. Ev'ryone
knows this,

Far too well do they know it, all who stand here and
around me.

Oh, Sir! All the vexation that this great rascal has caused
me

Many a week would it take to recount in the briefest of
phrases.

If the linen of Ghent²—as much as ever is made there—
Into parchment were made, 'twould not hold all his vagaries,
And I am silent thereon. But still my spouse's dishonour
Gnaws at my heart; revenge I will have, whatever may
happen."

Whilst thus Isegrim vented himself in sorrowful spirit,
There came forward a dog called Wackerlos. Speaking in
French, he

Said to the king how poor he was, and how nothing was
left him

But a small piece of sausage, hid in a wintery thicket;
Even this had Reineke filched.—Then up jumped the tom-
cat,

Hintze his name, and cried out, angrily: "Monarch exalted,
No one is here who has need to cry out lest the scoundrel
should hurt him

More than the king himself! I tell you, in all this
assemblage,

Young or old, there is none who is not more afraid of the
rascal

Than of yourself! But Wackerlos' case is of little impor-
tance.

Several years have passed since these occurrences happened.
Mine was the sausage. And I it was who had reason to
grumble.

I had gone out to hunt, and whilst on my way, in the
night I

¹ Probably the oath of purging, frequently alluded to in beast fables.

² Ghent was already celebrated in the tenth century for its cloth
manufactures.

Searched through a mill, and the miller's wife was asleep,
 softly
 One little sausage took up, I confess. Thus if any title 55
 Wackerlos had therein, to my exertions he owed it."

Then the panther began: "Of what use are words and
 complainings?"

It is but little they settle: enough! the evil is well known.
 He is a thief and murderer! I can boldly maintain it.

Yes, as the gentlemen know, he practises all kinds of
 mischief. 60

Should all the noblemen here, and even our monarch
 exalted,

Honour and property lose, he'd laugh, if thereby he might
 gain him

Only a mouthful to eat of a fat and well-flavoured capon.

Let me relate how Lampe, the hare, he shamefully treated

Yesterday: there he stands, who never injured a creature. 65

Reineke posed as pious, and wished in various matters

Briefly to teach him, and what in addition pertained to
 the chaplain.

Opposite one to another they sat, and began on the 'Credo.'

Yet could Reineke never forego his old, wily devices;

Notwithstanding the peace of the king and safe conduct to
 all men, 70

Lampe, the honest creature, was seized and held in his
 clutches,

And malignantly worried. Along the road I was passing,

Heard the chaunt of the pair begun, but suddenly ended.

I was amazed at what I had heard, but as I came nearer

Knew at once it was Reineke: Lampe he held by the
 collar, 75

Yes, and had certainly taken his life, if I by good fortune

Had not happened to pass by the road. There standing
 you see him.

Look and see the wounds of the gentle creature, whom no one

Ever would think of ill-treating. And should our ruler
 allow it,

¹ It was the custom that anyone who had to appear before the
 tribunals was under the king's protection and safe conduct (*Geleit*) on
 his way there and back.

Should you, noble lords, permit the peace of the monarch, so
And his safe conduct and pass to be despised by a robber,
Then will the king and his children hereafter bear the
reproaches
Cast upon them by all who of right and just dealing are
lovers."

Isegrim said thereupon: "I fear it will always remain so.
No good, alas! will Reineke show us. Oh! would he were
lying 85
Dead long ago! for that were the best for peaceable people;
If you forgive him, however, this time, be sure very shortly
Some who now suspect it least he'll audaciously swindle."

Reineke's nephew, the badger, took up the word, and with
courage
Spoke up in Reineke's favour, though all now knew of
his falseness. 90

"Old and true," he said: "Sir Isegrim, so goes the
proverb;

'Little to gain from an enemy's mouth.' And truly my uncle
Little comfort will get from your words, but that is a trifle—
Were he but here at the Court as well as yourself, and
enjoying

Royal favour like you, you would certainly soon be
repenting 95
That you have been so spiteful and raked up all these old
stories.

Yet in all the mischief you now endeavour to do him
You over-reach yourself; and some of these gentlemen well
know

How you effected a compact together, and both of you
promised

Equal in partnership always to live. I must tell you
about it. 100

Once for your sake in the winter he faced the greatest of
dangers.

There was a carter, with fish his cart who had heavily
loaded,

Driving along the road. You spied him out, and with
longing

Looked at his wares for a meal, but alas! the money was wanting.

Then you persuaded my uncle, and he, as if dead, on the roadway

Craftily laid himself down. By heav'n, that was an adventure,

One of the rashest! Now see what he did for the sake of the fishes.

When the carter came up, in the rut he there saw my uncle.

Quickly he drew his sword to finish him off, but the sly one,

Seemingly dead, moved neither limb nor leg, and the carter

Threw him up on his cart, at the skin rejoicing beforehand.

Yes, thus much did my uncle for Isegrim dare, but the carter

Went on driving the cart, so Reineke threw down the fishes.

Isegrim slunk up behind, from afar, and swallowed the fishes.

Reineke made up his mind to ride no farther, and rising

Jumped off the cart, with intent to dine off some of the booty.

All, however, had Isegrim eaten; and more than was needful,

Had so blown himself out, that to burst he was ready. The fishbones

Only were left behind, and he offered his friend the remainder.

Just one little tale more! This, too, is true that I tell you.

Reineke knew of a fattened pig that a peasant that morning

In his house had killed and hung on a peg. He reported,

All in good faith, to the wolf. They started, the profit and danger

Fairly to share. Yet he alone bore both the trouble and peril.

In at the window he crept, and threw with a good deal of trouble

Down to the wolf their common booty. As ill luck would have it,

Not far off were some dogs, who discovered him there
in the dwelling;
And right well did they tousel his hide. He got away
wounded.
Isegrim quickly he sought, and complained of what he
had suffered,
And demanded his share. Then the wolf replying assured
him : 130
"Such a capital bit I have kept you. Fall to upon it,
Gnaw it well up, and see how nice and delicious the
fat is!"
So he brought out the piece; 'twas the crooked stick that
the butcher
Had made use of to hang up the pig; the delicate
roastling 134
Had that greedy wolf unrighteously swallowed and eaten.
Reineke spoke not a word in his rage; you can easily
fancy
What were his feelings! 'Tis certain, O king, that for
over a hundred
Similar tasty bits is the wolf to my uncle indebted!
I will be silent, however. If you will have Reineke sent
for,
He will defend himself better. Meanwhile, O king ever
gracious, 140
Noble ruler, you heard yourself, I beg to remind you,
And these lords have heard how foolishly Isegrim's talking
Touches too nearly the honour and fame of the wife of his
bosom,
Whom with body and life he should guard. Now this
much is certain:
Rather more than seven years since my uncle had offered 145
His true love, and his troth to the beautiful Gieremund
plighted,
Isegrim's wife. It was at a dance by night that it happened,
Isegrim being away from home. I speak as I know it.
Often with kindness and courtesy she has accepted his offers.
What more is there to say? She never brought this to
notice; 150
Nay, she's alive, and finds herself well; what a fuss he is
making!

Were he wise, he would hold his tongue : this will only disgrace him."

Further pursued the badger : " And now for the hare and his story.

Wish-washy empty talk ! Should not the master his pupil Sometimes chastise when he will not observe, and is stubborn in evil ? 155

If boys never were punished, were thoughtlessness always passed over,

Were bad behaviour allowed, how would our juveniles grow up ?

Wackerlos now complains how his sausage was lost in the winter,

Down by the hedge ; he had better put up with his trouble in silence,

Since, as we now are told, he stole it. As lightly 'twas come by, 160

Lightly also it went, and who can throw blame on my uncle

If from a thief he took the goods he had stolen ? For all men,

Those who are noble by birth, should always prove themselves hateful,

Much to be dreaded by thieves. Why, had he proceeded to hang him,

Venial were the offence. But, to honour the king, he released him, 165

For to punish with death the king alone is permitted.

But the smallest of thanks can this uncle of mine ever look for,

Be he ever so right, whatever misdeeds he prohibits.

Since in the country the royal peace was made known and published

No one behaves as he does. His habits of living are altered : 170

Eating but once in the day, like a hermit himself he chastises,

Wearing a hair-shirt next to his skin, and for many a day has

Quite abstain'd from the eating of flesh both wild and domestic ;

Yesterday this I was told by one who lately was with him.
Malepartus,¹ his fort, he has left, and now for his dwelling
Builds him a hermit's cell. How lean and thin he is
growing, 176

Pale from hunger and thirst, and stricter mortifications,
Borne in bitter remorse, all this yourselves you shall witness.
What can it matter to him if people come here with
petitions?

Let him but come, he will make out his rights, and leave
them confounded." 180

Just as Grimbart had finished there came, to their utter
amazement,

Henning, the Cock, with his kith and kindred. Stretched
on a bier there,

Borne in sorrow along was a hen, both headless and
neckless.

Scratch-foot it was, the best of all the egg-laying females.
Fast flowed, alas! her blood: it was Reineke, too, that had
shed it. 185

This must be told to the king. And now as Henning, the
valiant,

Came to the royal presence with deeply dejected demeanour,
Came with him two other cocks, of equally mournful
appearance.

Kryant was one; a better cock was nowhere forthcoming
Either in Holland or France. The other who came was his
equal: 190

Kantart by name he was called, a bold and fine, strapping
fellow.

Each of them carried a lighted torch, for they were the
brothers

Of this murdered lady. They cried with loud lamentations
"Oh!" and "alas!" for the murder. Two young cocks
carried the body.

One could hear the mournful cries in the distance re-
sounding.² 195

¹ Malepartus is probably derived from the Latin, and means the fort
"in evil regions."

² The friends of a murdered person were supposed to make a three-
fold cry at the commencement of their complaint.

Henning spoke: " We complain of irretrievable mischief,
Lord and gracious king! Take pity on me who am injured,
I and my children as well. Here witness Reineke's doings!
When the winter was gone, and leaves, and blossoms, and
flowers,

Summoned us forth to pleasure, I joyed in my family
circle,

That so gladly with me the beautiful days were enjoying.
Ten young sons were there, and fourteen beautiful
daughters,

Full of enjoyment of life, which the hen, my excellent
consort,

All in a single summer had nourished and brought up
together.

All were so strong and so well content, and for all was
provided

Aught that was needed for daily food in well-guarded
quarters.

Rich monks owned the yard, and lofty walls were our
shelter.

Six, large, powerful dogs, the household's trusted com-
panions,

Held my children dear, and kept strict watch for their
welfare.

But it annoyed this, Reineke thief that there in content-
ment

Happy days we should spend, and keep ourselves clear of
his malice.

Ever at night did he sneak round the walls, and watch by
the gateway.

When the dogs saw it he had to run for it. One day,
however,

Bravely at last they seized him, and crumpled his skin up
together.

Yet he made good his escape, and left us in peace for a
season.

But now listen to me. It was not long this had lasted
When he appeared as a monk, and brought me a letter and
signet.

'Twas your seal I knew on the letter, and there I found
written

Lasting peace for the birds and beasts that you were proclaiming.

Then he told me that he had adopted the life of a hermit,
And to atone for his sins the strictest vows he had taken.

All his guilt, alas! he acknowledged, but no one in future

Need of him be afraid: he had sworn by all that is holy
Never again to put flesh in his mouth. His cowl he displayed me,

Also his scapular, and in his favour farther to witness, 225
Showed what the prior had ordered, the more to confirm and assure me,

Under his cowl a garment of hair, and said, as he went off:
'Now I commend you to God Almighty! To-day there is plenty

That I still have to do.' There are Sexts and Nones to be read through,

Vespers as well.' He read his book as he went, and thought over

Many an evil thing, whilst our destruction he plotted.

Quickly with lightened heart I told all the children around me

What good message your letter conveyed, and all were delighted.

Since now Reineke hermit had turned, we had for the future

Neither care nor fear. Together with them I proceeded

Out in front of the walls, and we all rejoiced in our freedom.
Yet, alas! evil befell us. He lay outside in an ambush:

Springing then craftily forwards, he blocked our road to the gateway,

Seized and ran away with the finest of all of my children.
After that nothing availed us, when once their blood he had tasted.

Once and again he tried it, and neither the dogs nor the huntsmen

Either by day or night could protect us more from his malice.

¹ The clerical day was divided into seven parts: matins, prime, tierce, sext, none (or noon), vespers, and compline.

Thus he deprived me of almost all of my children: from
twenty

Down to five I am now reduced; the rest he has ravished.
Oh! take pity on this, our bitter grief, for my daughter 245
Yesterday only he killed, the dogs only saving her body.
See where she lies! His doing it was! Oh take it to heart,
Sir!"

Then the king commenced: "Come nearer, Grimbart, and
see this!

Thus does the hermit fast, and thus does he show his
repentance!

One more year if I live, however, he surely shall rue it! 250
Yet of what use are words? So hear me, sorrowful
Henning:

Let not your daughter want for a single thing that is
needful,

Fitting, and right for the dead. For her shall Vigils be
chaunted,

That with due honour and state she may to the earth be
committed.

Then with our lords we'll advise as to how to punish this
murder." 255

Then did the king command them to chaunt the office of
Vigils;

"*Domino placebo*"¹ commenced the assembly: they chaunted
All of the verses thereof. And farther yet I could tell you
Who it was that intoned the lesson, and who the
responses; 259

This, however, would take too long; I had rather omit it.
Down in a grave was the body laid, and on it a handsome
Square hewn marble slab, that was polished as bright as a
mirror.

Thick and large it was, and on it was legibly written:

"Scratch-foot, daughter of Henning, the Cock, the best of
the hen tribe.

Many an egg did she lay in her nest, and was skilful in
scratching." 265

¹ The commencement of the Office for the Dead: "*Placebo domino in regione vivorum.*"

Here she lies, lost, alas! to her friends, by Reineke murdered.

All the world should know of his false and cruel behaviour ;
As for the dead they lament." Thus ran the words that
were written.

Then did the king his cleverest councillors cause to assemble,
That with them he council might hold how to punish the
outrage,

Which of him and his Lords had so clearly been brought
to the notice.

This at last they agreed to, that they to the crafty
transgressor

Must a messenger send, that on pain of further correction
He must not fail to attend at the royal palace in person,
When the baronial Court was next in meeting assembled. 275
Brown, the bear, they selected as messenger. Him then
addressing,

Uttered the monarch these words: "Brown, I, your ruler,
command you,

Do your errand with diligence due. Yet I counsel you
prudence.

Reineke's false and malicious ; and various sorts of devices
Will he make use of: and lies he will tell and with flattery
ply you,

And circumvent, as he alone can." "By no means," asserted
Brown with assurance: "Be at your ease! Should he be
presuming,

Or in the slightest degree should he ever dare to despise
me,

Mark well, I swear by God, let me the penalty suffer
If I pay him not back till he knows not where he is
standing."

SECOND CANTO.

SO then Brown wandered forth upon his way to the mountains:

High in courage he went, his course through a desert directing,

Long and sandy and broad; and this when at length he had traversed,

Tow'rds the hills he approached, where to hunt was Reineke's custom.

There in former days he himself had come for amusement. 5

But the bear went farther, to Malepartus, where buildings Fair did Reineke own, and of all the towns and the castles,

Many of which he possessed, was Malepartus the finest.

There did Reineke live whenever evil foreboded.

When Brown reached the castle, he found the usual entrance

Fast closed up. Then standing in front he pondered a little; 10

After a time he cried: "O uncle, are you at home now?"

Brown, the bear, has come from the king with message judicial.

For the king has sworn, that at Court before his tribunal

You must present yourself, and I am sent hither to fetch you, 15

Lest you delay what is just to receive and to render to all men.

Else it may cost you your life, for, if you persist in remaining,

You are threatened with gallows and wheel. Make choice of the best, then:

Come and follow me hence, or else there may evil befall you."

Reineke heard his speech well enough from beginning to ending, 20

Lay and quietly listened and thought: "Oh! would I
were able

His proud words to repay to this my clumsy companion!
Let us think out the affair." He went to the depths of
his dwelling.

Into the fort's recesses, for artfully was it constructed.
Deep recesses there were, and caves with passages many, 25
Narrow and long, and numerous doors for op'ning and
closing,

Just as occasion required. For when he found he was
wanted

For some rascally act, he there had perfect protection.
In these labyrinths, too, through very simplicity often,
Wretched beasts were caught, a welcome prey to the
spoiler. 30

Reineke heard all the words, but in his cunning was fearful
Lest, beside the messenger, others might be in the back-
ground.

When he had made himself sure that the bear had come
unattended,

He went craftily out and said: "My worshipful uncle,
Welcome to me! Forgive me! I was just reading the
Vespers, 35

That was the reason I kept you waiting. I thank you for
coming,

For it will certainly help me at Court; I venture to hope
so.

Heartily welcome you are at any time, uncle, and mean-
while

Rests the blame upon him who sent you off on the journey,
For it is long and wearisome. Heavens! But how you
are heated! 40

Dripping wet is your hair, and your breathing laboured and
heavy.

Had not the mighty king some other messenger handy
Than the noblest man, whom highest in honour he raises?
This, however, may be to my own advantage; I pray you,
Give me aid at the Court of the king when people defame
me! 45

In the morning I purposed, in spite of my ailing condition,
Freely to go to the Court, and such is still my intention,

Only to-day I am too unwell to accomplish the journey.
I have, alas! of a food by far too freely partaken
Not at all suited to me, and have terrible pains in my
stomach."

Brown interposed thereon: "What was it, uncle?" The
other

Said in reply: "What good would it do if I were to tell
you?"

Though my means of living are straitened, I bear it with
patience.

Poor men cannot be Counts! And, if on any occasion
Better cannot be got for us and ours, we put up with 55
Combs of honey to eat, for these one can always get hold of.
Yet do I only eat them if need be, and now I am swollen.
Not with good will have I swallowed the stuff; how could
it be wholesome?

Could I always avoid it, 'twould never come near to my
palate."

"Ah! what is this that I hear?" exclaimed the Brown one,
"my uncle?" 60

What, then! Do you despise the honey, which many folks
long for?

Honey, I beg leave to say, is far beyond all other dishes,
Leastwise to me: oh! let me have some and you shall not
repent it!

I will serve you in turn." The other said: "Why, you
are joking!"

"No, in good surety," swore the bear, "I said it in
earnest." 65

"If that is so," continued the Red one, "I really can serve
you,

For the peasant Rüsteviel lives at the foot of the mountain.
Honey he has, indeed, such that you and all of your
kindred

Never so much together have seen." Beyond moderation
Did Brown covet the well-loved food: "Oh! take me, my
uncle, 70

Quickly thither," he cried, "and I will never forget it!
Only procure me honey, though I get not enough for my
liking."

"Let us go," said the fox: "there shall be no failure of honey.

Truly to-day I am bad on my feet, yet for me the affection
Long tow'rds you I have borne will sweeten the sourest of
journeys. 75

Not a single person I know of all my relations,
Whom I honour as you! Now come! You will in requital
Do me a service at Court on the day when the Lords are
assembled,

So that my foes' complaints and their power be brought to
confusion.

Honey enough to-day, as much as you ever can carry, so
You'll have." The rascal meant the blows of the furious
peasants.

Blindly the Brown one followed, while Reineke ran on
before him.

"If I succeed," reflected the fox, "to-day I will bring thee
Yet to a mart where a bitter honey shall fall to thy
portion."

So they came to Rüsteviel's yard, and the bear was delighted;
Vainly, however, as fools with hopes are often deluded. 86

Evening had come, and Reineke knew that according to
custom

Rüsteviel now would be lying upon his bed in his chamber.
He was a joiner, a capital workman. Down in the court-
yard

Lay the trunk of an oak: he had, with intention to
split it, 90

Driven in two stout wedges already; above and beyond
them

Gaped the split tree for nearly an ell wide. Reineke saw this,
And he said: "My uncle, in this tree trunk there is
found more

Honey than you would ever suppose; now put in your
muzzle

Deep inside as far as you can. I only advise you 95
Not to be greedy and take too much! It might possibly
harm you."

"Do you think," said the bear, "that I am a glutton? By
no means!

Moderation is ever in all things good." And in this
way,
Quite befooled was the bear, and put his head into the tree
cleft,
Down as far as his ears, as well as both of his fore-
paws.¹⁰⁰
Reineke then set to work; and with much pulling and
tugging
Pulled out both of the pegs, and thus the Brown one
was captive,
Caught by his head and his feet: nor abuse nor flattery
helped him.
Plenty to do had Brown, so strong though he was, and so
daring.
Thus with treachery held the nephew his uncle a captive.
Howled and blubbered the bear, and made such a terrible
hubbub¹⁰⁶
As with his hind-feet he savagely scratched, that Rüsteviel
jumped up.
"What can it be?" the master thought, and brought out
his hatchet,
So that he might be armed if anyone wanted to hurt
him.

Meanwhile in terrible straits Brown found himself, for the
tree-cleft¹¹⁰
Squeezed him tightly: he tugged and pulled, and bellowed
in anguish.
Yet with all his trouble was nothing gained; he expected
Never again to be free, and so thought Reineke gladly.
Then he exclaimed, when he saw from a distance Rüsteviel
coming:
"Brown, how are you? Be moderate, pray, and spare me
some honey!"¹¹⁵
Tell me, how does it taste? Here's Rüsteviel coming to
treat you;
After dinner he brings you a nip, and I trust you will
like it."
So went Reineke back to Malepartus, his fortress.

Rüsteviel came, however. The bear as soon he saw there,

Ran he to call the peasants, who still in the tavern
together 120
Were carousing. "Come out," he exclaimed; "entrapped
in my courtyard,
There is a bear. I tell you the truth." Then they
followed him running,
Each one speedily arming himself as he could. Now the
first one
Took his fork in his hand, and the second wielded his hay-
rake:
Likewise the third and the fourth, equipped with spit and
with mattock, 125
Came with a leap and a run; the fifth with a flail was
provided.
Even the pastor and sexton, each with his own apparatus
Came; and the parson's cook, Frau Jutte, skilled as no
other
In the preparing and cooking of groats, remain'd not
behindhand:
Came with her distaff running, by which she had sat in
the daytime, 130
All to wash the hide of that luckless creature. The
Brown one
Heard in his terrible strait how the noise was ever
increasing,
And with violence tore his head from the cleft; in the tree
still
Hair and skin from his face as far as his ears were left
sticking.
No more piteous beast had ever been seen, for there
trickled 135
Blood from over his ears. What availed his getting his
head loose,
For his paws still stuck in the tree? Then hastily
backing,
Senselessly raving, he tore them out, and still, with the
tree-cleft
Holding them tight, his claws remained and the skin of
his fore-paws.
Little, alas! had this of that sweet flavour of honey 140
Reineke led him to hope for. Ill-advised was the journey,

And become a perilous trip for Brown. He was bleeding
Both from his beard and feet: to stand he hardly was able,
Nor could he crawl nor walk. And Rüsteviel hastened to
beat him.

All fell upon him at once, who with the master had come
there,

All their desire his death. A long stout staff had the parson¹⁴⁵
Brought along with him there, with which he struck from
a distance.

Painfully turned Brown hither and thither, the mob on
him pressing:

Some of them here had their spits, and others there had
their axes.

Hammer and tongs brought the smith, and others came
with their shovels;

Others, again, with spades. With cries they ran at and
beat him,

Till from his painful distress in his own uncleanness he
wallowed.

All set upon him at once, not a man of them lagging behind-
hand.

Bandy-legged Schloppe was there, and Ludolf, he with the
broad nose:

They were the worst of all. And the flail of Gerold was
busy

'Twixt his fingers bent; and his brother-in-law was along-
side,

Kückelrei namely, the fat; these two did most of the
drubbing.

Abel Quack¹ and Frau Jutte, too, they neither were
wanting.

Talke Lorden Quacks the poor wretch struck with her
basket.

And not those alone who are named, for both men and
women,

All of them ran to the spot, and all of them longed for the
bear's life.

Kückelrei made the most noise, he thought himself of
importance,

¹ Abel Quack and Talke Lorden Quacks are women's names.

For Frau Willigetrud, on the seamy side of the blanket,
Was his mother, they knew, but no one knew of his
father;
Yet the peasants surmised that black Sander, the mower of
stubble, 165
Might very well be the man, they said; he was a fine
fellow,
When by himself he was. The stones came with violence
flying;
These from all sides and quarters the desperate Brown
were distressing.
Rüsteviel's brother sprang forward, and he had a long,
thickish bludgeon;
This on the head of the bear he struck, so that hearing
and seeing 170
Vanished together, and yet from this mighty blow he
recovered.
Raging among the women he rushed, who one on another
Staggering, fell, and shrieked, and some plunged into the
water,
And the water was deep. Then the parson, crying aloud,
said:
"Look, men! below, there swims Frau Jutte, the cook, in
her fur coat, 175
And her distaff is here. Oh! help, my good men, and I'll
give you
Two casks of beer as reward, with grace and the great
absolution."
All left the bear lying there as if dead, and rushed into
the water
After the women, and hauled out the five of them on to
the dry land.
In this way on the bank, meanwhile, as the men were all
busted, 180
Crept the bear in his misery into the water, and bellowed
In his desperate pain. For drowning seemed to him
better
Than to put up with such shameful blows. He had never
attempted
Swimming, and fully hoped that at once his life would be
ended.

Quite against surmise he felt himself floating, and safely
Borne along by the stream: he was seen by all of the
peasants. 185

"This," they cried, "will certainly be a scandal for ever,"
And they were grievously vexed, and began abusing the
women.

"Better had they remained at home! There, look how he's
floating

Down on his way!" Thereon they proceeded the block to
examine, 190

Where still some of the skin and hair from his head they
detected,

And from his feet, whereat they laughed, and shouted;
"For certain

Thou wilt return again, for we hold thy ears as the
pledges!"

Thus to his injuries insult was added, and yet was he
happy,

If only thus to get out of the scrape. He swore at the
peasants, 195

Who had so drubbed him, the pain in his ears and feet he
lamented,

Reineke, who had betrayed him, he cursed. And with such
maledictions

Down he floated along with the stream, which was mighty
and rushing,

Almost a mile below in the space of a very few minutes.

Then he crept out on to land on the selfsame bank, and
lay panting. 200

No more bedraggled beast had the sun in his course ever
look'd on!

Till the morrow he did not hope to survive, but expected
There and then to die. "O Reineke, falsest of traitors,

Shameless wretch!" he exclaimed. He thought of the
peasants who beat him,

And he thought of the tree, and cursed all Reineke's
cunning. 205

Reineke Fox, however, when thus with thoughtful in-
tention,

He had led his uncle to market, to get him his honey,

Ran to a place that he knew for fowls, and seized upon one
there,

And with his booty ran off and dragged it down to the
river.

Then he ate it at once, and to other business proceeded, ²¹⁰
Still on the river bank ; and, drinking water, reflected :

“ Oh ! how rejoiced I am that I that lubberly bear have
Thus led to Court, and now has Rüsteviel made him, I
wager,

Taste well his hatchet. The bear has always unfriendly
intentions

Tow'rds me displayed, and this is the way I have managed
to pay him. ²¹⁵

I have always called him my uncle, and now in the tree
there

Lying dead is he left: as long as I live this will please me.
No more complaints or harm from him.”—And while he
thus wanders,

Down the bank he happens to look, and sees the bear
rolling.

Then was he grieved at the heart that Brown had living
escaped him, ²²⁰

“ Rüsteviel,” cried he, “ thou careless wight ! thou indolent
fellow !

Dost thou despise such food, so fat and of excellent flavour,
Such as an honest man might wish for himself, that so
nicely

Into thy hands had come? And yet for thy good enter-
tainment

Honest Brown has left thee a pledge !” ’Twas thus he
reflected, ²²⁵

When he had seen how Brown was distressed, and bleed-
ing, and weary.

Ere long he shouted aloud: “ Again do I find you, Sir Uncle ;
Let me know if aught with Rüsteviel you have forgotten,

Then I can tell him where you are staying. Yet thus
much I must say,

You must I think from the man much honey have certainly
stolen ; ²³⁰

Or did you pay for it honestly ? Tell me now, how has it
happened ?

Oh! how you're painted! Indeed, a most disgraceful appearance!

Did not the honey taste well? At the same price still there is plenty

More to be bought! Yet now, my uncle, quickly inform me, What is the Order of which so lately the vows you have taken, 235

That you have just begun to wear a scarlet biretta On your head? Are you an abbot then? Surely the barber, He who gave you the tonsure, has taken a snip at your ears, too.

You have lost the skin from your cheeks, I see, and your forelock,

And your gloves as well. Why, whereabouts left you them hanging?" 240

Thus to words derisive must Brown one after another Sit and silently listen, for speech through pain was denied him;

Help or counsel he knew not. And so no longer to hear them, Back to the water he crept, and drove with the swift, rushing current

Still lower down where the bank was flat. He landed and lay there 245

Sick and wretched, and thus to himself said, loudly lamenting:

"Oh! that some one would strike me dead! To walk is beyond me;

Yet to the Court I should travel, and though disgraced, might remain there,

Free at all events from this Reineke's wicked devices.

If I get through with my life, then thou shalt certainly rue it!" 250

Yet he rallied himself, and, though with horrible anguish, Four days dragged himself on, and came at last to the palace.

When the king perceived the bear in this wretched condition,

"Gracious God!" said he: "is it Brown that I see, and how comes he

So disfigured?" And Brown replied: "Alas! 'tis a piteous 255

Plight that you see me in, and shamefully thus has betrayed me

Reineke, that great villain!" Then spoke the monarch indignant:

"Surely without any mercy this outrage will I avenge you
Such a lord as Brown, shall he be by Reineke injured?
Yes, by my kingly honour and that of my crown I will
swear it,

All shall Reineke pay that Brown in justice can ask for.
No more, I vow, will I wear a sword, if I keep not my
promise."

Then the king commanded his council at once to assemble
Duly consider, and for the outrage punishment order.

All advised thereon, that if such to the king should be
pleasing,

Reineke once again should be summoned thither in person
There his right to maintain against claim and complaint

And the message

Should by Hintze, the cat, be conveyed to Reineke
promptly,

For he was clever and sharp. And so all counselled
together.

Then the king, in Council with all his advisers agreeing, 2
Said to Hintze: "Observe now well their Lordships' in-
tention!

If he allows himself for the third time now to be sent for
'Twill be the ruin eternal of him and the whole of his
kindred.

If he is wise he will come betimes! You must point
your instructions!

Others he only despises: to your advice he will listen." 2

Hintze, however, replied: "Whether profit or loss be the
upshot

Matters not, but if I go to him how shall I manage the
business?

He may do it or leave it for me, and yet as I see it,
Some one else had better be sent, for I am so little.
Brown, the bear, so big and so strong, was unable to force
him.

How am I to bring it about? I pray you, excuse me!"

"Me you cannot persuade," replied the king; "there are
many

Little men to be found endowed with cunning and wisdom
That to the big are unknown. If not exactly a giant,
Yet you are clever and learned." The cat submissively
answered:

"Let it be as you will! And on my right hand on the
roadside

Should I an omen see, good luck will follow my journey."

THIRD CANTO.

NOW had Hintze, the cat, some way on his journey proceeded,
When from afar he saw a bird,¹ and thereupon called out :
" Noble bird, good luck ! be good enough here to my right
hand
Turning your wings to fly." But the bird flew off and
alighted
On a tree to the left of the cat, and fell to a-singing. 5
Hintze was sadly disturbed, and thought he would hear of
misfortune ;
But he plucked up courage again, as most are accustomed.
Still going on towards fort Malepartus, he found there
Reineke sitting in front of his house, and greeting addressed
him :
" God, the good and the merciful, grant you the happiest
ev'ning ! 10
Now does his majesty threaten your life, if you hesitate
longer
With me to Court to proceed ; and furthermore sends you a
message :
Meet the complainants at law, or else your people will rue
it."
Whereupon Reineke answered : " My dearest nephew, right
welcome !
" May you enjoy the blessing of God, as much as I wish
you ! " 15
This in his treacherous heart, however, he little intended.
New devices he planned, and him who came with the mes-
sage
Back to the Court he would send with disgrace. Still call-
ing him always

¹ In the original a " Martin's bird," applied by different people to various birds, as the goose, the falcon, the blackbird, and the fieldfare, while others consider it to be the crane, the flight of which on the left side the Romans looked on as an unfavourable omen.

Nephew, he said to the cat: "What sort of refreshment,
my nephew,
Should one provide for you now? with hunger appeased
one sleeps better. 20
Let me for once be your host, and to-morrow we'll start off
at daybreak
Both for the Court. This seems to me best. Of all my
relations
None do I know whom I could more implicitly trust in.
For that voracious bear came here in an insolent manner;
Fierce he is and strong, and for much I would not have
ventured 25
With him a journey to take. But now it is not to be
doubted
That with you I should willingly go. So early to-morrow
We will start on our road. This seems the best way of pro-
ceeding."

Thereupon Hintze replied: "'Twere better at once to be
starting
Straight for the Court, as we are, without any more
preparation. 30
Brightly shines the moon on the heath, and dry are the
roads, too."

Reineke said: "I think by night it is risky to travel.
Many are friendly in greeting by day, whom if in the dark-
ness

We were to meet, what were best to do we should have to
consider."

Hintze, however, remarked: "But, nephew, kindly in-
form me, 35
If I stay here, what is there to eat?" And Reineke an-
swered:

"Poor is our manner of life, but if you stay I can bring you
Fresh combs of honey to eat, and will pick out some of the
clearest."

Growling answered the cat: "Such stuff I never partake of.
If you have nothing at home, a mouse would suffice for the
present. 40

This would suit me the best, and I'll leave the honey for
others!"

"Mouse would you like to eat?" said Reineke. "Tell me in earnest.

I can oblige you with that. In his yard my neighbour the parson

Has a barn with so many mice that not even a waggon
Would convey them all. I hear the parson complaining 45
That both by day and by night they are growing more
troublesome to him."

Then incautiously answered the cat: "Pray do me the kindness

Hence to lead and show me the mice, for far above wild-game

Give me a mouse for delicate flavour." And Reineke answered:

"Now of a truth, indeed, you shall relish a capital dinner.
How to oblige you I know, so let us dawdle no longer." 51

Hintze believed and followed. They came to the barn of the parson,

Close to the mud-built wall. Through this had Reineke slyly
Burrowed the day before, and while the parson was sleeping 54

Had abstracted the best of his cocks. And there little Martin,
Well-loved son of the reverend man, desirous of vengeance,
Over the hole had cleverly tied a string with a slip-knot:
Thus he hoped the cock to avenge when the thief was returning.

Reineke knew and remarked it, and said: "My nephew beloved,

Creep inside here straight through the hole, and while you are mousing, 6c

Here in front I will keep a watch. In heaps in the darkness
'Twill be easy to catch them. Listen how gaily they're squeaking!

When you've eaten enough, return. Here still you will find me.
We must not part from each other to-night, for early to-morrow

Must we be off, and shorten the road with enlivening converse." 65

"Do you think," said the cat, "that this is a safe place to creep in?"

Some of these parsons, too, are rather malicious of purpose." Then the fox, the rascal, replied : " Why, how can one tell that ?

If you are timid, then let us go back. I vouch that my wife will

Give you a welcome with honour, and make you a savoury dinner.

Should it not be of mice, let us eat it still with enjoyment."

Hintze, the cat, however, sprang in at the opening, ashamed by

Reineke's words of derision, and straight in the noose was entangled.

Thus did Reineke's guests experience bad entertainment !

Hintze, as soon as he found that his neck in the noose was surrounded,

Anxiously pulled himself together, and terribly blundered ;

For with a powerful spring he pulled the string all the tighter.

Piteously cried he aloud to Reineke, who on the outside

Heard with malicious joy, and thus spoke in at the opening :

" Hintze, how do the mice taste ? You find them, I reckon, well fattened.

If little Martin but knew how you were devouring his wild-game,

Mustard he'd certainly bring, for he is a youth of good manners.

Do they sing so at Court at dinner ? the tone is suspicious !

If I had only Isegrim here in the hole, as I've managed

Now to bring you to ruin, he too should certainly pay me ;

All the evil he's done me." And so went Reineke onwards.

Yet he went not only to perpetrate picking and stealing ;

Plunder, adultery, murder, deceit, he held none of them sinful.

And he had just made out a plan in his mind, for he purposed

Gieremund fair with a double intent to visit. The first was

This, to hear from her what Isegrim's special complaint was ;

Secondly, his old sins the rascal thought of renewing,—

Back to the Court had Isegrim gone—he might use the occasion.

For could anyone doubt that the she-wolf's own inclination Tow'rds that shameless fox had excited Isegrim's anger? 95
Reineke entered the lady's abode, but found she was absent.
"Greet you God, my little step-children," he said, not a word more.

Giving a friendly nod to the children, he went on his business.

When Lady Gieremund came (it was scarcely dawn in the morning)

Said she: "Did nobody come to ask for me?" "Yes, very lately 100

Godfather Reineke came and went. He wanted to see you. All of us who are here he called his little step-children."

Whereupon Gieremund cried: "He shall pay for that," and departed

In the self-same hour to punish the outrage. She knew well Where he was wont to resort. She found and with fury addressed him: 105

"What kind of words are these, and what are the scandalous speeches

You without any conscience before my children have spoken?

These you will have to account for." Thus angrily speaking, upon him

Looks of fury she cast, and seizing his beard she then made him

Feel the force of her teeth, but he ran and tried to escape her. 110

After him swiftly she flew. Whereupon there befell some adventures.

Close in the neighbourhood lay a castle, fallen to ruin;
Into it both were running at full speed; but, as it happened,
One of the walls of a tower by reason of age was divided.
Reineke slipped himself through, but even he had to squeeze it. 115

Not very wide was the crack. The she-wolf quickly inserted Big and stout as she was, her head in the fissure, and squeezing,

Pushed and crushed and tore and tried to follow, but
ever

Deeper she wedged herself in, and could move neither for-
wards nor backwards.

This when Reineke saw, he ran through a roundabout
passage. 120

Back to the other side again, and offered his service.

She was not wanting in words, however, but roundly
abused him :

“Like a rascally thief thou behavest.” Reineke answered :
“Though it may never have happen’d before, let it happen
for this time.”

Little honour it brings to save one’s wife by another, 125
As now Reineke did, but ’twas all the same to the
sinner.

When the she-wolf at last to escape from the fissure had
managed,

Reineke, too, was gone, and on his way had departed.

Thus the lady who thought that she for herself could get
justice,

And her own honour preserve, to double disgrace was
subjected. 130

Let us, however, go back and look after Hintze, poor
creature.

When he found himself caught, he cried in the manner of
tomcats,

Dolefully mewng. This heard little Martin, and sprang
from his pillow.

“God be praised ! I fastened the noose in a fortunate
moment

Over the hole, and the thief has been caught, and now I
bethink me, 135

Well shall he pay for stealing the cock.” Thus jubilant
Martin.

Quickly he kindled a light (in the house all the people were
sleeping),

Woke up at once his father and mother, and all the
domestics,

Crying aloud, “The fox is caught. Oh ! how we will serve
him !”

All came, little and big. The parson even arising, 140
Threw a small cloak on his shoulders; a pair of candles his
cook held,

Running before them in front, and hastily had little
Martin

Seized on a bludgeon, and with it he made at once for the
tom-cat,

Pummelled his hide and his head, and savagely knocked
him an eye out.

All set upon him; the parson came with a two-pointed
pitchfork: 145

Running hastily in, he thought the robber to settle.

Hintze expected to die, and sprang with desperate madness
Straight at the parson's thighs, and bit and scratched him
severely,

Shamefully maiming the man, his own eye fiercely
avenging.

Crying aloud, the parson down on the earth fell and
fainted. 150

Unbethinkingly swore the cook that the devil himself
had

Purposely played her the scurvy trick, and doubly and
trebly

Did she swear that if to her lord had not happened the
evil,

She would gladly have lost her trifle of worldly posses-
sions.

Nay, she even swore, she would gladly have yielded a
treasure, 155

Had it been hers, of gold, nor would she have ever re-
pent.

Thus she bewailed the shame of her lord and his terrible
wounding;

Whom at last to bed with lamentation they carried.

Hintze meanwhile they left in the noose, and forgot all
about him.

Now when Hintze, the cat, perceived that he was aban-
doned, 160

Painfully beaten and badly wounded, and very near
dying,

Clinging to life, he seized the noose and rapidly gnawed it.
"Could I," he thought, "in some way escape from this
terrible evil?"

And it succeeded. The noose gave way. How lucky he
thought it!

Haste did he make to flee from the place where so much
he had suffered, 165

Quickly sprang through the hole, and hastened along on
the highway

Tow'rds the royal Court, where he duly arrived in the
morning.

Angrily blamed he himself: "It must have been really
the devil,

Who, through Reineke's cunning, that traitor vile, over-
came thee.

Overwhelmed with disgrace, and blind of an eye, and be-
laboured 170

Soundly with painful blows, what shame must thou feel in
returning!"

But the wrath of the king was fiercely kindled. He
threatened

Death to the traitor without any mercy. He straightway
directed

All his council to come. There assembled all of his barons,
All of his wisest men, and he asked them how they the
villain 175

Would at last to punishment bring who so richly de-
served it.

Whilst upon Reineke fresh complaints were constantly
heaping,

Up spoke Grimbart, the badger: "There are in this Court,
peradventure,

Many lords as well, of Reineke who may think badly,
Yet there are none, I ween, who would injure the right of
a free man. 180

Now for the third time let him be called, and after this
summons,¹

Should he not then appear, the law may consider him
guilty."

¹ It was the right of a freeman to be summoned three times.

Thereupon answered the king: "I fear that none who are
present
Care to take to this treacherous fellow a third time a
summons.

Who has an eye too many? and who is sufficiently daring
For this traitor's sake to risk his life and his person, 186
Venture his health on the chance of the game, and still,
after all's done,
Not bring Reineke back? I fancy none will attempt it."

Loudly the badger replied: "If you, O King, should
require me

This commission to do, the message at once I'll deliver, 190
Let that happen that may! Will you now openly send
me

Or shall I go as if of myself? You have only to order."

Then the king gave the order: "Depart, then! All the
petitions

You yourself must have heard. Be cautious and set to
work wisely.

He is a dangerous man!" Then answered Grimbart, the
badger: 195

"Well! I must dare it once, and venture to hope I shall
bring him."

Thus he took his way to Malepartus, the fortress.

Reineke found he there, with his wife and children around
him.

"Reineke, uncle, I greet you," he said. "Experienced
are you,

Clever also, and wise. We all of us must be astonished 200
That you despise, I may say you mock at, the king's
invitation.

Do you not think that the time has come? For, ever
increasing,

• Ill reports and complaints from all sides come. I advise you,
Come to the Court with me. There is no use in longer
delaying.

Many and many complaints to the king are already pre-
sented. 205

Now again to-day for the third time to come you are
summoned.

If you do not appear, you will be condemned, and the
king then
Hither his vassals will bring to shut you up and besiege
you
In this fortress of Malepartus. Thus you and your children,
Wife and property, even your life, will come to destruction.
You will never escape from the king; it will therefore be
better 211
With me to come to the Court, where your crafty twisting
and turning
Will not desert you; you have them ready to save and
defend you.
Such adventures you often have faced, far greater than
these, too,
Even on days when judicial assize was held, and have
always 215
Come very happily off, and your rivals been put to con-
fusion."

Grimbart thus spoke, and immediately Reineke gave him
his answer:
"Uncle, you counsel me well, that I to the Court should
repair me,
My own rights to protect for myself. I hope that the
monarch
Will accord me his favour; how useful I am he is
conscious, 220
Knows, moreover, how much the others on that account
hate me.
Not without me can the Court exist. Were I ten times a
sinner
More than I am, I know well enough, as soon as I manage
Face to face to see him and speak to him, then does he
feel that
All the rage in his breast is subdued. There truly are
many 225
Who the king attend and many who sit in his council,
Yet it never touches his heart, and often among them
Neither advice nor sense can be found. But at every
meeting,
Wheresoever I am, the decision is left to my judgment.

When the king and his lords for critical business assemble,
Prudent counsel to take, it is Reineke that must produce
it.

Many are jealous of this. These must I, alas! be afraid
of.

For they have sworn to procure my death, and precisely the
worst ones

Now in the Court are assembled. This just now it is that
disturbs me.

More than half a score, and mighty they are, and so many
How alone can I withstand? It was therefore I
lingered.

Now I think it is better to go with you to the palace
After these matters to look, for this will bring me more
honour

Than by longer delay to plunge my wife and my children
Into sorrow and danger. We all should be ruined together,
For the king is too mighty for me. Whatever he orders
That must I do as soon as he bids me. We can but
endeavour

Possibly now with our foes some good arrangement to
come to."

Reineke furthermore said, "Frau Ermelyn, look to the
children;

(To your care I commend them;) above all, look to the
youngest,

Reynard; his teeth in his mouth are looking so pretty! I
hope he

After his father may take. And here is Rossel, the rascal,
Who to me is as dear. Oh! care for them whilst I am
absent,

Both of the children together! I'll keep it in grateful
remembrance

If I safely return, and you have obeyed my injunctions." 250
So he took his departure with Grimbart as his companion,
Leaving Frau Ermelyn there with both of his sons, and he
hastened.

Unprovisioned he left his house, which troubled the vixen.

Hardly an hour on the road had the two proceeded together

When to Grimbart Reineke said: "My dearest of uncles, 255
Worthiest friend, I confess that I with anxiety tremble.

For I cannot shake off a painful, anxious foreboding,
That in truth I am going to meet my death, and I see
now

All of my sins before me, of which I've so many committed.
Ah! you cannot believe the inquietude that they have
caused me! 260

Hear me, and let me confess. No other father-confessor
Is there near to be found, and if from my heart I unload
them,

None the worse shall I fare when before the king I am
standing."

Grimbart replied, "You must first renounce your robbing
and stealing,

All your treacherous deeds and other wonted devices, 265
Else can confession avail you naught!" "I very well
know it,"

Reineke said, "Then let me begin, and hear with attention."

* "Confiteor tibi Pater et Mater, that I on the otter,

Also the cat and others, have tricked off many devices.

All I confess, and am quite willing to undergo penance." 270

"Speak," quoth the badger, "in German, and then I shall
quite understand you." 270

Reineke said, "'Tis true that against all beasts in existence—
Why should I try to deny it?—have I committed trans-
gressions.

My good uncle, the Bear, I caught in a tree, and made
captive;

Bloody his head was made, and he was thoroughly cudgelled.

Hintze I took after mice, and him in a noose I got cap-
tured; 276

One of his eyes he lost, and much more also he suffered.

So, too, Henning with justice complains, for I robbed him
of children,

Little and big as I found them, and very much I enjoyed
them.

Not the king himself have I spared, but of many a scurvy
Trick upon him and the queen herself was I daringly
guilty; 281

Not long has she got over them. I must farther acknowledge,

Isegrim wolf with every diligence have I dishonoured.
Time would fail me to tell of it all. I always have called him

Uncle, by way of a joke, yet we are no sort of relations. 285
Once, about six years ago it was, he came over to Elkmar,

Where I lived in the convent,¹ and begged to have my assistance,

As he wished a monk to become. And this now he fancied
Would be a good employment, to ring the bell, for the ringing

Pleased him so much. I accordingly tied his forefeet together, 290

Making them fast to the ropes; with much contentment
he stood there,

Pulled and amused himself, and seemed to be learning to ring them.

Yet the art was destined not to lead him to honour,
For he rang as if he were foolish and frantic. The people

All from the streets around came hastily rushing together,
For they thought no less than that some great misfortune
had happened. 296

There they came and found him. Before he had time to inform them

How he wished to embrace a clerical life, he was beaten,
Cudgelled nearly to death, by the throng of infuriate people.

Notwithstanding, the fool persevered in his purpose, and bade me 300

Give him my best assistance in taking the tonsure with honour.

I accordingly had the hair on the top of his head singed,
So that the skin was shrivelled together. Thus frequently have I

Knocks and blows procured him, with much disgrace to the bargain.

¹ Probably Elemar, a provostship attached to the convent of St. Peter at Ghent, established in 1144, and destroyed by a flood in 1424.

How to catch fish I taught him as well, but they led him
to mischief. 305

Once in the country of Julich he'd followed me : there we
had slyly

Entered the house of the priest, the richest there in the
province.

This man possessed a store ; with costly hams 'twas pro-
vided :

Here, moreover, he kept long sides of the tenderest bacon,
While in his trough there was laid some meat that had
newly been salted. 310

Through the stony walls at last had Isegrim managed
To scrape out a hole that he could easily squeeze through.
There I induced him to go, and his gluttony also induced
him.

But he could not control himself in the superabun-
dance,

For he filled himself out to excess, and the aperture narrow
Held his swollen body by force, and prevented his leaving. 316

How he abused it, the faithless thing, that first let him
enter

When he was hungry, but when he was full had denied
him an exit !

Thereupon I made such a great to-do in the village

That I incited the people the tracks of the wolf to dis-
cover. 320

For I entered the house of the priest, and found him at
dinner,

Where a fine, fat capon that very minute was brought
him,

Done to a turn ; this I snatched up swiftly and carried off
with me.

Quickly the parson attempted to follow me shouting, but
stumbled,

Throwing the table down with all the drink and the viands.

" Beat him ! throw at him ! catch him and kill him ! " the
furious parson 326

Cried, but he cooled his rage : (for he had not noticed the
puddle).

So there he lay, while the rest came after him, screaming
and yelling,

"Beat him!" I ran away, and those who meant the most mischief

Followed closely behind, and louder than all cried the parson:

"Oh! what a daring thief! he snatched up the fowl off the table!"³³⁰

Onwards I ran as far as the store-room, and very unwilling
There let the fowl fall down on the ground; 'twas un-
luckily getting

Much too heavy to carry away—and the people then lost me.

There they found the fowl, and as the parson retook it³³⁵
In the store-room he spied the wolf, and the people beheld him.

Loudly to all now cried the priest: "Come hither and catch him!

Here is another poacher, a wolf, fall'n into our clutches!
We should be jeered at if he got off, and ev'ry one truly
At our cost would laugh in the whole of the province of
Julich!"³⁴⁰

All that he could thought the wolf, meanwhile came raining
upon him

Blows on his body, and painful wounds from hither and
thither.

All cried out as loud as they could. The rest of the
peasants

Ran together at once, and stretched him for dead on the
ground there.

No greater woe had happened to him in the course of his
lifetime.³⁴⁵

Were one to paint it on canvas, in rare style would it
exhibit

How he paid the parson for all his hams and his bacon!
Out on the road they threw him down, and rapidly dragged
him

Over stick and stone. There seemed no breath in his
body.

As he had made himself foul, they threw him with horror
and loathing³⁵⁰

Out of the village, and there he lay in a ditch that was
muddy,

For they all thought him dead. I know not how long he
remained there

In this disgraceful swoon before he knew his condition.

How at last he escaped, that, too, I never discovered.

Yet after this, but a year ago, he swore that for ever 355
True and faithful to me he would be, but not long it
lasted.

Why it was then that he friendship swore I can readily
fancy.

Once to a regular feast on fowls he had taken a liking ;

So in order to take him in nicely, I gravely informed him

How, as a rule, on a beam, a certain cock, of an ev'ning, 360

With seven hens was accustomed to roost. And thither I
led him

In the dead of the night—the hour of midnight had
sounded.

And the window shutter, by only a thin lath supported,

Still stood open (I knew it). I made as though I would enter,

Then drew back as if shy, and the precedence gave to my
uncle. 365

“Don't be afraid to go in,” I said; “and if you would win
them,

Hasten ! It's worth the risk ! You will find that the hens
are well fattened.”

Cautiously in he crept, and gently feeling about him,

Touched here and there, and at last in angry words then
addressed me :

“Oh ! how badly you've guided me ! Really not a hen's
feather 370

Can I discover.” I answered : “Those that used to sit
foremost

I myself have removed ; the others are sitting behind there.

Only go perseveringly on, and mind where you're stepping.”

Narrow indeed was the beam on which we were walking.
I kept him

Always in front, and held myself back ; then pushed my-
self backwards 375

Out of the window again, and pulled at the wood, when
the shutter

Slammed and clattered aloud. This set the wolf in a
tremble,

And on the ground from the narrow beam in terror he
tumbled.

Down by the fire were people asleep, and they started
affrighted.

All of them cried out aloud: "Say! what fell in at the
window?" 380

Then they picked themselves up in a hurry, and lighted
the lantern.

In the corner they found him out, and woefully beat him,
Dressing his hide for him well; I wonder how he escaped
them.

More than this, I confess that I Frau Gieremund often
Secretly, also openly, visited, though it should ever 385
Unrevealed have remained. Oh! would that it never had
happened!

For as long as she lives the shame she can never get
over.

Every thing have I now to you confessed, in as far as
Memory serves me at all, with which my soul has been
burdened.

Give absolution, I beg; I will in humble submission 390
Every penance fulfil, the hardest that you may prescribe
me."

Grimbart knew quite well what to do to suit the occasion.
Breaking a little twig on the road, he said: "Strike your-
self, uncle,

Three times over the back with this little twig, and then
lay it

Down on the ground as I show you, and then jump over it
three times. 395

Then the rod you must meekly kiss, to show your obe-
dience.

Such is the penance that on you I lay, and straightway
pronounce you

From all sins and punishments free, and fully forgive you
All in the name of the Lord, whatever may be your trans-
gressions."

And as Reineke then the penance gladly completed, 400

Grimbart continued: "My uncle, take care that your
future amendment 400

In good works be visible. Psalms you should read, and
should visit

Churches with diligence; fast at the seasons duly ap-
pointed;

Him who asks you point out the way to; give to the needy
Willingly; swear to forsake all evil habits of living. 405

All kinds of theft and robbing, deceit and evil behaviour.

Thus can you make quite sure that you will attain unto
mercy!"

Reineke answered and said: "I solemnly swear I will
do so!"

So the confession was ended. The two then farther
proceeded

Tow'rd's the Court of the king. Both he and Grimbart
the pious. 410

Passed through dark-soiled, fertile plains, and came to a
convent

On the right of the road; there reverend women were
serving,

Early and late, the Lord, and kept in the yard of the
cloister

Many a cock and hen, and many a capital capon,
Which outside the walls sometimes were scattered for
feeding. 415

Reineke often visited these. Then said he to Grimbart:

"That is our shortest way, which runs along by the wall
there."

But he thought of the fowls which out in the open were
walking.

Leading on his confessor, the fowls by degrees he ap-
proached to.

Now the rascal's eyes in his head were greedily rolling! 420

Yes, above all he was pleased with a cock, that, young and
well fattened,

Walked behind the others; on him his eye he had
fastened.

All of a sudden he sprang upon him; his feathers were
scattered.

Grimbart, however, enraged, rebuked this shameful back-sliding.

"Godless Uncle! is that what you do? and can you already 425

Fall again into sin for a cock, in spite of confession?

Pretty repentance do I call this!" But Reineke answered:

"Truly without intention I did it! O dearest uncle,

Pray to God, that he my sin may graciously pardon.

Never again will I do it, but give it up willingly." Passing

Round the convent on to their road, they found it was needful 431

Over a narrow bridge to go, and Reineke turned him

Back to look at the fowls—to help it was out of the question.

Just then had anyone cut off his head, it had certainly bounded

Off in pursuit of the fowls, so great was the force of his longing. 435

Grimbart saw it and cried: "Oh! nephew, where are you letting

Those eyes wander again? In truth, you're a terrible glutton!"

Reineke answered thereon: "You are greatly mistaken, Sir Uncle!

Be not in too great a hurry, and don't disturb my devotions!

Let me a Paternoster say! The souls of the chickens 440

And of the geese that I from the nuns, those sanctified ladies,

Have through my cleverness taken away, must urgently need it."

Grimbart was silent, but Reineke's head was never averted, Till they were out of his sight, from the fowls. At last they succeeded

Back to the right road in coming, and thus drew near to the palace. 445

And as Reineke now the royal palace regarded

Inwardly troubled he grew, for loudly people accused him.

FOURTH CANTO.

WHEN at the Court it was known that Reineke really
was coming,
Ev'ry one thronged out of doors to see him, the great and
the little.

Few with friendly intent; for almost all were complaining.
This, however, in Reineke's mind was of little importance:
Thus he pretended, at least, as he with Grimbart, the
badger,
Boldly enough and with elegant mien now walked up the
high street.

Jauntily swung he along at his ease, as if he were truly
Son of the king, and free and quit of ev'ry transgression.
Thus he came before Nobel, the king, and stood in the
palace
In the midst of the lords; he knew how to pose as un-
ruffled.

10

"Noble king and gracious lord!" he began his oration;
"Noble are you and great, in honour and dignity highest;
Therefore I beg to-day you will give me fairly a hearing.
Ne'er has your princely grace discovered a trustier servant
Than myself; and this to boldly maintain I may venture. 15
Many I know at the Court who therefore seek to undo me.
If the lies of my foes, as they wish, should appear to you
likely,
I should forfeit for ever your majesty's friendship and
favour.

Fortunate is it, however, that every statement you ponder,
Hear the defendant as well as the plaintiff; and though in
my absence

20

Many lies have been told, I am still at my ease, and
remember
You my fidelity well enough know; hence this perse-
cution!"

"Silence!" answered the king; "neither chatter nor flattery helps you.

Loud indeed are your crimes, and now their punishment waits you.

Have you preserved the peace, which I to the beasts have commanded—²⁵

Which I have sworn to? There stands the cock; one after another,

False, detestable thief! you have made away with his children.

And of your love to me you would give, I presume, demonstration

When my servants you injure, my royal authority scorning! Hintze, poor fellow, has lost his health; and how very slowly³⁰

Will our wounded Brown from all his aching recover! But I will scold you no more, for here are crowds of accusers,

Plenty of well-proved facts. Not easily will you escape them."

"Am I, gracious sir, on this account to be punished?"

Answered Reineke. "Am I responsible for it that Brown comes³⁵

Back with a bloody pate? 'Twas he who audaciously wanted

Rüsteviel's honey to eat, and if those lubberly peasants Came to personal acts, his limbs were stout and sufficient. Would they have struck and reviled him before he got to the water,

If like a valiant man he had fairly avenged the dishonour?⁴⁰

And if Hintze, the cat, whom I with honour had welcomed,

Entertained as well as I could, refrained not from stealing, And, in spite of my warning, inside the house of the parson Sneaked in the dead of night, and got himself into trouble; Have I deserved to be punished when they were guilty of folly?⁴⁵

That would affect your majesty's crown a good deal too nearly!

Yet you can deal with me now just as your majesty
pleases.

And though the matter be clear, dispose of it after your
pleasure,

Whether it tend to harm, or whether it tend to advantage.

Whether I am to be boiled or roasted, or hanged or be-
headed, ⁵⁰

Or have my eyes put out, let it even happen as may be!

We are all in your hands, and in your power you have us.

Mighty are you and strong, and how can the feeble
withstand you?

If you kill me indeed, you profit exceedingly little.

Yet let it come as it will, the right I firmly rely on!" ⁵⁵

Then did Bellyn, the ram, begin, "Now is the occasion.

Let us bring forth our complaints!" And Isegrim came
with his kinsmen;

Hintze, the cat, and Brown, the bear, with creatures in
numbers;

Boldewyn came, too, the ass, and Lampe, the hare, had
arrived there.

Little dog Wackerlos came, and the bulldog Ryn, and the
she-goat ⁶⁰

Metke, and Hermen the buck, and with them the squirrel
and weasel;

Also the ermine. Nor were there wanting the horse and
the bullock.

There could one see as well the various beasts of the
forest,

Such as the stag and the roe, and Bokert, the beaver, the
marten,

Rabbit and boar, with others: they all of them crowded
together. ⁶⁵

Bartolt, the stork, and Markart, the jay, with Lütke. the
crane, too,

Came flying over; and Tybbke, the duck, and Alheid, the
wild goose,

Made their appearance with many another one, each with
his grievance.

Henning, the sorrowing cock, with the few that were left
of his children,

Bitterly made his complaints. There were birds in uncountable numbers; 70

Nor were there fewer of beasts,—could anyone possibly name them!

All of them aimed at the fox's life; they hoped to bring forward

All of his evil doings, and then to see his correction.

Round about the king they thronged with furious speeches, Heaping plaint upon plaint, and old as well as new stories 75

Bringing forward together. At one assize there had never

So many charges been heard before the royal tribunal.

Reineke rose, and well he knew how to make the occasion Usefully serve, for he seized on the word, and in eloquent language, 79

Just as if it were simple truth, flowed forth his excuses;

All did he know how to twist aside or to place to advantage.

When one heard him one wondered, and thought him fully acquitted!

Yes, he had even rights to demand and much to complain of! But at last came forward some honest, trustworthy people, Who against Reineke evidence gave, and all of his misdeeds 85

Clearly proven were found. And this was an end of the matter!

For it was then with unanimous voice in the council determined:

"Reineke Fox is worthy of death! Then let us arrest him; Let him be bound and hanged by the neck! Thus his heavy transgressions

Shall at last by a shameful death be duly atoned for." 90

Reineke thought himself that the game was up, and but little Had his artful words availed to help him. The monarch Judgment delivered himself. Then, as they took him and bound him,

Floated his tragical end before the eyes of the culprit.

Judgment and justice administered thus, as Reineke stood there 95

Bound, his enemies rose, at once to death to conduct him,
Whilst his friends stood perplexed, and deeply with grief
were affected,

Martin, the ape, and Grimbart, and many of Reineke's
kindred.

Little they liked to hear the decree, and all were in sorrow,
More than one would have thought. He was one of the first
of the barons, 100

Standing there, of his dignity shorn, deprived of all
honour,

And to a shameful death condemned. How must his re-
lations

All have been moved in mind at the spectacle! All in a
body

Took their leave of the king, and left the palace together.

Much vexation, however, it gave the king that so many
Knights should forsake him. It now was plain what a
crowd of relations, 106

Much demurring, at Reineke's death, had forsaken and
left him.

Then said the king to one of his confidential retainers :
" Reineke is a scoundrel indeed ; yet one must remember
Many of these his relations we cannot well spare from the
palace." 110

Isegrim, Brown, and Hintze, the cat, however, were busy
Round about the captive, on whom as their foe they were
eager

Soon to fulfil the sentence of shame, as the king had com-
manded.

Quickly they bore him along, and saw in the distance the
gallows.

Then did the cat begin to speak with the wolf in his
anger: 115

" Now, bethink you, Sir Isegrim, well, how Reineke, that
time

Acted and urged as much as he could, and as hatred
dictated,

On the gallows to see your brother! With eager rejoicing
How he pulled him along! Fail not to pay what you
owe him.

Also bethink you, Sir Brown, how shamefully did he betray
you, 120

When in Rüsteviel's yard to angry, lubberly rustics,
Men and women to wounds and blows he faithlessly left
you,

And to the shame thereby ; this all the world is aware of.
Take care to hold together. To-day if he should escape us,
If his wit and crafty devices should manage to free
him, 125

Never again would the hour of sweet revenge be allowed
us.

Let us be quick, and take revenge for all that he owes us."

Isegrim said: "Of what use are words? Procure me
directly

Simply a good, strong noose. We would wish to shorten
his trouble."

Thus they spoke of the fox as they went along on the
highway. 130

Reineke heard it, however, in silence, but finally spoke
thus:

"Since you so savagely hate me, and long for so deadly a
vengeance,

Do not you know how to finish it off? 'Tis truly a marvel!
Hintze knew what he said when a good stout noose he
advised us,

For he has tried it himself when in the house of the
parson 135

He went down to look for the mice, nor with honour
retreated.

But you, Brown and Isegrim, seem in a terrible hurry
Death to your uncle to deal! You think, perhaps, it will
answer!"

Then did the king arise, with all the lords of the palace,
Judgment to see carried out, and presently joined the
procession; 140

Also the queen herself, by all of her ladies escorted.
Poor and rich in crowds came, streaming behind them
together.

All were anxious for Reineke's death, and were longing to see it.

Meanwhile Isegrim spoke a word to his friends and relations,¹⁴⁴

And admonished them all that, keeping closely together,
On the fettered fox they should keep a watchful attention,
For they still were afraid the clever rogue might escape them.

Special order the wolf gave his wife that she should stand by him

If she valued her life, and help to hold firmly the rascal.

"Were he to make his escape, we should all disgracefully feel it."¹⁵⁰

And to Brown he said: "Remember how he has scorned you ;

All this now with goodly interest you may repay him !

Hintze can climb and shall fasten for us the noose up above there ;

Hold him fast, and stand by whilst I am removing the ladder.

Only a few minutes more for the scoundrel !—Then all will be over."¹⁵⁵

Brown said: "Only put up the ladder ! I'm ready to hold him !"

Reineke said thereupon: "See now how busy you all are

Your poor uncle to bring to his death. 'Twere far more becoming

Him to shield and protect, and in his need to have pity.

Gladly for grace I would plead, but how would it help me to do so ?¹⁶⁰

Isegrim hates me too much, and even his wife has commanded

Firmly to hold me, and from all chance of escape to debar me.

Were she to think of old times, she certainly never would hurt me.

But if I am to be finished, why, then I could wish that it might be¹⁶⁴

Quickly got over. My father, too, was in terrible trouble,

But at the last it went quickly. 'Tis true that he was not escorted
By such a crowd, as he went to his death, but if you much longer
Keep me dawdling about, it will certainly come to a scandal!"
"Do you hear," said the bear, "how bravely the rascal is talking?
Come along; up with him sharp! He has gone the length of his tether."
170

Anxious now were Reineke's thoughts: "Oh! could I but quickly think out
Think in these dire straits of some new lucky manoeuvre,
So that the king might graciously give me my life, and these cruel
Foes, as these three are, throw back into shame and confusion!
174
Let us of ev'rything think, and help, if help yet there may be.
Life is at stake—the need is pressing—how can I escape it?
Ev'ry evil upon me is heaped. The king is indignant,
All my friends have gone, and all my foes are in power.
Seldom anything good have I done, and little have heeded
Either the strength of the king or his councillors' good understanding.
180
Much have I drawn on myself, but always hoped my misfortune
Soon to reverse. If only to come to speech I could manage,
Truly they would not hang me. All hope I will not abandon."

From the ladder therewith he turned himself round to the people.

"Death," he exclaimed, "I see before my eyes, and I cannot
185

Now escape. I beg of you all, as many as hear me,
Only a short time more, before the earth I relinquish.
Fain would I yet to you, in solemn truth, my confession
Openly make for the very last time, and honestly own to
All the ill I have done, in case perchance to another,
190
Whether this or that by me in secret committed,

Some unrecognized sin be some day or other imputed.
So at the last much mischief I may prevent, and may hope
that
God Almighty may me in His infinite mercy remember!"

Many herewith were grieved, and began to say to each
other:

"Slight the request and short the delay." Then the king
they petitioned,

And the king the favour allowed. Then somewhat less heavy
Reineke's heart became, and he hoped for a happier issue.
Forthwith availing himself of the respite allowed him, he
thus spoke:

"*Spiritus Domini* help me now! In all this assemblage 200
No single man do I see whom I have not injured in some
way.

First, when only a little fellow I was, and was hardly
Weaned from my mother's breasts, I followed the bent of
my craving,

Roaming among the lambs and kids that out in the open
Near to the herd were scattered. I heard the bleat of their
voices

Far too gladly; a longing for daintier nourishment
seized me.

Quickly I learned to know them. To death did I worry a
lambkin,

Licked up its blood,—it tasted so nice—and four of the
youngest

Kidlings I killed and ate them up, and gained greater
practice;

Neither birds nor geese did I spare nor ducklings nor
chickens,

Wheresoever I found them, and many of those that I
slaughtered

Buried in sand, when to eat them all I'd no inclination.

"Then it so happened that once I found on the Rhine in
the winter

Isegrim lurking behind some trees, and made his acquaint-
tance.

He at once assured me that I was one of his kindred; 215

Yes, he could even the actual steps of relationship reckon
Out on his fingers. I did not object. We made an agree-
ment,

Vowed the one to the other as faithful companions to
wander.

Thereby was I, alas! on myself to bring many an evil.
Through the land together we travelled. He stole the big
things, 220

I the small, and what we gained was all to be common.
But in common fairly it was not; he shared at his pleasure.
Never the half did I get, nay, even worse have I found it.
When he had stolen a calf, or made a prize of a wether,
If in the midst of abundance I found him seated, or
eating, 225

Just fresh slaughtered, a goat, or when there was lying
and struggling

Under his claws a buck, he would show his teeth and look
savage,

Growl and drive me away; thus he always got hold of my
portion.

Such was ever the case, let the roast be as large as he
wished it.

Even when it so happened that we had in company cap-
tured 230

Things as big as an ox, or by chance a cow had got hold of,
There appeared on the scene his wife with seven young
wolfings,

Throwing themselves on the booty, and driving me off
from my dinner.

Not a rib could I get that they had not polished entirely,
Gnawing it dry and smooth. With this I was forced to
content me. 235

Thanks be to God, however, I never suffered from hunger;
Secretly have I fed well by means of that excellent treasure,
All of silver and gold in a secret place that securely
Hidden, I keep; with this I've enough. And, I say it in
earnest,

Not a waggon could carry it off, though sevenfold loaded."

As he spoke of the treasure, the king, who was listening
to him, 241

Bent himself eagerly forward, and asked him : " Whence did you get it ?

Tell us about it,—the treasure I mean." Then Reineke answered :

" Even this secret I will not hide, for how would it help me ?

None of such precious things as these can I take away with me ;

But the whole of the matter, as you command me, I tell you. Sooner or later all must come out. For good or for ill luck Truly I could no longer conceal the terrible secret,

For the treasure was stolen. A number were banded together,

You, O king, to murder, and that would have certainly happened

Had not the treasure been cleverly taken at that very moment.

Mark this, gracious sire ! for both your life and your welfare

On the treasure depended. And when they stole it my father

Fell, alas ! into terrible straits ; it led him so early

To the saddest of journeys, perhaps to perdition eternal :

But yet, gracious sire, this all occurred for your profit ! "

And the queen, aghast, heard all this horrible story ;

Of her husband's murder she heard the bewildering secret,

Of the treason, and of the treasure, and all that he spoke of.

" Reineke," cried she, " I warn you that yonder before you is lying

All the long homeward journey ! Unburden your soul in repentance !

Tell us the simple truth, and openly speak of the murder."

Thereupon added the king : " Let ev'ry one present be silent !

Now may Reineke come down thence, and nearer approach me—

For the matter concerns myself—that so I may hear it ! "

Reineke heard and took comfort again, and down from the ladder

Climbed, to the great vexation of those who were wishing
him evil.
Then at once he drew himself close to the king and his
consort,
Who with eagerness asked him how all these matters
had happened.

Then he prepared himself for fresh unscrupulous lying.
“Could I,” he thought, “win again the grace of the king
and his consort—²⁷¹
Could I without delay devise some other deception—
So that the foes who now to death are leading me onward
I myself might destroy—it would rescue me out of all
danger!
Truly would this be to me an unexpected advantage; ²⁷⁵
Yet I perceive at once it will need inordinate lying!”

Once again did the queen impatiently Reineke question:
“Let us distinctly understand how the matter has hap-
pened;
Conscientiously tell us the truth, and unburden your
spirit!”
Reineke answered thereon: “I will right willingly tell
you, ²⁸⁰
For I must certainly die; I see no means of escaping.
If at the end of my life I should farther burden my con-
science,
Pain eternal to earn, that were a foolish proceeding!
Better it is to confess; and if, alas! it is needful
Some of my own relations and dearest friends to com-
plain of. ²⁸⁵
How can I help it? alas! the pains of hell are before me.”

Hearing Reineke's words, the king was already beginning
Heavy at heart to feel. “Is it truth,” he said, “you are
speaking?”
Reineke answered thereon, with well-dissembled demeanour:
“I, no doubt, am a sinful man, and yet I speak truly. ²⁹⁰
What would it profit to tell you a lie? 'Twould only
secure me
Everlasting perdition. You know full well it is settled,

Perish I must; I am looking at death, and shall I speak
falsely?

Neither evil nor good can now in any way help me."

Trembling, Reineke spoke these words, and seemed to be
fainting. 295

Then spoke out the queen: "His anguish moves my
compassion.

Oh! I beg you, my lord, look graciously on him and
ponder,

Through this confession of his we're saved from manifold
evil.

Let us learn, the sooner the better, the grounds of his
story.

Order all to be silent, and let him openly tell you." 300

Then at the king's command the whole assembly was
silent.

Whereupon Reineke said: "Your majesty, now may it
please you,

This my tale to accept, and although without letters or
papers

My explanation is made, it shall be true and sufficient;
You shall hear of the plot, and I will be sparing of no
one." 305

FIFTH CANTO.

HEARKEN now to the fox's craft, and to how he
manœuvred
His transgressions again to conceal by injuring others.
Groundless lies he invented, reviling even his father,
Dead in his grave, and with gross slander loaded the
badger,
His most honest of friends, who had so constantly served
him. 5
All he allowed himself, if only belief in his story
He might thereby obtain, and avenge himself on his
accusers.

"My good father," he thus began, "had had the good
fortune
Of King Emmrich,¹ the Mighty, once to discover the
treasure
In a secret spot, yet it brought him little advantage; 10
For with these great riches he puffed himself up, and no
longer
Valued his equals in rank, but all his former companions
Much beneath him esteemed and sought for friends who
were higher.
Hintze, the cat, he sent away to the forest of Ardennes,
Brown, the bear, to seek, and with a promise of fealty 15
Him to invite to Flanders to come and rule as our
monarch.

"Brown, as soon as he read the letter, was highly delighted.
Bold and heedless of rest he betook himself quickly to
Flanders,

¹ Ermannarich, or, as he is called in the Nibelungen Saga, Ermenrich, the mythical king of the Ost-Goths, who killed himself on the approach of the Huns, is here meant. According to the Saga he had built a castle at Ghent, where he kept his treasures.

For for a long time past some thoughts such as this he
had harboured.

There he found my father himself, who met him with
pleasure. 20

"Isegrim then was sent for at once, and Grimbart, the wise
one,

And the four arranged and put the matter together ;
Also a fifth with them was Hintze, the cat. Now a village
Lies hard by, named Iste ; and there to speak more
exactly,

Just between Iste and Ghent, they dealt with the matter
together. 25

Long and dark was the night by which the meeting was
hidden.

Not with God's grace, for the devil it was, or rather my father
With his detestable gold, who held them there in his power.
They resolved that the king must die ; and swore with
each other

Firm and eternal league ; the five of them swearing
together, 30

All upon Isegrim's head, that they as ruler would choose
them

Brown, the bear, and on the throne at Aachen¹ would seat
him,

And with the golden crown the empire firmly assure him.
Should any one of the friends of the king, or of his re-
lations,

Set himself up against it, then should my father persuade
him, 35

Or he should bribe, and if that failed, should forthwith
pursue him.

But this came to my ears, for Grimbart once on a
morning

Got right merrily drunk, and in his cups grew loquacious.
Then did the fool blab out to his wife the whole of the
secret,

Silence enjoining upon her, and thought he had nicely
secured it. 40

Soon after this she encountered my wife, and needs must
she have her

¹ Aachen or Aix la Chapelle, the ancient capital of Charlemagne.

Bind herself by a solemn oath in the name of the three
kings,
Pledging her honour and truth that, whether in good or ill
fortune,
Never a word she would say, and then the whole thing
revealed her.
Just as little, too, did my wife adhere to her promise, 45
For she told me all she had heard as soon as she found
me,
Gave me a token as well by which the truth of the story
I assuredly knew; yet to greater mischief it brought me.
I recollected the tale of the frogs,¹ whose vigorous
croaking
E'en to the ears of the Lord in heaven at last had
ascended. 50
Their desire was a king, that they might live under com-
pulsion,
Though in all lands till then they were in enjoyment of
freedom.
Them God heard, and unto them sent the stork, who for
ever
Persecutes, hates, and never a moment of peace will allow
them.
Thus without mercy he treats them, and now the fools are
complaining, 55
All too late, alas! for the king keeps them well in sub-
jection."

Loud to the whole assembly did Reineke speak, and they
listened,
All of the beasts, to his word, while he pursued his oration :
"Look! I feared for the fate of you all, if so it had happened.
Sire, I was anxious for you, and I hoped for a better
rewarding. 60
Brown's intrigues are known to me, his sly disposition ;
Many misdeeds he had also done ; for the worst I took
measures.
Were he lord to become, we should all be ruined together.

¹ This was one of *Æsop's* fables, but has been somewhat altered, as they in the first instance had a log given them for a king, and subsequently a water-snake.

'Noble-born is our king, and very mighty and gracious,'
Thus I thought in my heart; 'a bad exchange we should
find it, 65

Such a loutish, good-for-naught bear to raise to such
honour.'

Several weeks did I ponder on this, and try to prevent it.

"And, above all, I knew full well, that as long as my
father

Held his treasure in hand, by bringing many together,
He would certainly win the game, and the king would be
lost us. 70

All my care was for this, that hidden place to discover
Where the treasure was kept, that I might secretly take it.
If my cunning old father went to the fields, or was running,
Whether by night or day, to the wood, or in summer or
winter,

Wet or dry, I was ever behind, and dogging his foot-
steps. 75

"Once I lay, hidden with earth, in care and deep medi-
tation

How I might find that treasure which I so well was
aware of.

There from a narrow cleft I saw my father come forward;
Out from between the stones he came, from under
ascending.

Quiet and hidden I lay, and he thought that he was alone
there. 80

Then he looked carefully round about him, but as he saw
no one,

Near or far, he began his game; you shall hear all
about it.

Stopping the hole with sand again, he knew how exactly
With the soil up above to make it even. Nor could
one,

Not having seen, have possibly known. And ere he went
onwards 85

Well he understood at the place where his feet had been
planted

Cleverly backwards and forwards to draw his tail, and
to smooth it.

And to efface the trace with the aid of his mouth. For
the first time

On that selfsame day from my crafty father I learnt this,
Who in twisting and turning, and all such tricks, was
proficient. 90

So he hurried away to his work, and then I bethought me
Whether that glorious treasure might be in the neigh-
bourhood hidden?

Quickly I ran to the spot and set to work, and the cranny
In but a short space of time I had opened out with my
forepaws;

Then crept eagerly in, and found the costliest objects, 95
All of fine silver and ruddy gold in plenty; for certain,
So much you never have seen, not even the oldest among
you.

Then I set to work, with the aid of my wife, and we
took it,

Dragging it day and night; we had neither carriage nor
waggon,

So that great was the trouble it cost us, and many a hard-
ship. 100

Faithfully held Frau Ermelyn out until at the last we
Carried the treasure away to another place that we knew of,
More convenient for us; and all this while did my father
Daily meet with the men who our sovereign lord were
betraying.

What they determined upon you shall hear, and it will
astound you. 105

“Brown and Isegrim forthwith despatched into Provinces
many

Letters-patent to summon recruits for pay; they were
bidden

Quickly to come in numbers, and Brown would provide
them with service,

Even kindly proposing to pay them their wages before-
hand.

Then through the whole of the land my father went,
showing the letters, 110

On his treasure relying, which still he believed was well
hidden.

All, however, was over, for had he, with all his companions,
Ever so strictly searched, he had not discovered a penny.

“Nor did he spare himself trouble, for ev’ry province and country
Lying between the Elbe and the Rhine he had actively traversed. 115

Many a soldier to hire he found, and many he won him,
Golden promises lending a powerful aid to his speeches.

“Summer at last came over the land, and to his companions
Then my father returned. He had care and trouble to tell them,

And much pain; especially how in Saxony lately 120
He before the high tow’rs his life had near been to losing.
Where all day the hunters with dogs and horses pursued him,
So that, by narrow escape, he hardly got off with his skin whole.

“Joyfully, then, the list to the four conspirators showing,
Told he what men he with gold, and what with promise he’d won them. 125

Brown was rejoiced at the news, and the five all read it together.

Thus did it run: ‘Twelve hundred of Isegrim’s bravest relations

Will, with open mouths and teeth well sharpened, be present.

Farther, the cats and the bears have all for Brown been won over;

Ev’ry Thuringian glutton and Saxon badger is ready.’ 130
Yet they only agreed to bind themselves on the condition
That their pay for a month to all must be given beforehand.

All for this would appear in force when the order should reach them.

God for ever be thanked that I put an end to their project!

“After all had been looked to and cared for, my father then hastened 135

Over the country again, of his treasure to make an inspection.

Then did his trouble first begin : he dug and he hunted,
Yet the longer he scratched the less did he find. To no
purpose

Were the pains he had taken and all his desperate efforts.
All his treasure was gone, and never again could he find
it;

And for vexation and shame, my father—the fearful remembrance

Haunts me by day and by night—put an end to his life
with a halter.

“ All this, then, have I done, that evil project to hinder.
Mischief it brings me now, and yet I can never regret it.
Brown, however, and Isegrim, ravenous ones, in the
council

Nearest the king are seated ; and Reineke, pitiful mortal!
How, on the other hand, art thou thanked, that thy very
own father

Thou did'st give to save the king! Where wilt thou discover

Those who will ruin themselves if only your days they
may lengthen?”

Meanwhile the king and the queen to possess themselves of
the treasure

Great desire had felt. They stepped aside and they summoned

Reineke private discourse to hold, and hurriedly asked him :
“ Tell us where have you got the treasure? we ought to be
told this.”

Reineke said in effect, as follows: “ How would it help
me,

Were I to show these beautiful things to the king who condemns me?

He believes my enemies more, who rob and who murder,
Who, in order to win my life, abuse you with falsehoods.”

“ No!” interrupted the queen; “ no, no, it shall never so
happen.

Life will my lord bestow, forgetting all that is bygone.
He will restrain his wrath. But you must behave for the
future 160
More discreetly, and e'er to the king be trusty and useful."

Reineke said: "Kind lady, if you the king can prevail on
Solemn promise before you to make to restore me to
favour,

All my transgressions and faults, as well as all the displea-
sure

I have, alas! excited in him, no more to remember, 165
Then 'tis certain in these our times no monarch whatever
Shall such riches possess as he through my faithfulness
wins him.

Great is the treasure; I'll show you the place, you will
be astounded!"

"Do not believe him!" answered the king, "yet when he
of stealing,

Lying, and plundering speaks, then may you implicitly
trust him, 170

For in truth a more thorough-paced liar has never
existed!"

Then said the queen, "Of a truth, his conduct up to the
present

Little credit has gained him, yet must you also remember,
This time his uncle, the badger, as well as his very own
father,

Has he accused of crime, and all their wickedness pub-
lish'd. 175

These, had he chosen, he could have spared, and similar
stories

Told us of other beasts; he never would lie so insanely!"

"Think you so?" said the king; "if you truly think it the
best thing

This should really be done, in order that still greater evil
May not arise therefrom, I'll do it, and Reineke's mis-
deeds 180

Take on myself, with all this lame and impotent business.

Once more I'll trust him, but 'tis for the last time, let
him remember!

For I swear to him by my crown that if in the future
He shall do wrong or lie, he shall for ever repent it!
All belonging to him, to the tenth degree of his kindred, 185
Be they who they may, shall answer,—and no one escapes
me;—

On them shall evil alight, with shame and stern prosecution!
tion!"

Now when Reineke saw how quickly the thoughts of the
monarch

Turned themselves about, he plucked up courage and
answer'd:

"Gracious sir, could I be such a fool as to tell you such
stories, 190

All of whose falsehood or truth could in a few days be
establish'd?"

Then the king believed in his words, and all he forgave
him—

First, his father's treason; and then his own proper trans-
gressions.

Reineke's joy was beyond all bounds; in a fortunate moment
Out of his enemies' power and his own suspense he was
rescued. 195

"Noble king and gracious lord!" he began to address
them,

"May God you and your consort repay in full compensa-
tion

What for unworthy me you have done: I shall never
forget it,

And will always prove myself most fervently grateful.
For there surely exists in no other country or kingdom 200
Anyone under the sun, on whom these glorious treasures
I would rather bestow than on you. What mercy and
favour

Have you not granted to me! In return I will willingly
give you

All King Emmerich's treasure, in all things just as he held it.

Where it lies I will now describe and truthfully tell
you. 205

“Listen! in eastern Flanders there is a desert, and in it
Lies a lonely thicket, its name is Hüsterlo: mark it!
Then there is also a well called Krekelborn; one from the
other

Lies not far, you must know. And in that neighbourhood
no one,

Either woman or man, in a year is seen, and there dwell
there 210

Only the owl and schoohoo. It is there that I buried the
treasure.

Krekelborn is the place named; now mark and make use of
the token.

Go there yourself with your consort alone; for certainly no
one

Would be sufficiently sure to send as a messenger thither.
Far too great would the injury be; I dare not advise
it. 215

You must in person go. Near Krekelborn you must pass
onwards.

Two young birches you'll see before you, and one of them,
mark this!

Stands not far from the well. There, gracious king, you go
forward

Straight to the birches; for under these are hidden the
treasures.

Only go on and scratch. First moss at the roots you'll
discover, 220

Then at once you will come upon these magnificent jewels,
Golden and skilfully wrought, and Emmerich's crown you
will find, too.

Had the bear had his will, it is this he would now have
been wearing.

Many an ornament will you discover, and many a jewel,
Works of art; they are made no more, for who could afford
them? 225

When you behold, O gracious king, these treasures to-
gether,

Yes, I am sure of this, of me you will think in all honour.

‘Reineke, true-hearted fox,’ you will think, ‘who hast so discreetly
Buried the treasure beneath this moss, wherever thou may’st be,
May good fortune ever be thine!’” Thus spoke the dissembler. 230

Thereupon said the king in reply: “But you must go with me.
How by myself shall I manage to hit on the spot? I have heard of
Aachen, ’tis true, and likewise of Köln, and also of Lübeck,
And of Paris, as well; but the name of Hüsterlo never
Have I heard in my life, nor Krekelborn. Must I not doubt then 235
Whether you are not lying again, and these names are inventing?”

Reineke did not relish this cautious speech of the monarch.
“Not so far,” he said, “is the journey, as if I had told you

On the Jordan to search. What is it that seems so suspicious?

Close at hand, I maintain, it may all be discover’d in Flanders. 240

Let us ask other people, for someone else may confirm it.
Krekelborn! Hüsterlo! thus did I say; and such are the two names.

Then he called out to Lampe, but Lampe trembled and held back.

Reineke cried: “Come, be of good cheer! ’tis the king that requires you,

Wishing you now, on the oath and duty you lately have tender’d, 245

Plainly the truth to speak. So declare it as far as you know it,

Tell us where Hüsterlo lies and Krekelborn. Let us all hear you!”

Lampe replied: “That I surely can tell. In the midst of the desert,

Krekelborn close to Hüsterlo lies. 'Tis thus that the
people

Name the thicket where hunchback Simonet often re-
sorted 250

Counterfeit money to coin with his abandon'd companions.
Much at that very same place from hunger and frost have
I suffer'd,

When in great distress from Ryn, the hound, I was
fleeing."

Reineke thereupon said: "You can now go back to the
others,

Whence you came. You have given the king enough infor-
mation." 255

Then the king to Reineke said: "I pray you, excuse me,
That too hasty I was in doubting the story you told me.

Look to it now, however, that thither you carry me
quickly."

Reineke said: "Good fortune indeed for myself I should
deem it

Could I go with the king to-day, and escort him to
Flanders, 260

But it would count as a sin for you. However it shames
me,

Out it must come, alas! though willingly would I conceal it.
Isegrim some time ago devoted himself to the cloister,
Not, indeed, for the service of God, for he served but the
belly;

Almost ate up the convent—they gave him enough for six
people. 265

All was too little; to me he complain'd of his hunger and
trouble.

When I saw him so lean and ill, I took pity upon him;
Kindly I helped him away—to me he is closely related.

Thus the ban of the Pope I have brought on myself for
my trouble,

And without farther delay, and with your good will and
permission, 270

Must set in order my soul, and in the morning at sunrise
Start as a pilgrim for Rome, to seek absolution and
mercy,

And from there cross over the Sea.¹ So shall my transgressions

All be taken away, and if I ever return home,
I may with honour approach you. If I to-day were to
do so, 275

All men would say: 'Why, see how the king is again so
concern'd with

Reineke, whom but a short time ago he condemn'd to
the gallows!

And who, more than all, to the ban of the Pope is sub-
jected.'

Gracious sire, you surely will see we had better not do it."

"True," said the king in reply, "all this I could not be
aware of. 280

As thou art banned, 'twould be a reproach that thou
should'st go with me.²

Lampe or someone else to the well can easily take me.

But from the ban that thou seekest to free thyself, Reineke,
surely

Good and expedient is. I give thee gracious permission
Early to-morrow to start—the pilgrimage will I not
hinder, 285

For, as it seems to me, from evil to good you are turning.
God the intention bless, and allow you to finish the
journey!"

¹ The Sea referred to is of course the Mediterranean, and the expression, which frequently recurs, implies a pilgrimage to the Holy Land.

² Excommunication cut a man off from personal intercourse with others. It was the punishment for abducting a monk from a monastery, see line 269.

SIXTH CANTO.

REINEKE thus once more the royal favour recover'd.
Then the king came forth and stood in a lofty position,
Speaking down from the rock, and commanded the beasts
who were present
Silence to keep: in the grass, according to birth and
condition,
Seating themselves. By the side of the queen was
Reineke standing. 5
Then the king began to speak with much circumspection:

" Silence! and listen to me, ye birds and beasts in assembly;
Poor and rich, attend ye to me, both the great and the
little;
Barons mine, and ye in Court and in house my companions.
Reineke stands in my power; not long since we were
proposing 10
He should be hanged; and yet to the Court so much that
was secret
He has reveal'd, that I trust him, and, after reflexion, my
favour
Grant him again. So also the queen my consort has
pleaded
Urgently for him, and thus I became disposed in his
favour,
Fully am reconciled to him, and body and life and posses-
sions 15
Freely allow him. My peace henceforwards guards and
protects him.
Therefore on pain of death be all of you hereby admonish'd,
Reineke must with his wife and children be duly respected,
Wheresoever by day or by night in future you meet them.

Nor will I hear any farther complaints of Reineke's doings. 20

If he has done any wrong, it is past; he intends reformation, Which he will certainly make, for to-morrow betimes in the morning

Wallet and staff he will take, and going to Rome as a pilgrim,

Thence will pass over the sea, nor will he ever return here Till for all of his sins he has gained complete absolution." 25

Thereon Hintze, enraged, to Brown and Isegrim turn'd him:

"Now is our trouble and labour lost," he lamented; "oh! were I

Far away hence! For if Reineke once comes back into favour,

Every art he will use to bring us three to destruction.

One eye already I've lost, and I very much fear for the other." 30

"Good advice is expensive, I see," responded the Brown one.

Isegrim thereupon said: "The matter is strange; let us go now

Straight to the king." And Brown and he, in very bad temper,

Went at once to the king and the queen, and many and angry

Speeches loud against Reineke made. Then answer'd the monarch: 35

"Did you not hear me say I had taken him back into favour?"

Wrathfully spoke the king, and bade his men in a moment Seize and bind and shut them up, for he thought of the charges

He had from Reineke heard, and his thoughts now dwelt on their treason.

Thus in an hour it occurred that Reineke's matters completely 40

Changed complexion, for he was free and all his accusers
Came to disgrace. He even knew how to maliciously
manage

So that from off the bear a piece of his hide was ab-
stracted,

Each way a foot in size, wherefrom for his journey a
wallet

Ready was made. Thus little he seemed to lack as a
pilgrim.

45

Yet did he ask the queen some shoes as well to procure
him.

"Gracious lady," he said, "since you recognize me as
your pilgrim,"¹

Give me your aid, that I the journey may fully accomplish.
Isegrim has four capital shoes, it were surely a fair thing
That he should hand me over a pair of these for my
journey.

50

These, through my lord the king, my gracious lady, pro-
cure me.

Lady Gieremund, too, a pair of her own might dispense
with,

For as a housewife she for the most part stays in her
chamber."

This requisition the queen found fair, and graciously an-
swer'd:

"Yes, quite true, to be sure; they each a pair may dis-
pense with."

55

Reineke tender'd his thanks, and said with a joyful
obeisance:

"Well, if I get four useful shoes I'll tarry no longer.

All the good that I henceforward as pilgrim accomplish

You shall certainly share, both you and my gracious
master.

When one a pilgrimage makes, he is bound in duty to
pray for

60

All who in any way help. May God your kindness repay
you!"

¹ Reineke describes himself as the queen's pilgrim because he had
'vowed' the journey, according to a usual practice, to her and the
king. They thereby became entitled to the benefit of his prayers.

Thus did Sir Isegrim lose the pair of shoes from his
fore-feet
Up to the knuckles; Frau Gieremund, too, in a similar
manner
Fail'd any mercy to find, for they made her relinquish her
hind shoes.

Thus the skin and claws of their feet they both were de-
prived of; 65
Lying with Brown in piteous state, they thought but of
dying.
Shoes and wallet, however, thus had the hypocrite won
him.
There as they lay he came, and the she-wolf especially
jeer'd at:
"Dear, good creature!" to her he said, "just notice how
neatly
Do your shoes fit me; and I also hope they will wear
well. 70
Much have you troubled yourselves already to cause my
destruction,
But I have taken some trouble as well, and I have suc-
ceeded.
Your turn of pleasure you've had; and now at last it is
my turn.
This is the way of the world, and people adapt themselves
to it.
As I my journey pursue, can I daily my loving rela-
tions 75
Gratefully think of. To me these shoes you have kindly
presented,
And you shall not regret, for what I gain in indulgence
This you shall share; from Rome and beyond the sea I
will bring it."

Though Frau Gieremund lay in terrible pain, and could
hardly
Utter a word, she collected herself and managed to sigh
out: 80
"God but gives you success our own transgressions to
punish."

Brown, however, and Isegrim lay in silence together.
Both were wretched enough, for both were bound and were
wounded,

And by their enemy mocked. The only one absent was
Hintze.

Reineke anxiously wished to warm the water for him, too. 85

Now was the hypocrite busy enough on the following
morning

Smoothly in greasing the shoes so lately lost by his
kinsfolk,—

Then he ran to present himself to the king, and address'd
him :

“ On the holy way your servant is ready to enter.

Now I beg that you your chaplain will graciously order,— 90

So that I start with confidence hence,—to give me his
blessing,

So will my going and coming be sanctified.” Thus he
petition'd.

Now the ram had been by the king his chaplain appointed.
Clerical matters were his concern ; the king made him
useful

Also as scribe. They called him Bellyn. He therefore
was summon'd. 95

“ Some few holy words,” he said, “ at once you must
read me

Over Reineke here, that he may be blest on the journey
Which is before him. He goes to Rome and over the
water.

Give him the staff in his hand, and hang the wallet upon
him.”

Bellyn answer'd thereon : “ O king ! you must surely have
heard that 100

Reineke has not yet from the ban obtain'd absolution.

Badly enough should I have for this from my bishop to
suffer,

Who might easily hear, and has the power to chastise me.
Nought would I do to Reineke's self that is straight or is
crooked.

Could one, indeed, arrange the affair, and no objurga-
tion 105

From my bishop, Herr Lackland, expect; or if no offence
were

By the provost, Herr Loosefish, felt, or even the deacon,
Rapiamus,—at your command I would willingly bless
him."

And the king replied: "These rhymes and reasons, what
mean they?

Many words you cause us to hear with little behind
them. 110

If you will read over Reineke neither what's straight nor
what's crooked,

Then the devil I'll ask! For the church and the bishop I
care not!"

Reineke goes as a pilgrim to Rome, and will you prevent it?"
Anxiously then scratched Bellyn the back of his head; he
was fearful

Of the king's wrath, and his book began at once to recite
from 115

Over the pilgrim; and yet the latter paid little attention.
That it was good for what it was worth may be taken for
granted.

Now had the blessing been read, and they had proceeded
to don him

Wallet and staff, and the pilgrim was fit for the journey
pretended.

False tears, coursing each other, ran down the cheeks of
the rascal, 120

Wetting his beard, as if he felt the deepest repentance.

Truly it grieved him enough that he had not all at the
same time

Brought to grief like these, and only three had dis-
honoured.

There, however, he stood and besought them to pray for
him truly,

Each as well as he could. And now he made preparation
Forward to start; he had reason to fear, for he felt him-
self guilty. 126

"Reineke," said the king, "you are much in a hurry.
Why is it?"

"He who begins good works should never linger," in answer

Reineke said; "I beg permission to go, for the moment Right has arrived, my gracious lord; so let me be moving."

"Leave is granted," the king replied; and then he commanded 131

All the lords of his Court to go for a part of the journey With the pretended pilgrim, as escort. In pain and in sorrow

Meanwhile Brown and Isegrim both were lying in prison.

Thus had Reineke once again the love of the monarch 135 Fully regained, and went from the Court in the fulness of honour,

Seemingly bound with wallet and staff to the Sepulchre Holy,

Where he had just as little concern as a maypole in Aachen.¹

Different quite were his designs, for he had succeeded Flaxen beard and waxen nose² to the monarch in turning, 140

So that now as he went on his way must all his accusers Humbly follow his steps, and even with honour escort him.

Yet his malice he could not forego, but said in departing: "Gracious sir, take very good care that that couple of traitors

Do not escape you, but keep them well tied up in the prison. 145

Were they free, with scandalous deeds they'll not be contented.

Danger threatens your life. Sir king, fail not to be careful."

So he went on his road with quiet and pious demeanour, With an innocent look, as if he knew not another.

Then arose the king and back he went to the palace, 150

All the animals following thitherwards. As he had ordered,

¹ and ² These apparently proverbial phrases are not further explained by the German commentators, who do not find them used elsewhere.

They had accompanied Reineke part of the way on his journey,
And the rogue had maintained an anxious and mournful demeanour,
So that many a kind-hearted man was moved to compassion.

Lampe, the hare, in especial was very much grieved, as the rascal

Cried, "Dear Lampe, we must, oh! must we indeed be divided?" 155

Might not you and Bellyn, the ram, to-day have the kindness

On my road to come a little bit further? Upon me
By your company you will confer a very great favour.

Honest, good folk you are withal, and pleasant companions. 160

Ev'ry one speaks of you well, and this would redound to my honour.

You are religious and saintly in morals, and both live correctly,

Even as I in the convent lived. Contented with green herbs,

Hunger you always appease on leaves and on grass, never asking

Either for bread or meat, or other particular viands." 165

Thus the weakness of both with praise he managed to flatter.

Both went on with him till they came to his dwelling, and looked on

Malepartus, the fortress; and Reineke said to the ram there:

"Bellyn, remain outside, and enjoy the grass and the herbage

To your heart's content. Upon these hills are afforded 170

Many plants that are good for the health and of excellent flavour.

Lampe with me I take, but beg him to give consolation
To my wife, who already is troubled, and when she discovers

That I must go as a pilgrim to Rome, will be almost despairing."

Sweet were the words of the fox to the pair, wherewith to
deceive them. 175

Lampe he led inside, where he found the sorrowing
vixen,

Lying beside her children, with great anxiety cumber'd,
For she did not believe from the Court that Reineke ever
Home would return. Now when she saw him with staff
and with wallet,

Strange did the matter appear, and she said to him:
"Reynard, my darling, 180

Tell me, then, how it has gone with you, and all that
befell you?"

And he said: "I was judged already and bound as a
captive,

But the king his mercy bestowed, and gave me my freedom.
And as a pilgrim I came away, and as hostages left there
Brown and Isegrim both. Meanwhile the king has pre-
sented 185

Lampe in compensation, to do with him as it may please us.
For the king declared at last with excellent judgment:
'Lampe it was that acted the traitor.' Thus certainly has he
Signal correction deserved, and must make me an ample
atonement."

Lampe with terror transfix'd these threatening words
apprehended, 190

And in bewilderment hastened to save himself by escaping.
Reineke quickly block'd up the doorway; the murderer
seized him,

Wretched thing, by the throat, who loud and shrill for
assistance

Screamed: "O Bellyn, help me! oh! help! I am done
for; the pilgrim

Murders me." Yet not long did he cry, for Reineke
soon had 195

Bitten him through the throat. It was thus his guest
that he welcomed.

"Come now," he said, "let us eat him quickly; the hare
is a fat one,

Good in flavour, too. In sooth, he is now for the first time
Somewhat of use, silly fool! I swore long ago I would
do it.

There! it is over now, and the traitor may go and accuse
me!" 200

Reineke set to at once with his wife and children, and
quickly

Pulled off the skin of the hare, and they dined in excellent
comfort.

Sweet did it taste to the vixen, who often and often
repeated:

"Thanks to the king and the queen! We have," she said,
"by their favour,

Such a lordly repast. May God for their goodness reward
them!" 205

"Eat away," Reineke said. "Thus much will serve for
the present.

We shall all have enough, and of getting some more I am
thinking;

For they shall all at last most certainly pay up the
reck'ning

Who upon Reineke fall, and think to bring him to
trouble."

Then Frau Ermelyn spoke: "I would fain ask how you
have managed 210

Scot and lot to escape." He said: "It would certainly
take me

Many an hour to tell how I with clever finessing

Turn'd the king round to my side, deceiving both him and
his consort.

Yes, I will tell you no lies, that only skin-deep is the friend-
ship

Me and the king between, and it will not be long in exis-
tence. 215

When he finds out the truth, he will be savagely angry.

If he get me again in his power, nor silver nor gold
will

Save me again; he will follow me up and endeavour to
catch me.

No more grace can I ever expect; of this I am certain.

Ne'er will he leave me unhang'd, and so we must try to
escape him. 220

"Let us to Swabia flee. There no one will know us. We'll
live there

After the way of the land, and, Heaven helping, shall find
there

Viands sweet to the full, and of all that is good an abundance.

Fowls, and geese, and hares, and rabbits, with dates and
with sugar;

Figs, and raisins, and birds of every size and description.

In that country they bake the bread with eggs and with
butter. 226

Pure and clear is the water, the air refreshing and lovely.

There are enough of fish that are called Galline; and
others

Pullus, and Gallus, and Anas are called, and who could
recount them?

Those are the fish that are after my taste! Nor is there
occasion 230

Deep in the water to dive. And these I have constantly
eaten

When as a monk I lived. Little wife, if we are desirous

Peace at last to enjoy, we must go hence; you must go
with me.

"Now understand me well. Once more the king has
allow'd me

To get off on account of some curious things that I lied of.

All King Emmerich's lordly treasure I promised to give
him. 236

This I described as lying near Krekelborn. If they should
come there

Searching for these, they will find, alas! neither one nor
the other.

Vainly the ground they will dig, and if the king should discover

He has been taken in thus, he will be terribly angry. 240

What kind of lies they were I invented before I escaped
him

You may imagine well. In truth my neck was in peril.

Never in greater straits have I been, and never more
frighten'd.

No! I hope I may never again be in any such danger.
Briefly; let things turn out as they will, I'll not be per-
suaded
Ever to Court to return, and thus once more in the king's²⁴⁵
hands
Place myself: it needed in truth the greatest adroitness
Out of his mouth by a narrow shave my thumb to
deliver."

Then Frau Ermelyn, much disturb'd, said: "What will
it come to?
We shall in every other land be strange and unhappy. 250
Here we have all that we can desire. You still are the
master
Over your peasants; and have you then an adventurous
journey
Any such need to risk? In truth, to leave what is
certain
What is uncertain to seek, speaks not for wisdom or credit.
Here we live in safety enough. How strong is the for-
tress!
Here with his host should the king besiege us, or should he²⁵⁵
beleaguer
Also the roads with force, we have always so many side-
gates,
So many secret ways, that we would surely be able
Safely to flee. You know it so well, why need I repeat
it?
It would take a good deal to bring us into his power 260
By sheer might and force; and not for this am I anxious.
That, however, across the sea you have sworn to betake
you,
There is the pity. I can not be calm. What will be
the ending?"

"Do not trouble yourself, dear wife!" then Reineke an-
swered.

"Listen to me and mark what I tell you: 'Better for-
sworn is²⁶⁵

Than forlorn;' and a wise man told me once at con-
fession,

Oaths that are forced have little weight. Not the hair of
a cat's tail
Would they ever deter me; I mean the oaths, understand
me.
As you have said so shall it be done; from home I will
budge not.
Little have I to look for at Rome, and e'en had I taken
Half a score of oaths, I would on Jerusalem never 271
Look. I will stay with you, which is certainly much more
convenient.
No other place do I know that pleases me better than this
place.
Should the king prepare me annoyance, I needs must await
it.
He is too strong and mighty for me; yet, still, I may
manage 275
Once again to befool him; the motley cap with the bells
shall
Over his ears be pulled. If I live long enough, he shall
find it
Worse than he thinks it to be: I take my oath he shall
have it."

Bellyn now began to scold at the gate with impatience:
"Lampe, are you not ready? Now come, and let us be
going." 280
Reineke heard him, and hastened out exclaiming: "My
dear friend,
Lampe desires you much to hold him excused. He is in
there,
Having a game with his aunt, and said that you would
not begrudge it.
Go you quietly on, for his aunt, Frau Ermelyn, will not
Let him away so soon, and you cannot disturb their
enjoyment." 285

Then did Bellyn reply: "I heard some crying; what was
it?
Lampe I heard. He call'd to me: 'Bellyn! oh! help
me! oh! help me!'

Have you done to him aught that is evil?" Then answer'd
the crafty

Reineke: "Hear me aright! As I of my pilgrimage told
them,

Which I have vowed to take, it made my wife so de-
spondent

That there came upon her a mortal alarm, and she fainted.
Lampe saw and was frighten'd himself, and in his con-
fusion

Cried out: 'Help! oh! Bellyn, help! be speedy in
coming!

Sure I am that my aunt will certainly never recover.' "

"This much I know," said Bellyn, "he seem'd to be crying
in terror."

"Not a hair of him's hurt," said the liar, swearing a false
oath.

"Rather would I that mischief should happen to me than
to Lampe.

Did you not hear?" again said Reineke, "how the king
bade me,

Yesterday when I came home, to write him in one or two
letters

What I thought should be done in sundry matters of
import?

Take them with you, dear nephew! They all are written
and ready.

Many fine things I have said, and the wisest advice I have
given.

Lampe beyond all bounds was delighted; with pleasure I
heard him

With his lady aunt recalling old stories together.

How they chatted, never content! They were eating and
drinking,

And enjoying themselves. Meanwhile I wrote the de-
spatches."

"My dear Reynard," quoth Bellyn, "it only needs that
the letters

Safely protected be. I must have a case to enclose them.

If I happen'd to break the seals it would do me a mis-
chief."

Reineke said: "I know what to do. I think that the
wallet

Which from Brown I got will answer the purpose exactly.
It is both thick and strong. In this I will wrap up the
letters,

And for this the king will certainly highly reward you.
He will receive you with honour, and trebly will you be
welcome."

Bellyn, the ram, believed it all. Then hasten'd the
other

Into the house again, took the wallet, and quickly put in it
Lampe's head, the murdered hare's, and thought at the
same time

How poor Bellyn he might prevent from unclosing the
wallet.

As he came out of the house, he said: "Just put on the
wallet

Round your neck, and be not, my nephew, in any wise
tempted

Into the letters to look; 'twould be curiosity shameful!
Carefully have I wrapped them up, and so must you keep
them.

Don't even open the wallet. The knots I have skilfully
fasten'd,

As I am always accustomed to do in things of importance
Passing between the king and myself. If he find that
the straps are

All arranged as he's wont to see them, you'll merit his
favour,

And will deserve the gifts that are given to trustworthy
envoys.

"Yes, as soon as you see the king, and to still better favour
Wish to attain with him, 'twere well to bring to his notice
That you have sagely given advice in composing the
letters,

Yea, and the writer have help'd. 'Twill bring you profit
and honour."

Bellyn was highly delighted thereat, and leapt in his
pleasure

Up from the place where he stood, and bounding hither
and thither,
"Reineke, nephew and master!" quoth he. "I see that
you love me,
And would bring me to honour. This will before all of the
courtiers
Greatly redound to my credit, when I such excellent³³⁵
counsels,
String together in fine and elegant words. For in truth I
Know not how to write like you, but they will suppose
it,
And I have only you to thank. 'Twas all to my profit
That I follow'd you here. Now, tell me your further
intentions;
When I set out on my way, is Lampe not to go with me?"³⁴⁰

"No! understand me," the rascal replied; "that cannot
as yet be.
Go you slowly onwards, and he shall follow as soon as
Certain matters of weight to him I have told and com-
mended."
"God be with you!" Bellyn replied; "so will I go on,
then."³⁴⁵
And he hastened forth, and arrived at the Court about mid-
day.

When the king beheld him, and saw at the same time the
wallet,
"Bellyn," he said, "from where do you come, pray tell me,
and where has
Reineke stayed? and what does it mean that you carry his
wallet?"
Then did Bellyn reply: "Most gracious king, he enjoin'd
me³⁵⁰
Letters twain to deliver to you. We both of us jointly
Thought them out, and in them you will find the weightiest
matters
Treated with subtlety. I in their substance have given my
counsel.
Here they are in the wallet; the knots himself did he
fasten."

And the king directed the beaver at once to be sent for: 355
He the notary was and scribe to the king; and they call'd
him

Bokert. His business it was important and difficult letters
In the king's presence to read. He understood many a
language.

Hintze, the cat, was summon'd as well by the king to be
present.

Now when Bokert had loosed the knots, with Hintze, his
comrade, 360
Much astonish'd, the head of the murdered hare from the
wallet

Out he drew, and cried: "Ah! here are verily letters!
These are uncommon enough! Who wrote them and who
can explain it?

This is certainly Lampe's head, and none can mistake it."

Horror-struck were the king and the queen. The monarch,
however, 365
Bent his head, and said: "O, Reineke, could I but catch
thee!"

King and queen alike were filled with grief beyond measure.
"Reineke has betray'd me," exclaimed the king; "had I
only

Not given faith to the scandalous lies he told me!" So
cried he,
Seemingly dazed in his mind, and all the beasts were be-
wilder'd. 370

Then Lupardus began, a kinsman near of the monarch:
"Truly I fail to see why you should thus be confounded,
You and the queen as well. Let such ideas be banish'd.
Pluck up your courage! You're like to be shamed in the
presence of all men.

Are you not master? And all who are here are bound to
obey you?" 375

"Just for that reason," answer'd the king; "it need not
surprise you
That I am troubled at heart! Alas! my dignity's lower'd.

For with his scandalous knavish tricks the traitor has
caused me

Punishment on my friends to inflict ; for two in dishonour,
Brown and Isegrim, lie, and must I not heartily rue it ? 380
Honour it cannot bring me, that I the best of my barons
Here in my Court have so foully entreated, and unto that
liar

So much confidence given, and exercised so little foresight.
I too hastily followed my wife. She allow'd him to fool
her ;

Begg'd and entreated for him. Oh ! had I but acted more
firmly ! 385

Now is repentance too late, and counsel is all to no
purpose ! ”

And Lupardus replied : “ Sir king, oh ! hear my petition !
Sorrow no more ! The harm that is done may still be
adjusted.

Give the bear and the wolf and his wife the ram for atone-
ment,

For since Bellyn with perfect freedom and impudence
states that 390

Lampe's death he advised, 'tis well that he pay for it also.

And we'll presently all in a body on Reineke marching

Catch him whenever we can, and then let us hang him
impromptu.

If we once let him speak, he'll talk himself out of his
hanging.

But I know well enough, these folk will accept the atone-
ment.” 395

Gladly the king heard this, and said in reply to
Lupardus :

“ Pleasing is your advice. So now go quickly and fetch
me

Both of the barons here, and they shall again with due
honour

Near me in Council be seated. And also summon together,
All in one conclave, the beasts who at Court are assembled.
All must know what shameful lies has Reineke told
me, 401

How he escaped, and murder'd Lampe with Bellyn's assistance.

All should proceed to meet the wolf and the bear with due honour,

And for atonement I give to these lords, as you have advised me,

Bellyn, the traitor, himself, and all his kindred for ever." 405

Then did Lupardus haste, till he found the two in the prison,

Brown and Isegrim, bound, and when they were loosed, he address'd them :

"Tidings of comfort receive from me! From the king I have brought you

Peace assured and passage free. My lords, understand me!

If the king has done you harm, to him it is painful. 410

This he bids me to say, and offers you both satisfaction.

And as atonement Bellyn, the ram, with all of his kindred, You shall receive, to dispose of, and all his descendants for ever.

You may attack them with no farther notice wherever you find them

Whether in forest or field. To you they are all of them granted. 415

Then beyond all this my gracious master permits you

Reineke, him who betrayed you, by every method to injure ; Him and his wife and children, and everyone of his kindred,

You may pursue wherever you meet with them. None will prevent you.

In the name of the king I proclaim this precious exemption. 420

He and all who after him reign will hold to it firmly.

You, too, now may forget the ills that upon you have fallen.

Swear to be true and submissive to him! You may do so with honour.

He will not harm you again. Be advised and accept the proposal."

Thus were the terms of atonement decided, whereafter the
ram must

Pay the account with his neck ; whereby, too, all his
relations

Are for ever pursued by Isegrim's powerful kindred.

Thus commenced the eternal feud. The wolves are accus-
tom'd

Heedless of fear or shame against lambs and sheep to be
rabid,

For they firmly believe that justice and law are on their
side.

Naught will their fury appease, nor will they be recon-
ciled ever.

But for Brown and Isegrim's sake, and to pay them due
honour,

Twelve days more the king prolong'd the Court. He was
anxious

Publicly thus to show how he wished these lords to atone
to.

SEVENTH CANTO.

NOW they saw the palace prepared and array'd in its
splendour ;
Many a knight was there ; and after the whole of the
beast-kind
Came uncountable birds, and they all of them highly
exalted
Brown and Isegrim, who meanwhile forgot their mis-
fortunes.
There did the finest company meet in festive enjoyment ;
That had ever assembled. The drums and the trumpets
were sounded,
And the Court dance was duly led off with stately
decorum.
Every person's wants were sated in more than abun-
dance.
Messengers followed each other inviting the guests in the
country.
Birds and beasts came trooping in ; in pairs they came
trooping ;
Travelling thither by day and by night, they hasten'd
their coming.

Reineke Fox in his house, however, was lying and
watching,
Nor did he think of going to Court, the renegade pilgrim.
Little thanks could he hope for there, and after his
custom
Best of all did it please the rascal to practise his cunning.
Now were heard at Court the songs that were sweetest
and finest ;
Meat and drink were served to the guests in endless pro-
fusion.
Jousting and fencing were there to be seen. Each one
with his fellows,

Like with like, were join'd; there was also dancing and
singing,
Whilst the pipes were heard and trumpets at intervals
sounding.
Down from his gallery looked the king with friendly de-²⁰
meanour;
Him did the great confusion delight; with joy he be-
held it.

Eight days now had passed and gone (the king at his
table
Had just taken his seat in the midst of his principal barons;
Near the queen he sat), when lo! all bloody, the rabbit ²⁵
Came before the king, and spoke with tragical meaning:

“King and master, and all who are here, take pity upon
me!

For such cruel deceit, or any such murderous action,
As I have now from Reineke suffer'd, you seldom have
heard of.

'Twas about six o'clock when I found him yesterday
morning ³⁰

Sitting, as I on the road by Malepartus was passing,
And I thought in peace to go on my way, for his
clothing

Was as a pilgrim's garb, and matins he seemed to be
reading,

Sitting in front of his gate. And I wished to pass by him
quickly,

Keeping along on my road in order to come to the
palace. ³⁵

When he saw me he rose at once and coming towards me,
Was as I thought intending to greet me, but straightway
he seized me

Savagely with his paws, and between my ears in a moment
Felt I his claws, and thought that my head I was certainly
losing,

For they are long and sharp; then down on the earth
did he throw me. ⁴⁰

Luckily, being so light, I got myself loose from his
clutches,

Springing away ; he growled as I went, and swore he would find me.

But I was silent, and took myself off, yet, as ill luck would have it,

Leaving an ear behind ; with bleeding head have I come here.

Look ! four holes have I carried away. You can easily fancy

With what fury he struck ; but a little and I had remain'd⁴⁵ there.

Now give ear to my need, and of your safe-conduct bethink you !

Who can travel, and who can find his way to your palace, Whilst that robber beleaguers the roads, and all of us injures ? ”

Scarce had he made an end of his speech when the garrulous crow came,

Merkenau, saying : “ O gracious king and worshipful master ! ”⁵⁰

Doleful tales before you I lay : I am not in condition

Much to speak for grief and pain, and I fear me it yet may

Break my heart, so sad is the thing that to-day has befallen.

Scharfenebbe, my wife, and I were walking together

Early this morning, and Reineke lay as if dead on the heather,

Both of his eyes turned into his head, his tongue hanging loosely

Out of his open mouth. Whereon with terror began I

Loudly to cry. He did not move. I cried and bewail'd him,

Calling : ‘ Oh ! woe is me ! ’ and ‘ Alas ! ’ and repeating my outcry.⁶⁰

‘ Oh ! he is dead ! how I sorrow for him ! how much I am troubled ! ’

Much disturbed was my wife as well ; we were both of us weeping.

Both his head and his stomach I touched, and my wife, drawing near him.

Came and stood by his chin, to see perchance if his
breathing
Still betrayed any life; but all in vain did she listen. 65
Both of us could have sworn he was gone. Now hear the
misfortune!

"As in her sorrow she brought her beak without apprehension
Near to the rascal's mouth, the ill-favour'd villain observed it,
Savagely snatched at her head, and tore it away from her
body.

How I was horrified will I not say. 'Oh! sorrow be
with me!'

Loudly I shrieked; when he bounded forward and snapp'd
in a moment 70

After me, too. Then bracing myself, I swiftly escaped
him.

Had I not been so quick, me, also, he would in an instant
Fast have held. I barely escaped from the murderer's
clutches.

Swiftly I gained the tree. Oh! would that my wretched
existence 75

I had not saved! My wife I saw in the claws of the
scoundrel.

Woe is me! the good creature he soon had eaten, so
greedy

And so hungry he seemed, as if he could others have
eaten.

Not a small bone did he leave, not even a knuckle remaining.

Such was the tragedy I beheld. He quickly departed.

I could not leave the place, but flew with a heart full of
sorrow 80

Back to the spot, where I found but blood and one or two
feathers

Of my wife's. I have brought them here as proofs of the
murder.¹

¹ According to ancient Teutonic custom the body itself was brought before the tribunal, but afterwards it was considered sufficient to bring some portable token, as, for instance, the right hand.

Oh! have pity, my gracious lord, for if you again should
Spare this traitor, and stay the course of legitimate
vengeance,— 85

If your peace and safe-conduct you fail to establish,—
Much will be said thereanent, which to you will hardly be
pleasing.

For they say that he who a crime has power to punish,
Failing to do so, is guilty himself. Thus all would be
masters.

Much would you suffer in honour: of this you may well be
reminded.” 90

Thus had the Court the sad complaints of the good little
rabbit

And of the crow received. Then Nobel, the king, was
indignant,

Saying: “Now be it sworn by the truth of my conjugal
honour,

I will this wickedness punish, for ages it shall be re-
member’d.

My safe-conduct and bidding to scorn! I will not endure
it! 95

Much too lightly I trusted the rascal, and let him escape
me;

Fitted him out as a pilgrim myself, and saw him de-
parting

Hence, as if he were going to Rome. What not has the liar
Palm’d off upon us! The queen’s good word how well
did he manage

Quickly to win! She talked me over, and now he’s escaped
us. 100

Yet I shall not be the last who has bitterly had to repent
him

That he has follow’d a woman’s advice. And if we for
longer

Leave this rascal unpunish’d at large, it needs must dis-
grace us.

Always a scoundrel he was, and always he will be. Be-
think you,

All together, my lords, of how we may catch and convict
him. 105

See that we earnestly take it in hand, and success will attend us."

Comforted Brown and Isegrim felt by this speech of the monarch.

"After all we shall be revenged," were both of them thinking.

But to speech they would not commit themselves, for they plainly

Saw that the king was greatly disturb'd and wroth beyond measure. 110

Then said the queen at length: "Restrain such vehement language,

Gracious sire, in your wrath, nor swear too lightly. By such means

Is your dignity hurt, and the weight of your words is diminish'd.

What is the actual truth we cannot yet see in the daylight. First it is right to hear the accused; and if he were present, 115

Many would hold their peace who are now against Reineke speaking.

Both the parties should always be heard, for oft a delinquent

Only complains to hide his transgressions. For prudent and clever

Reineke ever I held, suspecting no evil, and keeping

Always before me your good; though now it has otherwise happened. 120

Well worth following is his advice, though his life of a surety

Much of reproach deserves. And well it is to remember

All his connexion and family. Things will never be better'd

By an excess of haste, and what you really determine

You, in the end, as lord and ruler can always accomplish." 125

And Lupardus said thereupon: "You have listen'd to many,

Listen also to this one. Let him surrender, and what you

Then determine, be done at once, for in this thing I doubt
not

All these lords are with your noble queen in agreement."

Isegrim thereupon said: "Let each give the best of his
counsel. 130

Sir Lupardus, listen to me! Were Reineke present

At this moment, and cleared himself of the double indictment

Of these two, it would always for me be easy to prove that
Forfeit his life has become; but I upon all will be silent
Till he is here. And have you forgotten how basely he
cheated 135

With the treasure the king? He said that in Hüsterlo,
nigh to

Krekelborn, he would find it, with other gross lies in
addition.

All of us has he deceived, and me and Brown has dishonour'd.

But upon this I will stake my life, that the liar is busy
Still on the heath; he scampers about, and plunders and
murders. 140

If it seem right to the king and his lords, then let him
continue

Thus to behave. But if to Court he were coming in earnest,
Here he had been long ago. The messengers royal have
sped them

All through the land, to invite the guests, but he is at
home still."

And the king replied thereupon: "Why should we, then,
longer 145

Wait for him here? Now all get ready (so be it commanded!)

Me on the sixth day hence to follow; for truly the end of
All these embarrassments will I see. What say ye, my lieges?
Is he not one who would bring, in the end, a country to ruin?
Make yourselves ready as well as you can, and come in
full armour; 150

Come with your bows, and your lances, and all the rest of
your weapons.

Show yourselves gallant and brave! Let ev'ry one think
of his honour.
Well maintaining his name, on the field he may haply
be knighted.
Malepartus, the castle, will we besiege; in his dwelling
What there is will we see." Then all cried: "We will
obey you."
155

So did the king propose, with all his retainers, the fortress,
Malepartus, to storm, the fox to punish; but Grimbart,
Who in the council had been, went out, and secretly
hastened
Reineke to seek out, and tell him of all that had happened.
Grieving went he along, to himself complaining and
saying: 160
"What will happen, my uncle, alas? The whole of thy
kindred
Mourn with reason for thee, of the whole of the clan thou
art chieftain.
We were of safety assured if thou in the courts didst defend
us;
None there were who could stand against thee and thy
clever devices."

So he arrived at the castle, and found there Reineke
sitting 165
Out in the open, where two young doves he had recently
captured.
These from out of their nest to essay a flight had adven-
tured,
But their feathers were still too short; to the ground
they had tumbled,
Quite unable to rise again, and Reineke caught them;
For he often went round to hunt. And so from a dis-
tance 170
Grimbart he saw, and awaited his coming, and greeted
him, saying:
"Nephew, welcome to me above all the rest of my
kindred!
Why are you running so fast? You pant. What news do
you bring me?"

To him Grimbart replied: "The news of which I am bearer
Has not a comforting sound; you see that in pain I am
running. 175

Life and property all are lost! The king's indignation
I have beheld. He has sworn to catch and disgracefully
kill you.

All to appear at this place on the sixth day hence he has
bidden,

Armed with bow and with sword, with muskets and also
with wagons.¹

All is now coming upon you at once; so quickly bethink
you! 180

Isegrim, too, and Brown again with the king are in favour,
Even more trusted than I am with you, and all that
they wish for

Comes to pass at their will. And Isegrim loudly pro-
claims you

Worst of all murdering thieves, and the king's wrath
thus is excited.

Marshal he has become; in a few weeks hence you will
see it.² 185

Then the rabbit appeared, and also the crow, and against
you

Grave accusations they both of them laid. And should
the king happen

This time to catch you, your life will be short! It is this
I'm afraid of."

Nothing more?" said the fox, in reply. "All this will
affect me

Not the worth of a fig. If the king and the whole of his
council 190

Doubly and trebly had made a vow and taken their oaths,
too,

Let me only get there myself, and I'll soon overtop them.

For they consult and consult, and never can hit on the right
thing.

¹ The apparent discrepancy between this line and l. 151 does not exist in the older versions of the poem, in which firearms are mentioned in both places. Their use dates from the fourteenth century.

² It was the marshal's duty to carry out sentences of death.

Now, my dear nephew, let that alone, and what I will give
you
Follow and see. It happens just now that some doves I
have captured,¹⁹⁵
Young and plump; they are still for me the best of all
dishes;
For so light to digest they are, you have only to bolt
them.
And so sweet do their little bones taste, they melt as you
eat them,
Half of them milk and the other half blood; light nutri-
ment suits me;
Such is my wife's taste too. But come, and a friendly
reception²⁰⁰
We shall obtain; but let her not see the cause of your
coming!
Every trifle she takes to heart, and gets in a fidget.
With you, to-morrow, to Court will I go, and I trust you
will give me,
There, dear nephew, your aid, in the way that is proper for
kinsmen."

"Life and property, all I willingly give in your service,"²⁰⁵
Answered the badger. And Reineke said: "I will not
forget it.
If I survive, it shall be to your profit." The other
continued:
"Go with assurance before the lords, and put the best
face on
Your affairs. They will give you a hearing. Lupardus
was also
Willing that you should not be punish'd before you had
fully²¹⁰
Made your defence, and the queen herself was not other-
wise minded.
Mark this fact, and try to make use of it." Reineke
answered:
"Only be calm! It will all come right. The king when he
hears me,
Though he be angry, will change his mind; it will end in
my favour."

So the two went together inside, and with pleasant
demeanour 215
Were by the housewife received. She brought them all
that she had there,
And they divided the doves. They found them toothsome,
and each one
Ate up his portion, but was not content, for each could have
eaten
Half a dozen such birds, had he only been able to get
them.

Reineke said to the badger: "Acknowledge, uncle, I'm
blest with 220
Children of such a superior sort that all must admire
them.
Tell me, now, what do you think of Rossel, and Reynard,
the young one?
They will increase our race, and to form themselves are
beginning
Day by day, and from morn till eve delight they afford
me.
One will capture a fowl, and the other seize on a chicken.
Into the water they boldly dive to fetch up a duckling 226
Or a plover. To hunt I should like more often to send
them,
But before all things must I instruct them in sharpness
and foresight,
So that they may avoid all dogs and hunters and nooses.
When they understand the right way of working, and have
been 230
Thoroughly train'd as is fitting they should, I hope they
will daily
Fetch us home something to eat; and naught in the house
shall be wanting.
For they take after me, and play in the grimmest of
fashions.
When they begin it the rest of the beasts come off as the
losers.
Soon at his throat their enemy feels them and struggles
no longer. 235
This is Reineke's style of play. Their grip, too, is ready,

And their spring is unfailing. To me this is just as it should be."

Grimbart replied: "It tends to one's credit and well may it please one

Children to have as you wish them to be, who soon grow adept in

Plying their trade, and help their parents. And I am delighted 240

Of my own kindred to know them, and have the best hopes for their future."

"Let this suffice for to-day," said Reineke. "Let us to slumber;

All are tired, I think, and Grimbart especially weary."

Then they laid themselves down in the hall, which over and over

Was with hay and foliage spread, and slumber'd together.

Reineke lay, however, awake, with anxiety thinking 246
How the case needed good counsel, and morning found him still thinking.

Then he arose from his couch, and spoke to the housewife as follows:

"Do not take it to heart that Grimbart bids me go with him

Back to the Court; do you remain in the house and be easy. 250

If any speak about me, you must put the best face on it always.

Take good care of the fort, for this for us all is the chief thing."

Then Frau Ermelyn spoke: "'Tis strange indeed; you are daring

Back to the Court to go, where they think so badly about you.

Are you compelled? I cannot see why. The past you should think of." 255

"Certainly," Reineke said; "it was not a matter for joking.

Many wished evil to me, and I was in sore tribulation.

Many the things, however, beneath the sun that may happen;
This thing or that thing may come to pass against all
supposition.

He who imagines that something is his may all at once
lose it. 260

So you must e'en let me go. I have there a good deal to
accomplish.

Be at your ease, I earnestly beg. There is really no reason
For your anxiety. Wait the result! You will see me, my
darling,

Back again here in five or six days, if it possibly may be."
So he departed thence, attended by Grimbart, the
badger. 265

EIGHTH CANTO.

OVER the heath then onwards the two went walking
together,
Grimbart and Reineke, straight on the road to the resi-
dence royal.

Then said Reineke: "Let whatever may happen befall me,
Yet the journey I take forebodes me nothing but profit.
Listen, dear uncle, to me. Since last I made my con-
fession

I have, alas! again relapsed into sinful existence.
Hear the great and the small, and what I omitted the
last time.

"From the back of the bear and out of his hide I procured
me

One very capital piece, and to me the wolf and the she-wolf
Handed over their shoes, and thus I have cool'd my dis-
pleasure.

It was my lies that accomplished this. Full well did I
know, too,

How to stir up the king, and horribly have I deceived him.
For I told him a story that I about treasures invented;
Yes, and that even did not suffice, for Lampe I murdered.
Then with the murder'd one's head I loaded Bellyn, and
grimly

Looked the king upon him, and he had to settle the
reck'ning.

Then of the rabbit; behind the ears I forcibly squeez'd him,
So that his life he almost lost, and much did it grieve me
That he escaped. And I also confess that not without
reason

Is the complaint of the crow, for I ate up his wife Scharfe-
nebbe.

This is what I have done since last I made my confession.

One thing, however, I've missed—and now will proceed
to relate you

One other rascally trick that I played, you ought to be
told it.

Such a load I would not willingly bear, and at one time
Shifted it on to the back of the wolf. We were walking
together

Kackyss and Elverdingen between, and there at a distance,
25

Saw we a mare with her foal; the one, no less than the
other,

Was as black as a crow; about four months old was the
young one.

Isegrim, just at the time, was perish'd with hunger, and
bade me:

'Go you and ask for me whether the mare will not sell
us the filly.

And for what sum.' So I went to the mare and ventured
the question:

'Dear Madam mare,' I proceeded to say, 'your own is the
filly;

'This I'm aware of; perchance you will sell her? I beg
you to tell me.'

Then she said: 'If you pay me well, perhaps I may spare
her.

As for the sum for which I will sell, you can readily read
it;

On my hoof behind you'll find it written.' I saw, then,
What was her purpose; and said, in reply, 'I am fain to
acknowledge

Reading and writing are not my forte, as I could have
wished it.

Nor do I want the foal for myself; but Isegrim wished to
Know the exact conditions, and he it is that has sent
me.'

"'Let him come,' she thereupon answered, 'and he will
soon know them.'

So I went to where Isegrim stood awaiting my coming.

'If you wish to be filled,' I replied, 'you have only to go
there,

For the mare will give you the foal ; written under her
hind foot
Stands the price ; I might go behind, she told me, and
see it,
But, to my own vexation, I have to leave much unattempted,
Since to read and write I have never learnt ; but, my
uncle,
Try it, and look at the writing, it may be that you'll
understand it.'

"Isegrim said: 'What should I not read? 'Twere strange
if I could not.
German, Italian, Latin, and French, I am equally skill'd
in.
For with diligence did I attend the classes in Erfurt
And with the wise and the learned, and with the legal
professors
Questions have put and opinions given, and so my diplomas
I have formally taken ; and all that is found in the Scrip-
tures
Like my name I can read. To-day, then, shall it not fail
me.
Wait, I will go and read the writing, and see all about it.'

"So he went and asked the lady, 'What price is the filly?
Make it cheap.' Whereupon she replied, 'You've only
to read it ;
There you will find the sum inscribed on one of my hind
feet.'
'Let me look,' continued the wolf, and she answered,
'With pleasure.'
Then she lifted upwards her foot from the grass ; it was
studded
With six nails. She struck straight out, and not by a
hair's breadth
Missed she her mark. She struck on his head, and straight-
way he fell down
Lying as dumb as the dead. But she from the place in a
hurry
Went as fast as she could. He lay there, wounded, a long
time.

After an hour had pass'd, he once more moved and
began to
Howl like a dog. I went to his side, and said to him,
'Uncle!
Where is the mare? and how did you like the foal? you
forgot me
When you were feasting. That was not right, for I brought
you the message.
After a meal a nap was enjoyable. How was the writing 70
Under the foot to be read? you are such an excellent
scholar.'

" 'Ah!' he exclaimed, 'are you mocking me still? How ill
I have come off
This time! even a stone would now take pity upon me!
Oh, that long-legged mare! May she get her deserts from
the hangman;
For her hoofs were shod with iron, and that was the
writing. 75
Brand new nails! From them six wounds I have on my
forehead!'

" Scarce did he keep his life.—And now I have made my
confession,
Nephew, dear, forgive me now these sinful proceedings.
How I shall fare at Court is doubtful; however, my con-
science
Now I have freed, and I am from all my iniquities
cleanséd. 80
Teach me how to reform, that I may attain unto mercy."

Grimbart replied: "I find that again with sin you are
laden.
Yet the dead can not be made to live. It were surely
Better to save their lives. And thus I am ready; my
uncle,
Seeing the terrible hour—the nearness of death that
approaches, 85
Threatening you—as a servant of God, your sins to forgive
you,
For I fear for the worst when they in force do pursue you.

More than all 'tis the head of the hare they remember
against you.

Great was your hardihood, you must allow, the king to
excite so,

And it has injured you more than e'er your levity fancied." 90

"Never a hair!" continued the scamp; "and now let me
tell you,

'Tis not so easy to help oneself in the world, and one cannot
Always keep oneself holy, you know, as if in a convent.

He who deals with honey will sometimes be licking his
fingers.

Lampe excited me greatly; he jumped about hither and
thither

Right in front of my eyes; his plump condition was pleasing,
Therefore affection was put on one side. For Bellyn I
cherish'd

Little regard. The loss is theirs, and mine the trans-
gression.

Partly, however, 'twas this, that they were so clumsy, in
all things

Rude and coarse. To stand on form there was little
occasion.

Little enjoyment had I in the matter. I had from the
palace

Narrowly made my escape, and was teaching them this
thing and that thing,

But it did not succeed. It's true we should all love our
neighbours.

This I admit, but such as they were I could little respect
them,

And as you say yourself, what's dead is dead. Let us
talk of

Other affairs. They are dangerous times, indeed, that we
live in.

How from our betters do things come down! One must
not be talking,

Yet do we others make notes, and think for ourselves in
the matter.

This we know very well, that the king himself is a robber.

All that he does not capture himself the bears and the
wolves are 110

Order'd to bring, and he thinks it lawful, and never a
person

Ventures to tell him the truth, (so deeply imbued is the
evil!)

Neither confessor nor chaplain. They all are silent; and
wherefore?

They themselves have their share, if only a frock for their
portion.

If any other should come to complain, with equal ad-
vantage 115

Might he grasp at the wind. He wastes his time, and
had better

Take up another trade. For gone is gone, and whatever
One more mighty has seized is thine no more. To thy
pleading

Little attention is paid; in the end it renders them weary.

Lord of us is the lion, and holds it but due to his station 120

All things to draw to himself. He commonly calls us his
people,

And in truth what is ours belongs, as it seems, to him also.

“Dare I speak, my uncle? Our noble king has affection
Quite especial for those who bring, and who after the
tune that

He himself pipes know how to dance. Too plainly one
sees it. 125

But that the wolf and the bear have again got into the
council

Wrongs a good many. They steal and they rob, and yet
the king loves them.

Ev'ry one sees, but is silent, and hopes to get on to the
roster.

More than four are found at the side of our sovereign
master

Chosen above the rest, and they at Court are the
greatest. 130

If a poor devil like Reineke dares to take but a chicken,

All the people at once will make for him, search for and
catch him,

And with loud and unanimous voice to death will condemn
him.

Petty marauders they hang out of hand, whilst those that
are greater

Get the advantage, and have at command the land and the
castles. 135

Mark you, then, uncle. When I see this, and the matter
consider,

Then, forsooth, I play my own game, and often reflecting
Think to myself that it must be correct, it is done by so many.
True it is that my conscience then wakes, and shows in the
distance

God's condemnation and wrath, and makes me consider
the future. 140

Gain unrighteous, however small, must then be surrender'd.
Then there rises remorse in my heart, though it is not
enduring.

How does it help thee the best to be, for even the best ones
In these days do not escape the popular censure?

For the mob know perfectly well how to pry into all
things; 145

None do they lightly forget, and this thing or that thing
discover.

Little good there is in the herd, and few of the number
Really even deserve to have honest masters to rule them,
For they talk and sing of the evil ever and ever,
Though they know what is good in the nobles greater and
smaller. 150

Yet they are silent thereon, and rarely it comes to be
talked of.

Worst of all do I find the conceit of that arrant delusion,
Which lays hold upon men, that each of them can in the
frenzy

Of his violent will rule over the world and correct it.
Would each man but keep his wife and his children in
order— 155

Could he but check his arrogant servants—he might at his
leisure,

Whilst fools squander, enjoy himself in moderate living.
How can the world, however, improve? Self-loving in all
things,

Each would forcibly bring all others into subjection.
 And thus deeper and ever more deep we sink into evil. 160
 Treachery, slander, and lies, and theft, and perjurous
 swearing,
 Robbery, murder, and naught besides are commonly heard of,
 Whilst false seers and quacks are foully deceiving the
 people.

“ Thus does ev’ry one live, and if one honestly warns them,
 Lightly they take it, and say, perchance: Well, surely, if
 sin were 165
 Grievous and heavy, as here and there do some of the
 learned
 Preach to us, the priest himself would be careful to shun it.
 Bad example they make their excuse, wherein they re-
 semble
 Wholly the race of apes, that imitation are born to,
 Having no thought or choice, and painful injuries suffer. 170

Really the reverend folks should strive to conduct them-
 selves better.
 Many things might they do if they only did them in
 secret.
 But no heed do they pay to us, the laity, doing
 Everything as they please before our eyes, as if blindness
 On us all had fallen. We see, however, too clearly, 175
 That their faithless vows as little please the Almighty
 As to the sinful friend of worldly deeds they are suited.

For, on the further side of the Alps, the priests are accus-
 tom’d
 Each a mistress to have, nor less in our provinces are there
 Some who live in sin. You will tell me, perhaps, they
 have children, 180
 Like other folk who in wedlock live; and these to provide for
 Diligent pains they take, and bring them up for high
 stations.
 Whence they have sprung themselves the children no
 longer remember.
 None do they yield to in rank, but proudly walk and
 erectly,

Just as if they were noble, and still remain of opinion 185
That their standing is legal. Of old it was not the
custom

These priest-children to hold so high, but now they are
always

Ladies and gentlemen styled. All-powerful truly is money!
Few are the princely lands in which the priests do not
levy

Tolls and rents, availing themselves of mill and of
village. 190

Such pervert the world, and the people learn what is evil;
For one sees, where the priest is such, there all become
sinful,

One blind man from the path that is good misleading the
others.

Nay, now, who has seen any pious works of the priesthood,
Or how they build up holy Church with worthy ex-
ample? 195

Who lives only thereafter? They all grow stronger in evil.
So is it, too, with the people;—then how shall the world
become better?

“Hear me further, however. If any be born in dishonour,
Let him e’en bear it in peace. What good can he do in the
matter?

Whereby I mean but this, understand me.—If any such
person 200

Only with meekness behaves, and does not with frivolous
conduct

Irritate others, we have no occasion, nor have we the
right to

Make of such people a subject of scandal. For birth can-
not make us

Either noble or good, nor can it be held to disgrace us.

Virtue it is and vice that in mortals make the distinction.

Good, and learned, and pious men are highly in honour 206
Held, as is due; but evil men set an evil example.

Though their best they may preach, ’twill always be said
by the lay-folk:

‘Good he may teach, but if evil he does, which are we to
follow?’

And to the Church he does no good, for he preaches to all
men: 210

‘Spend your money and build the Church, I advise you,
my brethren,

If you would mercy obtain and absolution’; so ends he.
Little, however, he does himself; nay, naught; and as
far as

He is concern’d the church might go to ruin. He holds,
too,

That sort of living as best that consists in costly adorn-
ments 215

And in dainty fare. How, when beyond all moderation,
Thus he is troubled with earthly affairs, can he pray and
sing praises?

Faithful priests in the service of God are daily and hourly
Diligent. All that is good they practise, and thus of
advantage

Are to Holy Church; they manage by worthy example 220
Laymen through the right gate to lead on the way of
salvation.

“But I know the becowl’d folk too. They babble and
chatter

Ever the same, as it seems, and they always are seeking the
wealthy,

Know how people to flatter, and love to be bidden to
dinners.

One of them if you invite, there comes a second, and
later 225

Two or three others arrive as well. And he in the convent
Who at talking is good, will soon be advanced in the order;
Reader will he become, and then the custos or prior.

Others all stand aside. The keys are unequally wielded;
Some must always be in the choir, for nightly devotions.

Singing and reading, and going the round of the tombs,
but the others 231

Rest and advantages get, and eat of the daintiest morsels.

“Then, too, the papal legates, the abbots, the provosts, and
prelates,

And the Beguines and nuns—of these one could tell pretty stories.

'Give me yours and leave my own,' is the cry universal. 235
Few indeed, scarce seven, there are who, adopting the precepts

Of their order's rule, are of holy living exemplars.

Thus the estate of the clergy is thoroughly weak and defective."

"Uncle," the badger said, "'tis strange that you are so ready

Others' sins to confess; but how will it help you? Me-thinks you 240

Have enough of your own. And tell me, uncle, why need you

Trouble yourself for this, or for that, and the state of the clergy?

Each his burden should bear for himself, and each should be ready

Question and answer to give, how he the dues of his station Faithfully strives to fulfil; and none should try to avoid them, 245

Whether he's old or young, in the world as well as the cloister.

Too much, indeed, you talk about all kinds of things, and at last might

Lead me astray into error. You have a most excellent knowledge

As to the ways of the world, and how its affairs are connected.

No one would make a better priest. I would come to confession 250

With other sheep to you, and listen to your exhortations, Wisdom from you to learn; for freely must I confess it, Dull and gross the most of us are, and sadly we need it."

Thus, in the meanwhile, they to the Court of the king were approaching.

Reineke said: "I am in for it now," and summon'd his courage. 255

Then they came across Martin, the ape, who was at that
same time

Starting off on a journey to Rome. He gave them a
greeting.

And to the fox he said: "Now pluck up your courage, dear
uncle;"

Asking him this thing and that, although he with all was
acquainted.

"How much, alas! in these evil days, is fortune against
me!" 260

Reineke said, in reply; "for certain thieves have accused
me

Once again, whoever they are; the crow in especial,

With the rabbit. His wife has lost one child, and the
other

Lacks an ear. But what does it matter to me? Could I
only

Speak to the king myself, to their cost should both of
them feel it. 265

But it is this that hinders me most, that still I am lying
Under the ban of the Pope. The cathedral provost, who's
potent

In the affair, with the king has favour. The curse is upon
me

All for Isegrim's sake, who once had entered the cloister,
But from the convent escaped, at Elkmar, where he was
living. 270

For he swore he could not live so, they kept him too
strictly.

Not for long could he fast, nor could he always be reading.
Then it was that I help'd him away. I repent it, for now he
Slanders me much to the king, and is always seeking to
hurt me.

Am I to go to Rome? In what a plight in the mean-
while 275

Those at home will be! For Isegrim never would leave
them.

Wheresoever he found them he'd injure them; then there
are many

Who think evil of me, and pay themselves off on my
kindred.

Were I absolved from the ban, I should be in a better
position,
And at the Court once more with comfort follow my
fortune." 280

Martin replied: "It will all come right; in this I can help
you.

I am going to Rome, and can aid you with artful devices.
I'll not allow you to be oppressed, for as scribe to the
bishop

I understand the work, I believe. I will see that the provost
Straightway is summoned to Rome, where I myself will
oppose him. 285

Look you, uncle, I'll push the affair, and manage to
guide it.

I will have the decree carried out; and safe absolution
I will obtain and bring to you, and your enemies then
shall

Fare but badly, and lose their money as well as their
trouble.

For I know the course of things at Rome, and am versed
in 290

What to do and to leave. I have there Sir Simon, my
uncle,

Much respected and potent, a helper of all that can pay
well.

Schalkefund, too, what a man! and Doctor Graball and
others,

Turncoat and Loosefish, and many more with whom I am
friendly.

All my money I've sent in advance, for that is the best
way 295

There to become well known. They tell you, no doubt, of
citations,

But it is only your money they want; and if the affair
were

Ever so crooked, I'd make it straight with liberal payment.
If you bring money, you'll find you have favour, but when
it is wanting,

Doors will shut themselves. But do you keep still in the
country. 300

I'll undertake the affair, and see that its knots are unravell'd.

Go on now to the palace. Frau Rückenau there you will meet with.

She is my wife, and is much beloved by the monarch, our ruler,

And by the queen as well. She is one of quick understanding.

Speak to her; she is discreet, and to friends she is glad to be useful. 305

Many relations, too, you will find. Not always it helps one Right on one's side to have. She has two sisters, and also Three of my children with her. Connexions, too, you have many,

Ready to render you service as often as you may demand it. Should they refuse to render justice, they soon shall discover 310

What I can do; and if they oppress you, be quick to inform me.

Then shall the land be put under the ban, the king and all others,

Men and women and children. I will an interdict send them.

There shall be no more singing, or reading of mass, or baptising,—

No more interments or anything else. Be comforted, nephew! 315

“For the Pope is old and ill, and has in such matters No more concern. They mind him but little; and now at the palace

Cardinal Uncontent, a young and capable fellow, Fiery-soul'd and of quick resolve, has absolute power.

He loves one that I know. This woman shall bring him a letter. 320

She can cleverly manage a matter for which she is anxious.

And his scrivener, John Partei, is thoroughly versed in Coinages old and new. Then Harkwell, who is his comrade, Is of the court; and “Slink-and-Turn” the notary's name is.

Bachelor of both laws,¹ who, if he only remain there 325
One more year, will be an adept in technical writings.
Then there are yet the two judges there : their names are
Moneta

And Donarius ; what they decree remains as they say it.

Thus in Rome no end of tricks and devices are practised
All unknown to the Pope. To make yourself friends is
essential, 330

For through them are sins forgiven and people deliver'd
Out of the ban. Depend upon this, my worthiest uncle,
Long has the king been aware that I will not let you be
ruin'd.

Your affair will I carry through, and am capable of it.
This, besides, he should think of, that there are many
akin to 335

Both the foxes and apes, who are qualified best to advise
him.

This, let the matter turn out as it will, should certainly
help you."

Reineke said: "This comforts me much, and I will not
forget it

If I escape this time." Then each took leave of the
other.

Having no pass,² yet Reineke went with Grimbart, the
badger, 340

On to the Court of the king, where all were ill-minded
towards him.

¹ That is, of Civil and Canon, or Ecclesiastical, law.

² *Ohne Geleit*, without safeconduct from the king.

NINTH CANTO.

REINEKE now had arrived at the Court, in hope of
refuting
Those complaints by which he was threatened, but seeing
around him
All his foes as they stood, collected together, and eager
Each to revenge himself, and even to death to chastise
him,
Fail'd in his courage. Yet, though he doubted, he went
with assurance
Straight through the midst of the barons all, and Grimbart⁵
alongside.
To the king's throne they came, when Grimbart said in a
whisper:
"Reineke, this is no time to flinch; bethink you; the
timid
Do not of fortune partake. A bold man seeks out the
danger
And rejoices therein, and it helps him out of the peril." 10
Reineke said: "You speak what is true, and I heartily
thank you
For your cheering words; if I ever recover my freedom,
I will remember it." Looking around, he saw many
kinsmen
Mixed with the crowd, yet he found but a few well-wishers
among them.
Most he was wont to ill-use; aye, among the otters and¹⁵
beavers,
Great and small alike, he had practised his rascally habits.
Yet he discern'd still friends enough in the hall of the
monarch.

Reineke knelt on the earth in front of the throne, and with
caution

Spoke: "May God," said he, "who all things knows, and
for ever

Mighty remains, preserve you, my lord and king; may He
also 20

Ever preserve my lady, the queen; and excellent judgment
May He bestow upon both, with wisdom, that they may
distinguish

Right asunder from wrong; for much untruthfulness is
there

Now in vogue amongst men. Thus many appear on the
outside

What they are not. Oh! would that each had inscribed on
his forehead 25

What were his thoughts, and the king could see! Then
would it be patent

That no liar am I, and am always ready to serve you.

True that the wicked accuse me with vehemence, wishing
to hurt me,

And of your favour to rob me, as if I did not deserve it.

But full well do I know the strict attachment to justice, 30

Of my king and lord, for no one ever beguiled him

Equity's roads to contract, and this will ever be certain."

All came thronging in crowds, and each at Reineke's
boldness

Needs must marvel, and each and all were longing to hear
him.

His transgressions were all well known; how would he
escape them? 35

"Reineke, rogue that thou art," said the king, "thy slip-
pery speeches

This time shall not save thee; no longer shall they assist
thee

Falsehood and fraud to disguise; thou hast come to the end
of thy tether.

For of thy fealty to me, a proof, I trow, thou hast given
On the rabbit and crow, and this by itself were sufficient. 40

But thou in every place and corner dost treachery practise.

Rapid and false are thy tricks, yet they shall no longer
avail thee.

Full to the brim is thy measure, and further I will not
upbraid thee."

What will become of me? Reineke thought. Oh! were I
but once more
Safe in my dwelling again! What remedy can I imagine?
Happen what will, I must go through it now; let naught
be neglected. 46

"Noblest prince and mighty king!" these words he began
with.

"If you think me worthy of death, the matter you have
not

Looked at from the right point of view. I, therefore,
beseech you

First to hear me speak. Ere now I have counsell'd you
wisely; 50

By your side in need have I stood, when others forsook
you,

They who between us two now set themselves to my ruin,
Turning the time to account when I was absent. You
may, then,

Noble king, when I have spoken, determine the matter.
If I am guilty found, then truly must I endure it. 55

Little of me did you think whilst I was roaming the
country,

Keeping the carefullest watch in many a region and
border.

Should I now come to the Court, do you think, if of any
transgression

Great or little, I knew myself to be guilty? With caution
I should the neighbourhood flee, and keep my foes at a
distance. 60

No! the whole world and the treasures therein should
certainly never

Out of my fortress have hither beguiled me, for there I
was surely

Free on ground and floor of my own. But as I am conscious
Of no evil deed, I have come accordingly hither.

I had just risen to stand on the watch when my uncle
convey'd me 65

News that I to Court must go. I was only then thinking
How to get quit of the ban, and much had I spoken to
Martin

Over the matter, and he had solemnly made me a promise
From this burden to free me. 'To Rome I am going,' he
told me,

'And from now henceforwards will take the matter com-
pletely

On my own shoulders. Go you to Court; from the ban I
will free you.'

This, you see, was Martin's advice: he must understand it,
For that excellent bishop, Herr Lackland, often employs
him.

Five years has he served him already in matters judicial.
So, then, hither I come, and find complaints in abun-
dance.

That young spy, the rabbit, maligns me, but here am I
standing.

Reineke's self. Before my eyes, then, let him come forward,
For in truth it is easy enough to complain of the absent;
But you should hear the opposite party before you condemn
him.

By my troth! these faithless fellows have often accepted so
Benefits from my hand, the crow as well as the rabbit.

Only the day before last, at an early hour in the morning,
Did this rabbit encounter and greet me kindly. I'd only
Just sat down in front of my fort and matins was
reading,

And he explain'd he was going to Court; whereon I said to
him,

'God be with you!' On this he complained: 'How weary
and hungry

Have I become!' 'Will you have some refreshment?' I
civilly ask'd him.

'Thankfully will I accept it,' he answered. Then I con-
tinued,

'I will give it with pleasure.' I went and quickly pro-
vided

Cherries and butter—on Wednesdays flesh I never in-
dulge in.

So he ate to his full of fruit and of bread and of butter.

Just then, however, my son, the youngest one, came to the
table,
Looking if aught was left, for children are all fond of
eating.
And as the boy made a snatch, the rabbit hastily struck
him
Such a blow on his mouth that his lips and his teeth began
bleeding. 95
Reynard, the other one, saw the encounter, and set upon
Round Eyes
Straight at his throat, thus playing his game, and avenging
his brother.
This is what happened, no more and no less. I did not
delay, but
Ran and punish'd the boys, and pull'd with a good deal
of trouble,
One from the other apart. If he came to harm, let him
bear it, 100
For he deserved even more; and had I intended a mischief,
Doubtless the young ones alone would soon have finished
the business.
This is all his thanks! He says I pulled him an ear off;
Honour has he enjoyed, and of this he has taken a token.

“After that there came the crow, the loss of his wife he 105
Deeply lamented; alas! she had brought on her death by
a surfeit,
For a good sized fish with all its bones she had swallow'd.
Where this occurred he best can say. And now he declares
that
I have kill'd her; he did it himself, most likely, and
were he
Solemnly asked if I could have done it, he'd alter his
story, 110
For they fly too high for anyone jumping to reach them.

“Of such lawless deeds should anyone wish to accuse me,
Let him bring honest and trustworthy proofs! For so is it
fitting
With men of honour to plead. I have a right to ex-
pect it.

But and if there are none, there's another mode of proceeding.

Here! I am ready to fight. Let day and place be determined

For the encounter, and then let a worthy opponent confront me,

Equal in birth to myself, and by each let his right be defended.

Then let the honour remain with him who wins it; for always

Justice has thus been upheld, and nothing better I ask for."

120

All stood round and listen'd, and were at Reineke's talking
Highly astonish'd, and wonder'd at what he so boldly had
spoken.

Then did the two, the crow and the rabbit, smitten with
terror,

Quit the palace, and not a word further to speak did they
venture;

And as they went, to each other they said: "It would not
be prudent,

125

Further against him to plead. We might make every
endeavour,

Yet not carry it through. For who was there present to
see it?

We were alone with the villain, and who could therefore
bear witness?

We in the end should suffer. For all his sins and trans-
gressions

May the hangman await him, and pay him according to
merit.

130

He is for fighting us, then? In that case ill might befall
us.

No, forsooth, we had better leave it, for crafty and law-
less,

False and adroit, we know him to be, and truly we five¹
were

Still too few for him; we should have to pay for it
dearly."

¹ The other three are of course Brown, Isegrim, and Hintze.

Brown and Isegrim, though, were angry, and saw with vexation,

How the two from the palace had slunk away; and the king said:

"Whoso has still a complaint to make, come forth! let us hear it!

Yesterday threaten'd so many. Here stands the defendant!
Where are they?"

Reineke said: "'Tis always the way. They're ever complaining,

This one or that one accusing. Yet when he is there, they at home stay.

Thus these wanton deceivers, the crow and the rabbit together,

Willingly would have brought me to shame and punishment grievous;

Now they are making excuses, but I forgive them, for doubtless,

Now that I come, they bethink them again, and get out of it sideways.

How could I help but abash them? You see how great is the danger

When against absent servants you listen to shameless detractors.

All that is right they distort, and the best of men must abhor them.

Others have pity alone for me, but little it matters."

"Listen to me," then said the king; "thou wicked deceiver!

Say, what was it that drove thee to this, so foully to murder

Lampe, the trusty, my letters who always faithfully carried?

Had I not pardoned all of the sins thou'dst ever committed? Wallet and staff, too, thou hadst received, and wast fully prepared to

Journey to Rome and over the sea; for nothing I grudged thee.

Hoping that thou wast amending thy ways; but now at the outset

Lampe I find thou hast killed, and as messenger Bellyn
must serve thee.
In the wallet he carried the head, and told us in public
Letters he had with him brought, which he and thou in
conjunction
Had composed and written, and he for the best had
advised thee.
And there was found the head, no more nor less, in the
wallet. 160
This in despite of me thou hast done. In return, as a
hostage
Bellyn I took; he lost his life; now thine is in question."

Reineke said: "What? Lampe dead? And Bellyn no
longer
Shall I behold? What shall I do now? Oh! would I were
dead, too!
With these two I have lost, alas! the greatest of trea-
sures, 165
For I sent you by them some jewels, than which are no
better
Here on the earth to be found. And who would have
thought that the ram would
Murder Lampe himself, and of the treasures despoil you?
Wary one need be, when danger and fraud are suspected
by no one."

Full of wrath was the king; to the end of Reineke's
story 170
Harkening not, to his chamber he turn'd, nor had he
distinctly
Taken in Reineke's speech, and he thought with death to
reward him.
As it happen'd, he found the queen just then in his
chamber
With Frau Rückenau standing. The she-ape favour
especial
Had with the king and queen, and this was to Reineke's
profit. 175
Well inform'd and clever was she, and skilful in speaking;

Where she appeared all look'd with respect at and honour'd
her highly.

She the king's vexation remark'd, and address'd him with
prudence :

"Gracious king, when in past days you have heard my
petitions,

You have never had cause to repent, and have pardon'd
my boldness, 180

Begging you, though you were angry, to speak with milder
expression.

Be, then, disposed once more to hear, for, indeed, it
applies to

One of my race and kind. For who can disown his rela-
tions ?

Reineke, whatsoever he be, is my kinsman, and if I

Honestly am to declare how I regard his behaviour, 185

Now he surrenders to justice, I take the best view of the
matter.

How had his father as well, by your own father so favour'd,
Much to suffer from slanderous mouths and lying accusers !

Yet did he always shame them. As soon as a stricter
inquiry

Into the matter was made, it was clear'd, though crafty
maligners 190

Even his merits endeavour'd to show as heavy transgres-
sions.

Thus at the Court he was held in esteem ever greater and
greater,

As are Brown and Isegrim now. It were much to be
wish'd that

These two also were able to set aside all of the charges

Which one hears in abundance of them. However, of
justice 195

Little they understand, as is proved by their lives and their
counsel."

Yet did the king to this reply : "It is surely no wonder

That I am angry with Reineke—thief that he is—who so
lately

Lampe has killed and Belyn beguiled ; and, bolder than ever,
All denies, and still as an honest and trustworthy servant 200

Dares to set himself up ; while all the people in concert
Utter complaints aloud, and only too clearly establish
How my safe-conduct he has infringed, and how he with
stealing

And with murder has harried the land, and injured my
lieges.

No ! I will bear it no longer !” Thereto the ape said in
answer : 205

“ Truly, it is not given to many, on ev’ry occasion,
Wisely to deal and wisely advise, but he who attains it
Confidence wins for himself ; but envious rivals endeavour
Either in secret to harm him, or, if they are many in
number,

Openly put themselves forward. And this has to Reineke
happen’d 210

Frequently ; yet such people can never blot out from re-
membrance

How he advised you for good in cases where others were
silent.

Don’t you remember, not long ago, when a man and a
serpent

Came before you, and none were able the matter to settle ?
Reineke did it, however ; you praised him, then, above all
men.” 215

After thinking awhile, the king replied to her question :

“ I remember the case quite well, yet have I forgotten
How the affair hung together : ’twas rather confused, I
bethink me.

If you remember it still, it will give me pleasure to hear
it.”

Then she replied : “ As the king has commanded, so will I
relate it. 220

“ Just two years ago it is that a serpent before you
Came, O gracious sire, and loudly complain’d that a
peasant

Would not obey a writ, tho’ the law had already against
him

Twice given judgment. The peasant was brought before
the tribunal,

Where with many indignant words the affair was related.
225

“Through a hole in a hedge the snake to creep had endeavour’d,
But was caught in a noose that was placed in front of the op’ning.
Tighter the noose was drawn—the snake her life had abandon’d;
When, by great good luck, a traveller chanced to be passing.
Anxiously cried the snake: ‘Oh! take compassion and free me.
230
Let me implore you.’ The man replied: ‘I will surely release thee,
For thy misery grieves me; but first thou must solemnly swear this,
Not to do me harm. The snake was ready and willing,
Swore the most binding oath that she would in no manner whatever
Injure the man who freed her, on which the peasant released her.
235

“Then together a while they went, till the serpent, becoming
Painfully hungry, struck at the man, intending to choke him,
Him to devour; the wretch, in terror hardly escaped it.
‘What! and are these the thanks I deserved?’ he cried;
‘and moreover
Hast thou not sworn the solemnest oath?’ Then answered the serpent:
240
‘It is hunger, alas! that compels me. I cannot avoid it.
Need observes no law, and so must be taken for justice.’

“‘Spare me only so long,’ entreated the man, ‘till we meet with
Folk who between us two may give an impartial judgment.’
And the serpent replied: ‘So long, then, will I have patience.’
245

“So they went on, and found on the other side of the
water

Pluckpurse the Raven, along with his son; the name of
the son was

Quackler. These to herself the serpent called, and address’d them :

‘Come and listen.’ The raven attentively heard out the
matter,

And gave judgment at once, that the man should be eaten;
he hoped that 250

He for himself a piece would obtain. The snake was
delighted:

‘Now I have conquer’d,’ she cried; ‘and no one surely
can blame me.’

‘No!’ responded the man. ‘I am not done for completely.

Should a robber condemn one to death, and should there
be only

One to adjudge? I claim an appeal according to
justice. 255

Let us to four, or to ten, submit the matter, and hear
them.’

“‘Come along then!’ said the snake, in reply. They went,
and were met by

Both the wolf and the bear, and they all proceeded
together.

Then the man the worst apprehended: for with five of
them near him

It was risky to be, and among such fellows as they were. 260

There were around him the snake, and the wolf, and the
bear, and the ravens.

Anxious enough did he grow, for soon the two were in
concord,

Wolf and bear, to this effect to give their decision,

That the man might be killed by the snake; for hunger
distressing

Knows no law; from the bonds of an oath necessity
loosens. 265

Fear and pain on the traveller fell, for all were agreed
in

Wishing his death. Then darted the snake with terrible
hissing,

Sputting her venom upon him, while he sprang aside in his
terror.

‘Gross injustice thou dost!’ he cried. ‘Who made thee
a ruler

Over my life?’ And she replied: ‘Thou fully hast heard
it. 270

Twice have the judges spoken, and twice was the judgment
against thee.’

But the man rejoined: ‘They are thieves themselves and
marauders.

Let us go on to the king, for these I will never acknow-
ledge.

What he says I’ll agree to at once, and if I be the loser,
Bad enough for me it will be, but still I will bear it.’ 275

“Scornfully spoke the wolf and the bear: ‘Ah! well, you
can try it.

But the serpent will win: no better result can be hoped
for.’

For they thought that the Lords of the Court, assembled,
would judge as

They had done, so boldly they went, the traveller leading.
So came the snake, the wolf, the bear and the ravens before
you. 280

Yes, the wolf and two others appeared, he had his two
children,

Greedy-maw one was named, and the other Neverfull.
These two

Gave the man the greatest concern; for they had arrived
there

Each his share to devour, for they are ever voracious.

But they howled with such unbearable rudeness before
you, 285

That you forbade the Court to both of the lubberly
fellows.

“Then the man for himself besought your favour, and told
you

How that the snake intended to kill him; completely for-
getting

Kindness past, she would break her oath ! So he begged
for protection.

This the serpent did not deny, but said : ' It is hunger, ²⁹⁰
Which with all-powerful need compels me ; it knows no
restrictions.'

"Gracious Sire ! then were you troubled. It seem'd that
the matter

Very delicate was, and hard to determine correctly.

For it seem'd very harsh that you should condemn the
good fellow

Who had proved himself helpful ; but you had again to
consider ²⁹⁵

Also that horrible hunger, and so you summon'd the
council.

Most of them gave advice, alas ! to the man's disadvan-
tage,

For they hoped for a meal, and thought of assisting the
serpent.

Yet you sent a message to Reineke : all of the others

Talk'd a great deal, but could not with equity settle the
matter. ³⁰⁰

Reineke came and heard the report : you gave the decision
Into his hands, and as he determined it so should it
happen.

"Reineke said with great circumspection : ' I find above all
things,

This to be needful, to visit the place and look at the
serpent

Tied as the peasant found her : thus only can judgment
be given.' ³⁰⁵

So they tied up the serpent again in the self-same position
On the self-same spot in the hedge, where the peasant had
found her.

"Reineke thereupon said : ' Here now is each of the
parties

Once again in his former state, nor has either the contest
Won or lost. The right, I think, of itself is apparent. ³¹⁰

For if it pleases the man, he again can deliver the
 serpent
 Out of the noose ; if not, he may let her remain and be
 hang'd there.
 Free he may go on his way with honour, and see to his
 business.
 Since she has proved herself false, when she had accepted
 his kindness :
 Fairly the man has the choice. This seems to me to be
 justice, 315
 True to the spirit. Let him who understands better
 declare it.'

" At that time his judgment pleased both you and your
 council.

Reineke was commended : the peasant thank'd you ; and
 all men

Spread the report of Reineke's wisdom : the queen even
 praised him.

Much was said of the matter :—that hitherto always in war
 time 320

Brown and Isegrim were in request ; being dreaded by all
 men,

Far and wide ; for they liked to be where all was con-
 suming.

Big and strong and bold was each, one could not deny it,
 Yet in council the needful wisdom often was wanting,
 For they were wont to rely too much on the strength of
 their muscles. 325

When in the field one gets close to work there's a good
 deal of limping.

Bolder none could seem when they exhibit in private ;
 Yet they rather prefer in public to keep in the back-
 ground.

Yet when once shrewd blows are about, they'll answer your
 purpose.

Wolves and bears are destroying the country. It troubles
 them little 330

Whose house flames devour ; for they are always accus-
 tom'd

Over the coals to warm themselves, and pity no others

Whilst their own stomachs are full. The eggs they greedily
swallow,
Leaving the poor but the shells, and think it an honest
division.

Reineke Fox and his race on the other hand know what is
wisdom,
And good counsel, and if he has ever committed an
error,

Gracious Sire, he is not a stone. For ne'er can another
Give you better advice. I pray you, therefore, forgive
him!"

Then did the king reply, "I will think it over. The judg-
ment

Was pronounced as you say, and the penalty paid by the
serpent.

Yet he's a scamp from the bottom: how can he ever grow
better?

You are betray'd in the end if you make with him any
agreement,

Out of it all he so cleverly twists: where has he an equal?
Wolf and bear and cat, and crow and rabbit are never

Nimble enough: he brings them all to shame and con-
fusion.

This one bereft of an ear and that of an eye, and the third
one

Robbed of his life! In sooth! Of such a scoundrel I know
not

How you in favour can speak, and how defend his proceed-
ings."

"Gracious Sire!" responded the ape, "I cannot conceal
it.

Noble and great are all his race; consider, I pray you." 350

Then the king rose up to go out. The people were
standing

All together awaiting his coming. He saw in the circle
Many of Reineke's nearest kindred, who all were assembled
Ready to stand by their cousin. It were not easy to name
them.

This great clan he beheld, and standing opposite to them,

Reineke's foes. It seemed that the Court was divided
between them.

Then began the king: "Now hear me, Reineke! Canst
thou
Such bad conduct excuse, that thou with Bellyn's assis-
tance
My pious Lampe murder'd, and that with impudent bold-
ness
Thou didst put his head in the wallet, as if it were
letters. 360
This hast thou done in contempt of me: I have punished
already
One, for Bellyn has forfeit paid; the same thou awaitest."

"Woe is me!" said Reineke then: "Oh! would I were
dead now!
Listen to me, and as you think fit, so let the event be:
If I am guilty, then kill me at once; yet shall I in no
case 365
Trouble and care escape, but am for ever confounded.
For that traitor Bellyn my greatest treasures has stolen.
No one of mortal men has ever discovered their equal;
They cost Lampe his life! For them to both I entrusted;
Now has that rascal Bellyn embezzled those costliest trea-
sures. 370
Still may they be sought for again! But, I very much
fear me,
No one will find them more; they are lost, and will ever
remain so."

Then did the she-ape reply: "But why at once be despon-
dent?
If they are still above ground all hope we need not
abandon.
Early and late will we go, and both from priests and from
laymen, 375
Make a diligent quest. But say, of what kind were the
treasures?"

Reineke said: "Too precious they are for us ever to find them.

He who has them will certainly keep them. What grief it will give to

My wife Ermelyn! She will never forgive me about it. 379

For she advised me not to give to them jewels so precious.

Lies are now invented against me, and false accusations.

Yet will I fight for my right, and await with patience the verdict.

If I am freed I will travel about through countries and kingdoms,

Trying the treasures to find, tho' I lose my life in the venture.

TENTH CANTO.

O MY king!" then said in reply the orator wily,
"Let me, most noble Prince, before my friends, give
account of

All those precious things that I for you had intended:
Though you may not have received them, yet laudable was
my intention."

"Only say on, then," answered the king, "and shorten
your speeches." 5

"Fortune and honour are gone! With the whole I will
make you acquainted,"

Reineke sadly began. "The first of the jewels so precious
Was a ring. I gave it to Bellyn that he should present it
Unto the king. In a very strange and wonderful manner
Had this ring been put together; 'twas worthy of shining 10
In my prince's treasure: of purest gold it was fashioned.
On its inner rim, the side that is turned to the finger,
Letters had been engraved, and in molten metal inserted:
These were three Hebrew words of very particular meaning.
None in the country here could easily master the symbols; 15
Master Abryon only of Trèves could manage to read them.
He is a learned Jew, in all the tongues and the speeches
Skill'd, that are betwixt Poitou and Lüneburg spoken;
And all herbs and stones the Jew is especially versed in.

"When I showed him the ring, he said: 'In this there are
hidden 20

Sundry precious things. The three names graven upon it
Seth, the pious, brought down from Paradise when he was
seeking

For the Oil of Compassion. Whoe'er wears this on his
finger

Is from all danger exempt, nor can he ever be injured
Either by thunder or lightning, or any kind of enchant-
ment. 25

Further, the Master said he had read that he, on his finger
Who should carefully keep the ring, could never be frozen
In the bitterest cold; and a calm old age would attain
to.

On its outer side was a jewel, a shining carbuncle;
This shone out at night, exhibiting objects distinctly. 30
Many a virtue the stone possess'd: it healed the unhealthy:
He who touched it felt himself free from ev'ry trans-
gression,
And from all distress. Death only could not be averted.
Further the Master disclosed the stone's pre-eminent
virtues.

Happily travels the owner through every country: he
suffers 35

Neither by water nor fire; the victim of capture or treason
Ne'er can he be; and escapes from all his enemies' power.
If, whilst fasting, he looks on the stone, he will in a battle
Vanquish a hundred foes or more. The stone by its virtue
Takes the effect from poison and all injurious juices. 40
Even thus it obliterates hatred, and, should there be many
Who its possessor may hate, they feel themselves quickly
converted.

"Who would be able the stone to describe, and all of its
virtues,

Which in my father's treasure I found, and now had
intended

Unto the king to send? For of such a costly possession 45
I was unworthy, I knew it right well. It should, I con-
sider'd,

Only to him belong, who of all is ever the noblest:
Only on him depend our welfare and all our possessions,
And I hope to protect his life from every evil.

"Further, should Bellyn, the ram, to the Queen a comb and
a mirror 50

Also have given, by which she might of me be reminded.
Once on a time from my father's treasure I had for amuse-
ment

Taken them out: there was not on earth a more beautiful
art-work.

Oh! how often my wife to obtain them wish'd and attempted!

Nothing more of all the possessions of earth did she long for;

And we quarrell'd about them; she never was able to move me.

Yet now the mirror and comb with kindly thought I was sending

Unto my gracious lady the queen, who ever towards me Great goodwill had shown, and me from evil protected.

Often on my behalf a friendly word she has spoken.

Noble is she, of high descent, and virtue adorns her,

And in word and in deed is her ancient lineage proven.

Worthy was she, indeed, of mirror and comb, upon which she

Never, alas! set eyes, and now they have vanish'd for ever.

"Now of the comb to speak. For this the artist had taken

Panther's bones: the remains of this magnificent creature.

Only between the Indies it lives and the Garden of Eden.

All kinds of colours adorn its skin, and sweet-smelling perfumes

Spread themselves wherever it goes, and therefore all creatures

Will along every road so readily follow its traces;

For by this scent they healthy become, and all of them feel it

And acknowledge the fact. From bones of such a description

Was this beautiful comb with every diligence fashion'd.

Bright as silver, and white, and of inexpressible pureness,

And the scent of the comb surpassed carnations and cassia.

When the beast dies, through all its limbs the perfume diffusing

Always remains therein, and saves the bones from corruption.

All contagion it drives away, and poison of all kinds.

"On the back of the comb you saw the loveliest pictures
High in relief, and entwined with golden, beautiful scroll-
work, 80

Red and lazulite blue; and in its central escutcheon
Artfully was the story depicted, how Paris, the Trojan,
One day sat by a well and saw three women before him
Godlike in mien; their names were Pallas and Juno and
Venus.

Long had they striven together, for each of them wanted
the apple 85

To possess as her own; till then they had held it in
common.

At the last they agreed that the golden apple by Paris
Should to the fairest be given, who alone thenceforward
should keep it.

"Then did the youth survey them well with careful
attention.

Juno unto him said: 'If thou shouldst give me the
apple, 90

Me as the fairest declaring, in wealth thou'lt be second
to no man.'

Pallas continued: 'Bethink thyself well and to me give the
apple:

Thou shalt become the mightiest man: all people shall
fear thee;

Friends and foes alike, wherever thy name is repeated.'

Venus said: 'What is power to thee? What reck'st thou
of treasures? 95

Is not thy father king Priam, and hast thou not also thy
brothers,

Hector and others; are they not rich and great in the
country?

Is not Troy by its army protected, and have you not
also

Conquered all the surrounding land and races more
distant?

Shouldst thou adjudge me the fairest of all, and give me
the apple, 100

Thou shalt enjoy on all this earth the lordliest treasure.

This is the gift of an excellent wife, the fairest of women,

Virtuous, noble, and wise; and who could worthily praise
her?

Give me the apple, and thou shalt possess the wife of the
Greek king,

Helen, the beautiful one, I mean, the treasure of treasures."

"And he gave her the apple, declaring that she was the
fairest. 106

Then in return, she help'd him the beautiful queen in
abducting,

Menelaus's wife; with him in Troy she was mated.

This is the story you saw carved out, in the middlemost
panel;

All around it were shields with writings artfully graven, 110

'Twas but needful to read and you comprehended the legend.

"Hear now more of the mirror! In place of the glass was
inserted

One large beryl alone of great translucence and beauty;

All could be seen in this, though miles away it was passing,

Whether by day or night. And if on one's face there were
ever 115

Any defect, a speck in the eye, or whatever it might be,

One had only to look in the glass, and from that very
moment

Every fault disappear'd, and all accidental defacement.

Is it a wonder that I am so grieved at losing the mirror?

'Twas, moreover, a costly wood that was used for its panel,

Sethym the wood was called, of growth both hard and
resplendent; 121

Never a worm inside it bores, and ever, most justly,

Higher 'tis held than gold, and ebony only comes near it.

Once on a time of this wood a well-skill'd workman con-
structed,

Under King Kromparges, a horse of wonderful powers; 125

More than a hundred miles in an hour its rider could
traverse.

At the present time I could not completely describe it.

For since the world was made no similar horse has existed.

"Round about for a foot and a half was the frame of the
panel,

Over the whole of its width adorned with artistical
carving; 130

Under the pictures there stood, inscribed in characters
golden,

What was the meaning of each. The stories now I will
tell you.

In a few words. The tale of the envious horse was the
first one:

He for a wager proposed in a race a stag to contend with,
And was grievously pained to find he was always behind
him. 135

So he hasten'd, thereon, to talk to a shepherd about it:

'You shall profit,' he said, 'if you will quickly obey me.

Mount on my back, and I will take you. There in the
forest,

Not long ago, a stag lay hid; you ought to secure it,

And may sell at a profit its flesh, and its skin, and its
antlers. 140

Mount up at once, and we will pursue him.' 'I may as
well venture,'

Answer'd the shepherd, and mounted the horse, and for-
wards they hasten'd,

And ere long they espied the stag, and galloping quickly,

Followed his tracks, and gave him chase. But he had the
advantage.

Then it became too much for the horse, and he said to the
shepherd: 145

'Get off a bit; I need some rest. I have grown very
weary.'

'No, indeed,' then answer'd the shepherd; 'now, thou
must obey me,

Thou shalt feel the prick of my spurs: it is thou who hast
brought me

On this ride thyself.' And thus did the rider control him.

Thus with many an ill are rewarded the men who to
others 150

Mischief intending, burden themselves with pain and with
evil.

"More, again, I can tell you that stood portray'd on the
mirror.

There were a dog and an ass of a wealthy man in the
service

Both together. The dog, it is true, was especially favour'd,
For he sat at his master's table, and ate from his platter 155
Fish and flesh, and rested at ease in the lap of his patron,
Who of the finest bread was wont to give him; and therefore
Wagged the dog his tail, and licked the hand of his master.

"Boldewyn saw the dog's good fortune; and mournful be-
coming,

Said the ass in his heart to himself: 'Of what is my
master 160

Thinking, when he this lazy beast so excessively pampers?
Does not the beast lick even his beard as he frolics around
him,

Whilst it is I who am doing the work, and hauling the
corn sacks.

Let him try it for once, and do with five, or with ten dogs,
In a whole year as much as I in a month can accomplish. 165
Yet while he of the best partakes, on straw do they feed me,
On the hard earth let me lie; and, wheresoever they drive
me,

Or on me ride, I am mock'd by the people. I cannot and
will not

Bear it longer; I, too, will gain the good will of my master."

"As he was speaking, along the street his master came
walking. 170

Then did the ass uplift his tail, and kicking his heels up,
Sprang on his master, and brayed, and sang, and blubber'd
with vigour,

Licking his master's beard, and tried, of dogs in the manner,
Close to his cheek to snuggle, but gave him several bruises.
Sorely hurt did his master escape, crying: 'Seize me the
donkey! 175

Strike him dead!' The servants came and rain'd on him
cudgels,

So they drove him away to his stall, where an ass he re-
mains still.

"Many a one is yet found of the self-same race, who to
others

Their prosperity grudges, and finds himself nowise the
better. 179
Should such a one, however, attain to a wealthy position,
Into the place he fits, like a pig eating soup with a
ladle;
Not much better, forsooth. Let the ass then carry the
corn sacks;
Lie on straw for his bed, and for nourishment feed upon
thistles.
Tho' he be otherwise treated, the old he still will abide by.
Where an ass becomes the master 'tis seldom successful; 185
To their own profit, indeed, they look; what troubles them
further?

"Farther, you ought to know, my king, and let not the
story
Give you distress, there also stood on the rim of the
mirror,
Fairly formed and clearly described, how my father, in
days past,
Made an agreement with Hintze to go and seek for ad-
ventures. 190
How the two most solemnly swore, in every danger,
Bravely to hold together, and share alike in the plunder.
As they went forward a space, they saw the dogs and the
huntsmen
Not very far from the road, and then said Hintze, the
tom-cat:
'Good advice seems getting dear!' My ancient responded:
'Truly, strange though it seem, my sack with the very
best counsel 196
I have stuffed full. Now let us remember the oath we
have taken,
And hold bravely together, for that above all is the first
thing.'
Hintze said in reply: 'Whatever may happen I care not,
One trick only I know, and that I intend to make use of.' 200
Thereupon quickly he sprang up a tree to get into
safety,
Out of the pow'r of the dogs, and thus he abandon'd his
uncle.

There stood my father aghast with fear, for the hunters
were coming.

Then said Hintze: 'Ah! uncle, how are you? Do open
your sack, now!

If it is full of advice, you'll want it: the time is arriving,'
And the hunters blew on their horns, and called to each
other. 206

Ran my father, so ran the hounds as they followed him,
barking.

He with anxiety sweated, and nature freely relieved him:
Then he found himself lighter, and so his enemies fled
from.

"Shamefully, as you have heard, his nearest relation
betrayed him 210

Whom he trusted in most. His life came nigh to an ending,
For the dogs were too quick, and if he had not recollected
One of his burrows in time, ere long would all have been
over:

Into this, however, he crept, and his enemies lost him.

There are many such rascals about, as Hintze at that
time 215

Proved himself to my father: how should I honour and
love him?

Half I have really forgiven, but still there is something
remaining—

All of this with pictures and words was engraved on the
mirror.

"Further was there to be seen of the wolf a singular picture,
How he is ready his thanks to return for favours im-
parted. 220

On the common he found a horse, of which there was
nothing

But the bones remaining, but hungry he greedily gnaw'd
them,

Till a pointed bone stuck crossways fast in his gullet:

Very anxious he grew, for it seemed a serious matter. 224

Messenger after messenger sent he to summon the doctors:

No one was able to help him, although a recompense
ample

He had offered to all. The crane at last made his appearance
With the red cap on his head. Him thus the sick man entreated :
' Doctor, assist me quickly out of this strait, and I'll give you,
If you only extract the bone, as much as you ask for.' 230

Then the crane believed his words, and inserted his long beak,
Head and all, in the jaws of the wolf, and the splinter extracted.

' Oh !' and ' Oh !' cried the wolf ; ' you are doing me harm, for it hurts me !

Let it not happen again ! For this one time I forgive you.
Had it been anyone else, I certainly would not have borne it.' 235

' Be content,' responded the crane ; ' you are perfectly cured now.

Pay me the fee, I have earned it well, and been of some service.'

' Hark to the fool !' said the wolf. ' It is I who suffer the evil ;

He demands the reward, and has quite forgotten the favour

Which I have just conferr'd ; for did I not let him escape with 240

Beak and skull unhurt, which in my jaws were inserted ?
Did not this huckster hurt *me* ? If anyone talks of rewarding,

Might I not, forsooth, myself be the first to demand it ?'
Such is the way that rogues are wont to deal with their servants.

Such and similar stories embellish'd, in carving artistic, 245
All the frame of the mirror, with many engraved decorations,
Many a golden legend. Of such a beautiful jewel

I was unworthy, so mean as I am, and therefore I sent it
Unto my lady, the queen. By such a gift I intended

Full of respect to show myself to her and her husband. 250
Very much grieved were both my children, the innocent youngsters,

When with the mirror I parted. They used to jump and
to gambol
Close in front of the glass, and look at themselves and their
brushlets,
Hanging down from their backs, and laugh at their own
little faces.

I, alas! little expected the death of the high-minded
Lampe, 255

When I frankly entrusted the treasures to him and to
Bellyn,

In all faith and truth, for I thought they were both honest
people :

No better friends to myself had I ever hoped to procure me.
Woe, oh! woe on the murderer fall! I shall surely dis-
cover

Who has hidden the treasures; no murder can ever lie
hidden. 260

Would that some one or other in this very circle could
tell us

Where those treasures remain, and say how Lampe was
slaughter'd!

“ Look, my gracious king, there must come daily before you
Many such weighty things that you cannot always recall
them ;

Yet, perhaps, you in some wise remember the excellent
service 265

Which my father to yours in this very place once afforded.
Sick did your father lie; of his life came mine to the rescue
Yet you say that neither I nor my father have shown you
Aught that was good. May it please you a little while
longer to hear me.

Now permit me to tell you that once at the Court of your
father 270

Mine was assigned a high degree of importance and honour
As an experienced leech. He knew how an invalid's water
Wisely to test, and Nature to help, and any affection
Or of the eyes or the noblest members to heal he was
able.

Well he knew the strength of emetics, and understood
also 275

All about teeth, and sportively pulled out those that were
aching.

Willingly do I believe that you have forgotten. No
wonder,

For you were only three years old. Your father at that
time

Lay in very great pain in his bed in the cold of the winter;
Yes, they had to lift and carry him even. Physicians, 280
All between here and Rome, he summoned together; and
each one

Had quite given him up. At last he sent for the old man;
He the urgency heard, and knew the dangerous illness.

"Greatly grieved thereat was my father. 'My king,' he
exclaimed then;

'Gracious Sire, my life how willingly would I surrender, 285
Could I but save you thereby. Yet let me your water
examine

In this glass.' The king obeyed the word of my father,
But complain'd that the longer he lay, the worse he
was getting.

On the mirror 'twas fashioned how in that fortunate
moment

Cured your father became, for mine said after re-
flexion: 290

'If you wish for health, resolve, delaying no longer,
Off a wolf's liver to make your dinner. 'Tis needful,
however,

It should be seven years old at the least, and this you must
eat up.

You must by no means delay, your life is dependent
upon it.

Nought but blood in your water is seen: and be quick and
determine.' 295

"In the circle was standing the wolf, who liked not to hear
this.

And your father thereupon said: 'You have all of you
heard it!

Hark you, Sir Wolf! In order that I may recover, you
will not

Grudge me your liver?' The wolf to his question quickly gave answer:

'Not five years ago was I born: what good will it do you?' 300

'Empty chatter!' insisted my father. 'That shall not delay us.

That I shall see by your liver.' They took him straight to the kitchen,

Where they took out his liver, and found it just what was wanted.

Straightway your father ate it, and at that very same moment

Found himself perfectly free from every weakness and ailment. 305

Thanks enough to my father he gave, and all in the Palace

Had to address him as Doctor, and no one dared to forget it.

"Thus did my father obtain the king's continual favour.

After this your father bestowed, I know it for certain,

On him a buckle of gold, as well as a scarlet biretta, 310

Which he should wear before all the lords, that they duly might hold him

High in esteem. But now, alas! all this has been altered,

In the case of his son, and none any longer remember

Aught of my father's virtues. The most rapacious of scoundrels

Find promotion. The only thought is of gain and of profit; 315

Justice and wisdom stand in the background. Impudent flunkys

Rise to be lords, for this must the poor man commonly suffer.

When such a man attains to power, he blindly belabours

All the people around, and forgetting the rank that he sprang from

Thinks how he from every game some profit may gather.

Round about great men are found many people of this kind, 321

Ne'er do they list to petitions to which there are not at
the same time
Handsome presents attached, and when they give judgments
for people,
'Bring,' is the word: 'You must bring for the first, the
second, and third times.'

"Such are the greedy wolves who reserve the daintiest
morsels
All for themselves, and had they to suffer but trivial
damage
Even to save their master's life they would hesitate
greatly.
Even his king to serve the wolf would not give up his
liver!
What is a liver? I say it plainly, 'twere better that
twenty
Wolves their livers should lose, if only the king and his
consort
Theirs might safely preserve, for the loss would still be the
smaller.
When a seed is bad, what good can it ever engender?
That which occur'd in the time of your youth, you cannot
remember;
I know it well, however, as if it but yesterday happen'd.
It was my father that wished the story to stand on the
mirror,
Precious stones embellish'd the work, with tendrils of gold
work,
Life and wealth I would risk if I could but discover that
mirror."

"Reineke," answered the king; "I understand what thou
sayest:
I have heard thy words and all the tale thou hast told us.
If thy father were here so great, and if he accomplished
So many useful deeds, 'twas a long time ago that he did
them.
These I cannot recall, nor has any one told me about
them.
Your affairs, on the other hand, I am constantly hearing;

You are in every game—at least, so the people all tell me.
If they wrong you in this, and the stories are old ones
repeated, 345
Let me for once hear something good; one meets with it
seldom."

"Sire," said Reineke then: "I must now to you on the
subject

Speak very plainly out, the matter nearly concerns me.

Good have I done to yourself! though I bring it not up
to reproach you.

God forbid I should! for I acknowledge my duty 350

You to serve to the best of my power. You have not for-
gotten

Surely the story, how I, with Isegrim, had the good
fortune

Once to run down a boar: it cried, and we worried and
killed it.

You came up complaining greatly, and said that your wife
was

Coming a little behind you, and if any person would give
you 355

Some small portion of food, you would both be greatly
beholden.

'Give us a part of your gains:' at that time thus you
demanded.

Isegrim said indeed 'Yes,' but under his breath he was
mumbling

Something one could not make out, but I on the other hand
answer'd:

'Sire! were herds of swine in the case, you should not be
grudged them. 360

Say, then, who is the one to divide it?' 'The wolf,' you
responded.

Isegrim greatly rejoiced: he divided as he was accus-
tomed,

Void of shame or modesty, giving you only a quarter,

And your wife a second, and fell himself on the haunch
left,

Greedily gorging himself to the full, while handing me
over 365

Only the snout and the ears and half of the lights for my portion.

All the rest he kept for himself; you, too, have beheld it.

Small generosity showed he us there. You know it, O monarch!

Your own portion was quickly consumed, and I saw that your hunger

Still remain'd unappeased; but Isegrim would not perceive it,

Went on chewing himself, and offered you never a morsel.

Then, however, a violent blow with your claws you inflicted

Over his ears, that damaged his skin: he speedily vanish'd

Bruised on his head with a bleeding pate, and howling in anguish.

And you cried to him then: 'Come back, and learn to be modest.

When thou dividest again, do it better, or else I will show you.

Now make haste and go and bring us some more for our dinners!

'Sire,' I said, 'if this is your order I'll after him follow.

I can bring you something, I know.' To this you consented.

Awkward enough did Isegrim look; he bled, and he panted, Grumbling to me, but I drove him on and we hunted

together

Catching a calf, the food you love. And when we had brought it,

Fat was it found to be. And you laughed and spoke in my honour

Many a friendly word. A capital fellow, you called me, One who was fit to send out in the hour of need, and you

said, too:

'You shall divide the calf.' And I said, 'A half already belongs to

You, and the other belongs to the queen. What is found in the body,

Such as heart, and liver, and lights, belongs, as is fitting,

To your children. I take the feet as I like them for gnawing.

Lastly, the wolf shall receive the head, the delicate morsel. 390

“ When you had heard this speech, you said : ‘ Who was it that taught you

Thus in court fashion to carve so well? I should like you to tell me.’

Then I replied : ‘ My teacher is near : it is he with the red head,

And with the bleeding crown, that my understanding has open’d.

For this morning I saw how he the porker divided, 395

And I learnt to seize on the meaning of such a division ;

Calf or pig, I find it easy and will not forget it.

“ Thus the wolf in his greed was cover’d with shame and confusion.

There are quite enough of his kind who greedily swallow Of the farms the abundant fruits, and the farmers together. 400

All that is well they lightly destroy, and no moderation

Is to be looked for from them, and woe to the land that may rear them.

“ See, Sir King ; thus have I often upheld you in honour.

All that I now possess, or that I may gain in the future,

All I gladly devote to you and the queen ; be it little 405

Or be it ever so much, of all you may take the best portion.

When you remember the calf and the pig, you see where the truth is,

Where true loyalty dwells. And now would Isegrim dare to Measure himself with Reineke? Yet, worse luck ! in position,

Is the wolf as the steward-in-chief, and oppresses the people.

Little he cares for your good ; to the half or even the whole he 411

Knows how his own to promote. And thus, ’tis a fact that with Brown he

Gives you advice, and Reineke’s words have little attention.

"Sire! It is true that I am accused. I will not evade it.
I must go through with it now, and therefore let it be
spoken! 415
Any one here who thinks he has proofs let him come with
the vouchers.
Let him keep close to the matter, and duly deposit as
surety
Either his goods, or his ear, or his life, in case he should
lose it:
I, on my part, will do the like. For thus has it always
Been the custom in law. Let us have it so now; and the
matter, 420
As it is argued for and against, will, after this fashion,
Honestly be conducted and judged—I dare to demand
it!"

"Now, however, it be," said the king, "the road of true
justice
Cannot, and shall not be shorten'd, for this I never have
suffer'd.
Great is, indeed, the suspicion that thou in the murder of
Lampe, 425
Our honest envoy, a part didst play! I loved him sin-
cerely,
And was sorry to lose him, and grieved beyond moderation
When they drew his bleeding head from out of thy
wallet.
On the spot did Bellyn atone, as his wicked companion,
And thou may'st the matter judicially carry yet
further; 430
As concerning myself I pardon Reineke freely,
For he has held by me in many critical cases.
But if any have further complaints we are ready to hear
him;
Unimpeachable witnesses let him produce, and in due
form
Bring against Reineke his complaints: he is here to
be dealt with." 435

Reineke said: "O gracious Sire! I thank you sincerely,
All are heard by you, and enjoy the blessings of justice.

Let me solemnly swear with what disconsolate feelings
I let Bellyn and Lampe go—I had a foreboding
Something perchance might happen to both, and dearly I
loved them!" 440

Thus did Reineke cleverly garnish his words and narra-
tion.
All believed him; he had described the treasures so
finely,
And appeared so earnest, he seemed the truth to be
speaking;
Nay, they tried to console him, and thus the king was
deceived too,
Whom the treasures had greatly pleased: he longed to
possess them; 445
And to Reineke said: "Be cheerful, travel and seek them
Far and wide, and do your best to find what is miss-
ing;
If you want my assistance, it always stands at your
service."

"Thankfully," Reineke said in reply, "I acknowledge the
favour;
For these words restore me again, and let me be
hopeful. 450
Theft and murder to punish is ever the first of your
functions.
Still obscure is the matter to me, but it must be un-
ravell'd.
With the greatest zeal I will follow it up, and will travel
Busily day and night, and ask of all that I meet with.
Should I learn where they are, and should I myself be
unable 455
Them to recover,—too weak should I be,—I will ask for
assistance.
This you will grant me at once, and safely the thing may
be settled.
If I am lucky enough to bring you the treasures, my
trouble
Will in the end be rewarded; my loyalty will have been
tested."

Then the king was highly pleased, and in each and all
ways⁴⁶⁰
Reineke's plans approved, who his lies had so cleverly
woven.
All the rest believed on him, too; he might venture to
travel
And to go wherever he pleased, without any question.

Isegrim could not contain himself longer, and growl'd as
he answered:

"Gracious Sire! So now you believe once more in the
rascal,⁴⁶⁵
Twice and thrice who has taken you in! 'Tis truly a
marvel!

Do you not see the rascal deceives you, and all of us
injures?

Truth he never can speak, and wanton lies he devises.
But so lightly he shall not escape, and you shall discover
What a false scoundrel he is. I know three heavy trans-
gressions⁴⁷⁰

That he has wrought; and though we should fight he
shall not escape me.

True, we are asked for witnesses' proofs, but how would
they help us?

If they stood here and spoke, and swore through the
whole of the sitting,

Would it avail? He would still go on and do as it pleased
him.

Often no proof is forthcoming: in such case would not the
rascal⁴⁷⁵

Practise his tricks as before, and who would venture to
argue?

Something he tacks on to each, and all of us fear to be
injured.

You and yours will find it out also, and suffer together.
Fast I will hold him to-day: he shall neither finch nor
evade it.

Justice he now shall render to me, so let him be wary. ⁴⁸⁰

ELEVENTH CANTO.

[SEGRIM made his complaint and said: "I will tell you about it!
Reineke, gracious Sire, as always he has been a scoundrel,
So he remains; he stands up and tells the most scandalous stories
Me and my kindred to injure. And thus for me he has always,
And still more for my wife, contrived the most cruel dishonour.
Thus did he once on a time induce her to wade in a mill-⁵
pond,
Through the morass, and engaged that she, in the course of the daytime,
Many a fish should catch. She had her tail in the water,
Only to dip, and allow it to hang, the fish would bite firmly,
So that of what she caught she could not dispose of a quarter.
Wading and swimming she came towards the end of the mill-pond¹⁰
Nigh to the sluices, for there the damm'd up water was deeper.
Then he told to let her tail hang in the water at sundown.
Great was the cold in those parts, and it was beginning to freeze hard,
So that she scarce could longer endure it; her tail in a short time¹⁵
Into the ice was frozen so fast that she could not remove it.
Then she thought that all was right, and the fish were so heavy.

Reineke saw it, the scandalous thief, and what he accomplish'd

Dare I not say: he came, and alas! overcame her completely.

From this place he shall not go. The outrage shall cost us, 20

One of the two, this day, as you see us here, his existence.

For he shall not talk himself off, for I was a witness

Of that deed, when chance had taken me on to a hillock.

Loud for help I heard her cry, the wretched deceived one.

Fast in the ice she was caught, and could not protect herself from him; 25

And I came, and was forced with my own eyes there to behold it.

Truly a marvel it is that my heart was not broken within me.

'Reineke,' cried I, 'what art thou doing?' He heard me, and hasten'd

Off on his way. I betook me there with sorrowful feelings, Forced to wade and freeze in the icy water, and managed 30

Only after much trouble to break the ice and release her.

Badly enough we succeeded, alas! in spite of her efforts,

Fully a fourth of her tail was caught in the ice and remain'd there.

Loud and long she wail'd and cried. She was heard by the peasants.

Forth they came and espied us there, and call'd to each other; 35

Hastily over the dam they ran with their pikes and their axes;

Distaff in hand the womenfolk came too, clamouring shrilly.

'Catch them! Beat them, and knock them down!' they cried to each other.

Never so anxious was I as then, and Gieremund knows it.

Barely we managed to save our lives with labour and running, 40

Till our skins were smoking. And then came running a fellow

Who was an awkward rogue; he carried a pike for his
weapon.

Light of foot was he, and he stabb'd at and savagely
press'd us;

Had not night come on our lives had surely been forfeit. 44

All this time the women kept crying, the witches, declaring
That we had eaten their sheep. They did their best to get
at us,

Foully abusing, and calling us names. However, we turn'd
back

Into the water again from the bank, and quickly conceal'd
us

Under the rushes, and there the peasants dared not pursue
us,

For it had now grown dark; they returned, and betook
themselves homewards. 50

That was a narrow escape! Thus, gracious monarch, you
see here

Ravishing, murder, deceit; of such and other transgressions
Now is the talk, and these, my king, you will punish
severely."

When the king had heard the complaint, he said, "On this
matter

Justice shall duly be done; but let us hear Reineke's
version. 55

Reineke said: "If the matter stood thus, it would certainly
bring me

Little of honour: and God forbid, in His infinite mercy,
That you should find it to be as he tells us! I will not
deny this,

That I have taught her how to catch fish; and the best
way have told her

How to the water to come, and have shown her the road to
the mill-pond. 60

But as soon as she heard of fish, so greedily ran she,
That at once were means, moderation, and teaching forgotten.

If in the ice she was frozen, it was because she had sat
there

Far too long. Her tail betimes had she drawn from the
water

Fish enough she had caught to furnish a capital dinner. 65
Too great greediness always is shameful. Whenever the
heart is

Prone to discontent, it needs must lose not a little.

He who has the spirit of avarice ever lives anxious ;

No one can sate it ; and this Frau Gieremund learnt by
experience,

When in the ice she was frozen ; she pays me back for my
trouble 70

Scurvily. Yet for myself I can say that I honestly help'd
her,

For I pushed, and tried with all my strength to release her,
But she was far too heavy for me ; and whilst I was
trying

Isegrim stumbled upon me—along the bank he was
walking.

There he stood, and call'd from above, and savagely cursed
me. 75

Verily I was frighten'd at hearing these beautiful blessings ;
Once, and twice, and thrice he hurl'd the most horrible
curses

At my head, and shrieked, impell'd by his passionate mad-
ness,

And I thought to myself, ' You had better not wait any
longer,

Better to run than to rot.' It was just in time that I did
so, 80

For he was ready to tear me pieces. Whenever it happens
That two dogs for a bone are fighting together, 'tis certain
One must lose it, and so I thought I could not do better
Than to avoid his wrath, and flee his unreasoning passion.
Savage he was, and is so still, how can he deny it ? 85

Ask his wife ! For how does he, the liar, concern me ?

For as soon as he saw that his wife in the ice was befozen
Savagely cursing and scolding he came and help'd to re-
lease her.

If the peasants follow'd them up, it had this advantage :
Setting in motion their blood, the cold it kept them from
feeling. 90

What more is there to say? No doubt it is very bad
 conduct,
 One's own wife with such abusive lies to bespatter.
 Ask her herself, she is standing there. If truth he had
 spoken
 Would she herself have fail'd to complain? I ask in the
 meanwhile
 One single week's delay to beg my friends for their
 counsel 95
 As to the answer 'tis fitting to make to the wolf and his
 charges."

Gieremund said thereupon: "In all your thoughts and
 your actions
 Roguery only is found, as we know; mere lies and
 deception,
 Knavery, sham, and impudence. He who your captious
 speeches
 Trusts in, is sure to be injured at last. You ever are
 using 100
 Loose and profligate words; and this I found at the
 well once.
 In it were hanging two buckets, and you, I cannot say
 wherefore,
 Having in one of them placed yourself and gone to the
 bottom,
 Found you had no means of getting again to the surface.
 Lustily did you complain. I came to the well in the
 morning, 105
 And I asked: 'What brought you here?' 'Dear gossip,'
 you answer'd,
 'Just in time do you come! I'll give you ev'ry advan-
 tage.
 Seat yourself in the bucket above, and you will be brought
 down
 Hither, to eat till you're full of fish.' I had come for
 misfortune,
 For I believed when you swore that so many fish you had
 eaten 110
 That your stomach was aching. And thus I allow'd you
 to fool me—

Fool that I was—and got into the pail, which immediately
went down,

While the other came up, and the pair of us met in the
middle.

Wonderful seem'd it to me, and I asked you, full of
amazement:

‘Tell me, how is it done?’ But you replied to my
question, 115

‘Up and down, so it goes with the world, so goes it with us
two.

Thus it is all in the usual course: whilst some are
degraded

Others are raised on high, in accord with the merits of
each one.’

Out of the bucket you jumped, and ran away in a hurry.
Troubled I sat in the well, and the livelong day had to wait
there, 120

And in the evening plenty of blows with the cudgel to
suffer

Ere I escaped, for several peasants came to the well side.
These observed me there, as, pinched with terrible hunger,
Anxious and mourning I sat, and felt a most pitiful object.
One to another the peasants said: ‘Just look! In the
bucket 125

Down below our enemy sits, that our flocks has diminished.’
‘Pull him up!’ said one of the others, ‘I’ll hold myself
ready,

Just at the brink to catch him at once; for our lambs he
shall pay us!’

How he received me above, why that was a sight to be
pitied:

Blow upon blow there fell on my hide. I had had in my
life-time 130

No more grievous day, and death I hardly avoided.”

Reineke said thereupon: “The result consider more closely,
And you will certainly find that the blows for you have
been wholesome.

I, as far as I am concerned, would rather not have them.
And as the matter stood, it was clear that one of the two
must 135

Take the blows on himself, for both of us could not escape them.

Mark this well, it will be to your profit, and no one in future

Trust in similar cases. The world is full of deception."

"Well," remarked the wolf, "what further proof is there wanting?

No one has injured me more than this unprincipled traitor. 140

One tale yet is not told, how he in Saxony brought me Once, amidst the tribe of apes, to shame and confusion.

He persuaded me there to enter into a cavern,

Knowing beforehand well that evil was sure to befall me.

Had I not speedily fled, I had lost my ears and my eyesight. 145

For he glibly declared, before I went into the cavern,

There I should find his lady aunt; he spoke of the she-ape.

Yet he was sorry that I came out. He sent me with malice

Into the horrible nest: I thought it was hell I had got to."

Reineke thereupon said before all the Lords of the Palace: 150

"Isegrim's speech is bewilder'd; he seems not quite in his senses.

If of the she-ape he wishes to tell you, he'd best be explicit.

It was a year and a half ago that he went to the country; Saxony, namely, with great parade, and I followed after.

So much is true, the rest is a lie—they really were not apes. 155

They were monkeys¹ of which he talks, and I'll certainly never

Recognize these as cousins of mine. Now, Martin, the ape, he

¹ The distinction made by Reineke seems to be a mere verbal quibble. The German words are *Affen* and *Meerkatzen*.

And Frau Rückenau are my relations ; as aunt I revere
her,
Him as my cousin : I pride myself on it. A notary
is he,
Understanding the ways of the law. Now touching these
creatures : 160
All that Isegrim says is meant to insult me ; for nothing
Have I with them to do ; they have never been my
relations.
Like to the devil in hell they are. And if at that
time I
Call'd the old one my aunt, I did it for reasons of prudence.
Nothing I lost thereby, and this I willingly grant you. 165
Well did she cater for me, or else she might have been
throttled.

“Look you, my lords ! We had gone aside, and out of the
high road ;
Going behind a hill, a gloomy cavern we noticed,
Deep and long and dismal. As usual when he was
hungry,
Isegrim felt himself weak, and when has anyone ever 170
Seen him so well provided that he has been fully contented ?
Therefore to him I remark'd : ‘Tis certain that here in
the cavern
Food enough will be found, and I make no doubt that its
inmates.
Gladly will share with us what they have : we come
opportunely.’
Isegrim answer'd, however, and said : ‘I will wait for
you, uncle, 175
Out here, under the tree. In all ways you are experter
New acquaintance in making, and if they give you some
dinner,
Come and let me know.’ The rascal thought that he first
would
Thus at my risk hold back and see what occurred. I
betook me
Into the cave, however, and not without trepidation, 180
Through the long and crooked approach I walk'd. It was
endless ;

But what a sight was there! I would not again in my
lifetime

Undergo such a shock for ruddy gold in abundance.

What a nest full of hideous beasts—both larger and
smaller!

And the mother herself—I thought it was surely the
devil! 185

Wide and large was her mouth, with teeth projecting and
ugly,

Very long nails on her hands and feet, and behind her a
long tail

Hanging down from her back;—a sight so horrid I
never

Saw in the whole of my days. The black, detestable
children

Were of unusual forms, like nought but juvenile goblins.

Savagely stared she at me, and I thought, Oh, would I
were elsewhere! 191

She was larger than Isegrim's self, and some of the
children

Almost matched her in size. In the midst of a litter of
foul hay

Found I the loathsome brood, and over and over be-
slobber'd

Up to their ears in filth, and there was a stink in their
quarters 195

Worse than the pitch of hell. To tell you the truth from
the bottom,

Little there was to please me there, for they were so
many,

Whilst but alone I stood; they made most horrid grimaces!

But I took thought, and a way of escape I tried to
discover,

Greeting them fairly—though otherwise thinking—and
managed to play the 200

Part of a well-known friend. 'Madame Aunt,' I said to
the old one;

Calling the children cousins, and words in abundance
supplying,

'Long may the merciful God for days of happiness spare
you!

Tell me, are those your children? Forsooth, I need not
have asked you.

How it delights me to see them all. Good heavens! How
sprightly! 205

And how handsome they are! One would take them all
to be princes.

Let me wish you joy that with such excellent offspring
You increase our race. It gives me delight beyond
measure.

Lucky I think myself to know of such a connexion,
For in times of need one wants the help of one's kins-
folk.' 210

"When I paid her such honour, however much in my
conscience

Otherwise did I think, no less on her side, she repaid
me,

Called me 'Uncle,' and acted so friendly; little enough
though

Did the fool to my race belong. Nor could it much
hurt me

This once only to call her aunt. Meanwhile I was
sweating 215

Over and over again with fright. But civilly spoke she:
'Reineke, worthy relation, I bid you most heartily welcome!
Are you also well? For the rest of my life I shall thank
you

That you have paid me a visit. Henceforth you may into
my children

Clever ideas instil that they may honour attain to.' 220

Thus did I hear her speak. And this to put it in few
words,

Richly had I deserved, in that as my aunt I addressed
her,

And had spared the truth. But I wished myself out in
the open;

But she would not excuse me, and said: 'My uncle, you
must not

Go away unrefresh'd. Just wait! Let us offer you some-
thing.' 225

And she brought me dishes enough; I certainly cannot

Now their names recall, yet very greatly I wondered
How she came by them all. On fish and roebuck, and other
Excellent game I dined; the taste of it mightily pleased me.
When I had eaten enough, she gave me a load in ad-
dition, 230

Dragging a piece of venison forth she told me to take it
Back to my folks at home; and I bade farewell with my
best grace.

'Reineke,' said she again, 'come often to see me.' I
would have

Promised whatever she wished; I managed to take my
departure.

Neither for nose nor eyes was it pleasant inside: I had
almost 235

Brought my death on myself, and only seeking to flee it,
Quickly I ran through the passage as far as the tree at the
entrance;

Isegrim lay there groaning. I said, 'How are you, my
uncle?'

'Far from well,' he replied; 'I soon must perish with
hunger.'

Taking compassion upon him, I gave him that capital
roast meat 240

Which I had brought from the cave; with great avidity
ate he.

Many thanks he gave me then that he now has forgotten.
When he had done his meal, he began: 'Now tell me, I
pray you,

Who is it lives in the cavern? And inside how did you
like it?

Good did you find it, or bad?' So I told him the truth of
the matter, 245

Gave him complete information. The nest was vile, not-
withstanding

Plenty of excellent food might be had. As soon as he
wanted

To receive his share, he might go boldly and enter,
Only he must above all beware, lest the truth he should
blurt out,—

'If you would get what you wish, then be of truth rather
sparing.' 250

This I repeated again. For if anyone constantly has it
Stupidly in his mouth, he'll get persecution on all sides.
Always he'll stand at the back, while others get the
advantage.

Therefore I bade him begone, and taught him, whatever
might happen,

Always to speak such words as everyone likes to give ear
to;

Then would people with kindness receive him. Such the
advice was,

Gracious king and lord, that I gave, to the best of my
conscience;

But he did the reverse, and, if he has got something over,
Let him take what he's got: he should have done as I
told him.

Grey are his locks, forsooth, and yet one searches for
wisdom

Underneath them in vain. Such fellows never pay heed to
Either prudence or subtle ideas: the value of wisdom

Always remains conceal'd from coarse and lubberly people.

Honestly did I exhort him for once of truth to be sparing.

'Do not I know myself what is fitting?' he peevishly
answered.

So he went into the cavern, and there so nicely he caught
it!

"There at the back sat the hideous wife; he thought that
the devil

Sat before him! The children as well! Then cried he,
astonish'd:

'Mercy! What hideous beasts are these! Are all of these
creatures

Children of yours? They look, in truth, like a litter of
devils.

Go and drown them! That would be best, to prevent
such a vile brood

Spreading itself on the face of the earth! Were they my
own children

I would throttle them all. With these I think you could
really

Unfledged devils decoy; 'twere needful only to bind them

On to the reeds in a swamp, the whole vile smutty bat-
talion;
Bog-apes they ought to be called; the name would suit
them exactly.” ²⁷⁵

“Quickly replied the mother, in wrathful syllables speaking:
‘What sort of devil has sent us this messenger? Who
was it bade you

Hither to come and treat us so rudely? And what with
my children,

Pretty or ugly, have you to do? Just now there has left
us ²⁸⁰

Reineke Fox, that experienced man: he must understand it.
And of my children, he strongly averred he found that
they all were

Handsome and well behaved! of good demeanour: he’d
gladly

Recognize them as his kindred. He bade us be certain of
all this

Only an hour ago when on this spot he was standing. ²⁸⁵

If they have failed to please you as much, ’tis a positive
truth that

No one ask’d you to come. That, Isegrim, please to
remember.’

“Then did he ask her at once to give him some victuals,
exclaiming:

‘Bring it me here, or else I’ll help you to find it! And no
more

Speeches like those let us have!’ He then set to work,
and was going to ²⁹⁰

Lay on her larder violent hands,—but that was a blunder;
For she straightway threw herself on him and bit him;
and, scratching

Tooth and nail at his hide, she savagely claw’d him and
rent him.

Likewise also her whelps: they fell to biting and scratching
Cruelly at him. With bleeding cheeks he bellow’d and
blubber’d, ²⁹⁵

Made no resistance at all, but hastily ran to the entrance.

Sadly bitten I saw him come all scratch’d, with the tatters

Hanging loosely; an ear was split, and bloody his nose
was.

Many a wound they had nipped him with; and the skin
that was on him

Nastily crumpled up. As he came from the entrance I
asked him:

‘Did I not tell you the truth?’ To this, however, he
answered:

‘Just as I thought of it so did I speak: that horrible
witch there

Vilely has done me shame. I wish that I had her outside
here;

Dearly she’d pay for it all! What think you, Reineke?
Have you

Ever such children beheld; so filthy a brood; so ma-
licious?

All this happen’d as soon as I spoke to her. Not for a
moment

Grace did she grant in that hole; I’ve lighted on nothing
but ill luck.’

“‘Are you out of your mind?’ I answered. ‘Wisely I
gave you

Other advice. I greet you most kindly (so should you
have spoken).

How goes all, dear Aunt, with you? And how are the
youngsters,

Good little dears? I’m perfectly charm’d once more to
behold them,

Nephews, little and big.’ But Isegrim straightway re-
torted:

‘Call that woman my Aunt? And the hideous children
my nephews?

Devil may take them all! I abominate such a connexion!
Pah! a thoroughly loathsome crew. No more will I see
them!’

That’s why he fared so ill. O, king, now give us your
judgment!

Has he a right to say I betrayed him? Let him ac-
knowledge,

Did not the matter occur in the very way that I tell it?”

Isegrim answer'd in resolute tone : " We ne'er, of a surety,
This dispute will settle with words. Why need we to
bicker? 320

Right is right, and he who has it will finally prove it.
Boldly, Reineke, put yourself forward, and then you may
find it:

We with one another will fight, and settle the question.
Much have you found to say, as to how at the ape's
habitation

I from hunger suffer'd so much, and how at the time
you 325

Fed me so kindly, I know not with what. It was but a
small bone

That you brought out; the meat you had probably eaten
beforehand.

There as you stand you jeer at and mock me, talking at
random,

Touching my honour too nearly. You bring suspicion
upon me

With most scandalous lies, as if I had been in intention 330
Foully conspiring against the king, and even desiring
Him to deprive of his life. Yet you were boasting before him
Somewhat of treasures conceal'd. He would not so easily
find them!

Shamefully have you treated my wife, and this you shall
pay for.

These are the things I lay to your charge, intending to
fight you 335

Over both old and the new. I say it again : an assassin,
Also a traitor and thief you are. We'll try it by combat,
Setting life against life ! So an end to abuse and revilings.
Here I offer to give you a glove, as in combat judicial
Every challenger does. As a gage of battle accept it. 340

Then we shall come to terms. The king in cognisance has it,
All the barons have heard it too. I hope they will also
Witnesses be of the combat judicial. You shall not escape
me

Till the affair is finally settled ; the end we shall see then."

Reineke thought to himself : "'Tis a question of life and
of fortune ; 345

He is so big, and I am so little. And should I in this
chance

Anyhow happen to fail, then all my crafty devices
Will have availed me little. But wait; for now I bethink
me,

I the advantage have; he has lost already his fore claws!
If the fool has not cooler become, the end of the business, 350
Cost whatever it may, shall not accord with his wishes."

Reineke thereupon said to the wolf: "You, Isegrim,
also

May be to me a traitor yourself, and all the indictments
Which you may hope to fix upon me are wholly fictitious,
Are you anxious to fight? I will risk it, without any flinch-
ing. 355

Here is my glove in return. It is what I have wished for
a long time."

Then the king received the pledges, which both of them
tender'd

Boldly. And then he said: "You must give me bail for
the combat,

That to-morrow you do not fail, for both of the parties
Seem confused in mind: for who can make sense of their
speeches?" 360

Then the bear and the cat at once were for Isegrim
sureties,

Brown and Hintze, to wit: at the same time Cousin
Moneke,

Son of ape Martin, was Reineke's bail, together with Grim-
bart.

"Reineke," then Frau Rückenau said; "Now only be easy;
Keep your wits. I once was taught a prayer by your
uncle, 365

My good man who now is at Rome. The abbot of
Schluckauf

Had for music composed it, and gave the same to my
husband,—

Whom he held in high regard—written out on a score-
sheet.

'This pray'r,' so the Abbot declared, 'is useful to all
men

Who are about to fight: they must in the morning recite
it 370

Ere they eat, and thus all day from trouble and danger
Free they will be; from death and pain and wounds be
protected.'

Nephew, take comfort therewith. Betimes in the morning
I'll read it

Over you. So shall you be of good cheer and without
apprehension."

"Dearest Aunt," then answered the fox; "I heartily thank
you. 375

I shall not forget you for this, yet mostly I look for
Help from the righteousness of my cause and my ready
adroitness."

Reineke's friends for the night remained together and
banish'd

All his misgivings with lively discourse. Frau Rückenau
only

Was very thoughtful for all and busy, and ordered him
quickly 380

Smooth from head to tail, from belly to breast to be
shaven;

And with grease and oil to be smear'd well; Reineke
looked then

Fat and round and well set up on his feet. In addition
Said she to him: "Pray listen, and think what you have
to accomplish;

Hear the advice of sensible friends; it will help you most
surely; 385

Drink a great deal, and hold your water, and come in the
morning

Into the circle: there manage it neatly, and over and
over,

Wet your stubbly tail, and try to strike your opponent.

If you can smear his eyes, it best will answer your
purpose,

Then his sight will be spoilt at once, which to you will be
useful, 390

And will hinder him much. At first you must seem to be
frightened,
Fleeing against the wind, as fast as you're able to foot it.
If he follows you, stir up the dust, until you succeed in
Stopping his eyes with filth and sand. Then nimbly aside
jump,
Waiting on every movement. And when he is able to
clear them, 395
Seize the occasion at once, his eyes again to besprinkle
With the corrosive water; and thus he will totally blind
be,
Nor be able to tell where he is, and so you will conquer.
Now, dear nephew, sleep for a little, and we will awake
you
When the time comes. But the holy words of which I
have spoken 400
I will forthwith over you read, and strengthen you thereby."
So she laid her hand on his head and repeated the sen-
tence:
" 'Nekrāts negibaul geid sum namteflīh dnudna mein
tedachs.'¹
Now good luck; for now you are safe!" The same did
his uncle,
Grimbart the badger say, and they took him and laid him
to slumber. 405
Calmly he slept; the sun arose, and then came the otter
With the badger to waken their cousin. They greeted him
kindly,
Saying, "Be sure to prepare yourself well." Whereupon
did the otter
Bring out a young fat duckling, and said as she handed it
to him:
"Eat! I have got it for you with much exertion and
jumping 410
On the Hünerebrot dam. I hope you will like it, my
cousin."

"That's a good token," Reineke said, in capital humour.

¹ If read backwards, *Schadet Niemand und hilft: man muss die Gläubigen stärken*, i.e. "Let none hurt, but help; 'tis needful to strengthen the faithful."

"This sort of thing is not to be scorned; may Heaven
reward you
In that of me you have thought." He made himself happy
in eating ⁴¹⁴
And in drinking too, and went, by his kinsmen supported,
Into the ring on the sandy plain, where the fight was
appointed.

TWELFTH CANTO.

WHEN the king on Reineke looked and saw what a
figure,

Smoothly shaven with oil and grease all over his body,
In the ring he appear'd, he laugh'd beyond moderation.

"Fox! who taught you that?" he cried, "they have plenty
of reason

Reineke Fox to call you; for sure enough you're a
rascal.

Everywhere you know of a hole and manage to reach it."⁵

Reineke bowed himself deep to the king; especially bowed he
Unto the queen, as into the ring he jauntily bounded.

There the wolf had already betaken himself with his kins-
folk:

One and all they wish'd to the fox an end that was shame-
ful.

Many an angry word and many a threat he was met with.¹⁰

Meanwhile Lynx and Lupardus, the wards of the ring,
had brought forward

Holy relics;¹ on which with reverence due the contenders,
Wolf and fox, made oath to the cause that each was main-
taining.

Isegrim swore, with violent words and threatening looks,
that¹⁵

Reineke was a traitor, a thief, and a murderer, guilty
Of all crimes; convicted of rape and adulterous outrage,
False in every thing. Let life for life be the forfeit!

Reineke straightway swore against this, that nothing what-
ever

Of these crimes he knew, and that Isegrim lied, as he e'er
did,²⁰

¹ Relics of the saints enclosed in a casket were frequently used for
such a purpose as is here travestied.

And swore falsely, as usual ; yet should he never succeed in Giving his lies the semblance of truth, at all events this time.

Then the wards of the ring proclaimed : " Let everyone do now

What it behoves him to do, and the right will soon be established."

Great and small then left the arena ; alone the two fighters²⁵

There to enclose. In a trice the ape began in a whisper : " Mark what I told you, forget not to follow the counsel I gave you !"

Reineke merrily said, in reply : " Your wise admonition Gives me more heart for the work. Cheer up ! I shall not forget now

Either the cunning or courage with which from manifold dangers,³⁰

Greater than this, I've escaped ; whereinto I often have fallen,

Something or other procuring that never yet has been paid for,

Venturing boldly my life. Then why should I not for this time, too,

Safely stand up to this villain ? I certainly hope to disgrace him,

Him and the whole of his race, and honour to gain for my own kin.³⁵

All his lies I will stuff down his throat." Now were they together

Left in the ring, whilst all the rest were eagerly watching.

Isegrim showed himself wild and terrible, stretching his fore-claws,

On he came with open mouth, and powerful onset.

Reineke, lighter than he, escaped his raging opponent,⁴⁰
And in a moment his rough shorn tail with acid-like water

Wetted, and dragg'd it along in the dust, till with sand it was loaded.

Isegrim thought, ' I have got him already.' When straight-way the rascal

Slapp'd the tail in his eyes, and sight and hearing forsook
him.

Not for the first time he practised the trick, for many a
creature

45

Trial had made of the noxious strength of the water offen-
sive.

Isegrim's whelps he had blinded thus, as before was
related;

Now their father he wished to mark. Then having
anoined

Thus his opponents eyes, he sprang aside quickly, and
running

Windward, he stirred up the sand, and drove the dust in
abundance

50

Into the eyes of the wolf, who with all his rubbing and
wiping

Did himself harm in his haste, his miseries only in-
creasing.

Reineke knew, on his part, how to manage his tail with
adroitness,

Once and again to strike his opponent and utterly blind
him.

Badly the wolf came off, for the fox now used his advan-
tage.

55

When he beheld the painfully streaming eyes of his rival,
With impetuous leaps he began at once to assail him,
Rushing upon him with vigorous blows, and scratching and
biting,

Striving ever anon to anoint his eyes with the lotion.

Half distracted grovell'd the wolf, whilst Reineke mock'd
him

60

More audaciously, saying: " Ere now, Sir Wolf, you have
often

Swallow'd, I trow, an innocent lamb; in the course of your
lifetime

Many a blameless beast devour'd. I hope that in future
They will enjoy repose: in any event be contented
Them in peace to leave, and find reward in their
blessings.

65

Through this atonement your soul will profit, if you in
especial,

Patiently wait for your end. For on this occasion you shall
not
Out of my hands escape, but with me you must by entrea-
ties
Make your peace, and then, perchance, your life I will
grant you."

Thus did Reineke hastily speak, and had his opponent 70
Tightly seized by the throat, and in this way hoped to sub-
due him.

Isegrim, stronger than he, however, with violent heaving
Tore himself loose in a couple of pulls. But Reineke
struck him

Straight in the face, and wounded him badly, and one of
his eyes tore

Out of his head; all down his nose the blood ran in tor-
rents.

Reineke cried: "I was trying for that. It is just what I 75
wanted!"

Desperate grew the wolf as he bled; the loss of his eye-
ball

Made him rave; forgetful alike of wounds and of anguish,
Straight against Reineke sprang he, and down on the ground
did he pin him.

Ill did it fare with the fox, and little his cunning avail'd 80
him.

One of his two fore paws, which he as hands had been
using,

Isegrim quickly seized with his teeth, and held it between
them.

Reineke lay in distress on the ground, and fear'd on the
instant

One of his hands to lose, and thought of a thousand de-
vices.

Thus, meanwhile, with a hollow voice did Isegrim growl 85
out:

"Thief, thine hour has come! This very instant surrender,
Else will I strike thee dead in return for thy treacherous
misdeeds!

Now do I pay thee out; it has been of little assistance,

Dust to scratch, and thy water to void, of hair to divest
thee,
Grease to apply. Now woe betide thee! Such manifold
evil
Hast thou done me, lying about me, and striking my eye⁹⁰
out.
But thou shalt not escape. I bite if thou dost not sur-
render."

Heineke thought: "This is awkward for me; what plan can
I think of?

If I do not surrender he kills me, and if I surrender
Ever shall I be abused. I richly deserve to be punished,⁹⁵
For I have treated him much too ill, too brutally wrong'd
him."

Honied speech he therefore tried, his opponent to soften.
"Uncle, dear," to him he said: "with pleasure I will
be

Liegeman of yours at once, with all that I am pos-
sess'd of,

Gladly as pilgrim of yours I'll go to the Sepulchre¹⁰⁰
Holy,

Unto the Holy Land, to all the churches, and bring you
Absolution enough from there. 'Twill be to the profit
Not of your own soul only, but also your father and
mother

Somewhat of it will obtain, whereby in the life ever-
lasting

They may rejoice in this boon. Who is there that does
not require it?¹⁰⁵

You I will honour as if you were Pope, and by all that is
holy,

Solemnly will I swear henceforth, for all time in the future,
Wholly at your disposal to be with all of my kindred.

All shall be at your service on every occasion. I swear it!
What to the king I would not promise, I offer you
freely.¹¹⁰

If you accept it, you have thereby command of the
country.

All the things that I know how to capture, to you I will
bring them—

Geese and fowls, and ducks and fish. Ere ever a morsel
Of such food be eaten by me, the choice I will always
Leave to you, and your wife and children. With diligence
also 115

Will I take heed for your life, that no evil shall ever molest
you.

Sly am I said to be, and you are strong, so together
We could achieve great things. We ought to hold by
each other,

One with strength, and the other with craft, then who
could oppress us?

If against each other we fight, we make a bad business. 120
No! I would never have done it, had I with decent ap-
pearance

Known how the fight to avoid. But you were the party
who challenged,

So it was needful that I should assent in regard for my
honour.

I have, however, with courtesy acted, and during the
combat

Have not shown the whole of my strength. For thus I
bethought me, 125

If thou sparest thine uncle, it must redound to thine
honour.

Otherwise would'st thou have fared had I felt hatred
towards thee.

Small is the harm you have had, and if, by an accident
merely,

One of your eyes is damaged, for that I am heartily sorry.
Still the best remains to be told. A remedy know I 130
Which will cure you at once. If I tell you of this you will
thank me.

Though the eye be gone, but otherwise you should
recover,

That will at least be a boon. You'll have, when you lie
down to slumber,

Only one window to shut, and we others will double our
duty.

You to appease forthwith the whole of my kindred before
you 135

Shall bow down, my wife and all my children together.

They in the sight of the king, in the face of this meeting
assembled,
You entreat and implore that me you will graciously
pardon,
And present me with life. Thus I will make public confession,
That I have spoken untruth, and you with calumny
injured, ¹⁴⁰
Basely betray'd whenever I could. I promise to swear
that
Nothing evil I know of you, nor will I henceforward
Ever imagine mischief against you. What greater atonement
Could you ever demand than that I am ready to make
you?
Should you strike me dead, what would you gain? There
will always ¹⁴⁵
Kinsfolk and friends of mine be left to dread. But supposing
Mercy you show, with credit and fame you will leave the
arena,
Seeming to ev'ry one noble and wise. For higher can no
one
Nobly rise, than when he forgives. Nor will you again
soon
Such opportunity find. Embrace it! For me, at the same
time, ¹⁵⁰
Whether I live or die, is quite an indifferent matter."

"Treacherous fox!" the wolf replied: "how willingly
wouldst thou
Once more be free! Yet e'en if the world of gold were
constructed,
And in thy dire distress thou shouldest offer it me, I would
never
Let thee escape. So many a time false oaths thou hast
sworn me, ¹⁵⁵
Lying fellow! Forsooth, I should get not even the eggshells,
Were I to let thee go! I care not much for thy kinsmen:
I will await what they may do, and imagine that fairly

I shall their enmity bear. Thou, joker malignant, how
wouldst thou
Jeer were I to let thee go free on thine own affirmation? 160
Any who knew thee not might be deceived. Thou hast
spared me,
So thou sayest, to-day, thou pitiful thief! And my eyeball
Hangs it not out of my head? Thou scoundrel! and hast
thou not also
Damaged my hide in two score places? And could I have
ever
Managed again to breathe if thou hadst got the advan-
tage? 165
What a fool I should be, if for all this dishonour and
damage
I were to grant thee mercy or pity: thou, Traitor, hast
brought us,
Me and my wife to grief and shame; thy life it shall cost
thee!"

Thus said the wolf. Meanwhile his other fore-claw had
the rascal
Managed to introduce between the thighs of his rival. 170
There he clutch'd the tenderest parts of the body, and
pulled them,
Savagely rending—I say no more—Then piteous howlings,
With wide-open'd mouth, the wolf began to give vent to.
Out of his griping teeth his claws did Reineke quickly
Draw, and with both held on to the wolf more tightly than
ever, 175
Pinching and pulling; the yells and shrieks of the wolf
were so fearful,
That he began to vomit up blood. In the pain of his body
Sweat broke through and through his hide. In his agony
lost he
Self-control. The fox was glad; he expected to win now.
Still with hands and with teeth he gripped him, and terrible
anguish, 180
Fearful dread, came over the wolf, who thought he was
done for.
Blood ran over his head from his eye, and forward he
stumbled

Senseless on to the ground. The fox in exchange for this
moment
Would not have taken his weight in gold. Still tightly he
gripp'd him,
Dragged him along the ground, and pulled, till his wretched
condition 185
Ev'ry one plainly perceived. He pinch'd, bit, and claw'd at
his victim,
Who, with hollow howls in the dust, and the filth that
was on him,
Roll'd in fashion uncouth from side to side in convulsions.

Loudly lamented his friends, and of the king they de-
manded,
If he so should please, that an end be put to the combat. 190
And the king replied: "As soon as to all it seems proper—
All are agreed that it so should be—then I am contented."

Then the king commanded the guardians twain of the circle,
Lynx and Lupardus, that they should enter and go to the
fighters.

And they accordingly enter'd the lists, and, addressing the
victor, 195

"Reineke, it is enough," they said, "for the king is desirous
Now to conclude the fight, and see an end to the contest.
'Tis his wish," they proceeded to say, "that you leave your
opponent

At his disposal, and make a gift of his life to the van-
quish'd;

For, if one of the two were done to death in this duel, 200
Both would be injured thereby; you certainly have the
advantage!

All have witness'd it, great and small, and the best men
among us

Are in favour of you: for good and all you have gain'd
them."

Reineke said: "For this I will readily show myself grateful.
Gladly I follow the wish of the king, and what is be-
coming 205

Willingly do; I have won the fight, and better I want not

E'er to attain to. But will the king this favour allow
me—

That the advice of my friends I may take." And Reineke's
friends all

Cried: "It seems to us good the wish of the king to agree
to."

Then did they all come hastening forth in crowds to
the victor, 210

All of his kindred—the badger, the ape, and the otter and
beaver.

Friendly also to him were now the martin and weasel,
Ermine and squirrel, and many another, who formerly
hostile,

Would not have done so much as mention his name; they
came running

One and all to his side. There were found too now as
relations 215

Those who were once his accusers; they brought their wives
and their children,

Big and middling and little; for even the least they
brought with them,

All of them greeted him well, and of flattery could not
make ending.

Such is ever the way of the world. They say to the lucky,
"Long may you live in good health," and friends he
finds in abundance. 220

When, however, ill fortune befalls him, alone he must
bear it.

Even so was it here; each one of them wish'd to the victor
Nearest to be, to show himself off. A portion were fluting,
Others were singing, with blowing of trumpets and drum-
ming between whiles,

Reineke's friends to him said: "Rejoice! on this present
occasion, 225

Both yourself, and the whole of your race you have greatly
exalted!

Sorely were we distress'd when we saw you lying beneath
him.

Yet did it speedily change; it was a most excellent
contest!"

Reineke said: "It was lucky for me," and thanked his well-wishers.

Thus, with abundant noise, they took their departure;
before them

Reineke walk'd, with the wards of the ring, and so they
betook them

Unto the throne of the king, and there did Reineke kneel
down.

Him did the king bid stand, and said before all of the
nobles:

"Well have you borne the day, and have with credit and
honour

Brought your cause to an end: I therefore pronounce you
not guilty.

Penalties all are removed. I will, on an early occasion
Speak with my nobles in council about it, as soon as it be
that

Isegrim only is well. For to-day there's an end of the
matter.

"Wholesome it is, my gracious Sire, to follow your
counsel,"

Reineke modestly answered: "You know what is best in
this matter.

When I came to this place there were many accusers, for-
swearing

Out of regard for the wolf, my powerful foe. To destroy me
Longing, he had me almost in his grasp; the rest of them,
therefore,

'Crucify!' cried, and they joined in his charges in order
to slay me,

Simply to gratify him, for all would easily see that
Better he stood with you than I did, and no one bethought
him

How the end would be, or the truth perchance be estab-
lish'd;

These I may liken to certain dogs who were wont to
assemble

Round the door of the kitchen, and wait in hopes that the
cook might

Out of his kindness a bone or two remember to throw
them.

/ These expectant dogs perceived that one of their comrades,
 Who had carried away from the cook a fragment of
 boil'd meat,
 To his misfortune not quickly enough had managed to
 spring off,
 For the cook drench'd him well with boiling water behind
 him,
 Scalding his tail for him. Yet did he not leave hold of
 his plunder, 255
 But with the others he mingled, who, said the one to the
 other,
 'Look how the cook before us all this fellow has favour'd !'
 'See, what a dainty bit he has given him !' 'But,' quoth
 the other
 'Little you understand. From the front you may praise
 and commend me,
 Where, indeed, it may please you the dainty meat to set
 eyes on ; 260
 Look, however, behind, and call me lucky so long as
 Your opinion does not change." But when they examined,
 He was so terribly burnt, that his hair was falling from
 off him,
 And his skin was all shrunk on his body. So horror fell
 on them ;
 None to the kitchen would go, and they ran and left him
 alone there. 265
 Sire, the grasping I hereby mean. Whilst they are in
 power,
 Ev'ry one makes it his object as friends of his own to
 account them ;
 Whilst they have meat in the mouth, they are daily with
 honour regarded ;
 He who adapts not himself to them must pay up his
 forfeit.
 They must ever be praised, how evil soever their actions ;
 Thus they are strengthen'd in criminal conduct. Ev'ry-
 one does this 271
 Who thinks not of the end. Yet oftentimes fellows of this
 sort
 Come to be punished at last, and their might has a tragical
 ending.

No one will longer abide them, and thus on the right and
left side
Fall from their bodies their hairs. These are the friends
that they once had ; 275
Great and small, they now drop off, and in nakedness leave
them,
Just as the dogs with one accord their comrade deserted
When they noticed the damage and his maltreated hind-
quarters.

“ Gracious Sir, you may take it for granted, of Reineke no
one
Ever shall say such things, nor of me shall my friends be
ashamed. 280
For your favour I thank you much, and if I could always
Know what your pleasure might be, most willingly would
I fulfil it.”

“ Words in excess avail us nought,” the king said in
answer.

“ All you have said I have heard, and have comprehended
its meaning.

You, as in former days, I will see again in my council, 285
As a Baron ; on all occasions I make it your duty
On my Privy Council to serve. To power and honour
Thus do I fully restore you, and trust that you may de-
serve it.

Help me to regulate all for the best ! I cannot dispense
with

You at my court, and if you will only add virtue to wis-
dom, 290

No one before you will stand, or with greater acuteness and
wisdom,

Counsel and methods devise. To whatever complaints in
the future

May be made against you I will not give ear. And here-
after

You shall as Chancellor speak and act in my stead, and my
signet

Shall be entrusted to you. What is written and done at
your order 295

Written and done shall remain." So now has Reineke
cheaply
Brought himself to favour great, and all is accomplish'd
As he advises or as he determines, for good or for evil.

Reineke thanked the king and said: "My sovereign
noble,
Too much honour to me you show. 'Twill serve to remind
me,
Ever, I hope, to preserve my judgment aright. You shall
see it." 300

Now let us briefly enquire how it fared with the wolf in
the meantime;
There in the ring he lay defeated, and grievously handled.
Wife and friends went unto him there; and Hintze, the
tom-cat;
Brown, the bear; and kith and kin, and servants and
children. 305
Weeping, upon a litter they laid him, (this they had
bolstered
Thickly with hay to keep him warm), and thus did they
bear him
Out and away from the ring. And then the wounds were
examined:
Six and twenty they counted. There came a number of
surgeons,
Who forthwith did bandage and give him a healing
elixir. 310
All his limbs were lamed. They rubb'd in his ear at the
same time
Ointment of herbs. He loudly sneezed both forwards and
rearwards.
And they consulted together: "We'll try to anoint and
to bathe him."
In such fashion the wolf's disconsolate kindred consoled
him,
Putting him gently to bed. He slept, but not for a long
time. 315
Soon he awoke, confused and grieving: the shame and the
aching

Worse became, and he wept aloud, and was all but despairing.
Carefully Gieremund waited upon him, with sorrowful
courage
Thought of his terrible loss. With manifold sorrow and
anguish
There she stood bemoaning herself and her friends and her
children,
Eyeing her suffering husband ; it seem'd he could never
recover,
Raving with pain ; for the pain was great, and sorrows
would follow.

Highly, however, was Reineke pleased, as he happily chatted
Here and there with his friends, and heard himself praised
and exalted.
Full of good humour he took his departure, and with him
the monarch
Graciously sent an escort, and said to him kindly at
parting :
"Come again soon." Then in front of the throne the fox
on the ground knelt,
Saying : "To you and my gracious lady I'm heartily
grateful,
And to your Council and all the Lords. To manifold
honour
God in his mercy preserve you, my king ; and whatever you
wish for,
Gladly I do. I love you, in truth, and am ever your
debtor.
Now, if you please to allow me, I think of travelling home-
wards,
That I may see my children and wife. They are waiting
and mourning."
"Travel away," then answered the king, "and fear nothing
further."
Then did Reineke start on his way, above ev'ry one
favoured.
Many there are of his sort who the self-same arts can make
use of :
All wear not red beards, but all of them carry them hidden.

Reineke went from Court with his clan ; two score of his kinsmen ;

Proudly he went. They were honour'd, and thereby highly delighted.

Reineke walked in the front like a lord, and the rest of them follow'd. 340

Light of heart he show'd himself now. It seem'd that his brush had

Grown again since he the goodwill of the king had attain'd to.

He was again in the council ; now how to account could he turn it ?

"He whom I love shall reap the advantage, my friends shall enjoy it."

Wisdom, he thought to himself, is more than gold to be honour'd. 345

So went Reineke forth, escorted by all who were friendly Unto him, on his way to Malepartus, his fortress.

Grateful he proved himself to all who had done him a favour,

Who in a critical time had stood by his side and assisted.

In return he offered his service. They parted, and each went 350

To his own people, while Reineke came to his home. In his household

Found he his wife, Frau Ermelyn, well. She greeted him gladly,

Questioning him of his troubles, and how he again had escaped them.

Reineke said : "I managed it well. Once more I have risen

To the king's high favour again, and shall, as afore-times, 355

Sit in the Council again, and this will tend to the honour Of the whole of our race ; for Imperial chancellor has he Named me aloud before all, and to me the Great Seal has entrusted.

All that Reineke does, and all that he writes is for ever Well done and written to be. Let ev'ry one carefully mark it ! 360

"I have completely defeated the wolf in but a few minutes.
He will complain against me no more. He is blinded and
wounded,
And the whole of his race is disgraced! thus well have I
marked him!
Little more he will do in the world. We contended
together,
And I have laid him low, and it seems to me he will
hardly
Ever recover. But what care I? His over-lord always ³⁶⁵
Am I, and of his companions all, who support and stand
by him."
Reineke's wife was mightily pleased, and the two little
boys, too,
Bolder than ever became when they heard of their father's
advancement.
Joyfully said they one to the other, "What days of enjoy-
ment ³⁷⁰
Now shall we spend, much honour'd by all; and think in
the meanwhile
How we may strengthen the fort, and so live happy and
care-free."

Highly honour'd is Reineke now! To wisdom let all
men
Quickly apply them, and flee what is evil, and reverence
virtue!
This is the end and aim of the song, and in it the poet ³⁷⁵
Fable and truth hath mixed, whereby the good from the
evil
Ye may discern, and wisdom esteem; and thereby the
buyers
Of this book in the ways of the world may be daily in-
structed.
For it was so created of old, and will ever remain so.
Thus is our poem of Reineke's deeds and character
ended. ³⁸⁰
May God bring us all to eternal happiness. Amen!

WEST-EASTERN DIVAN.

TRANSLATOR'S PREFACE.

GOETHE seems from the time of his youth to have been attracted by the imagery of the Old Testament Scriptures, and by the descriptions it contains of Eastern life and manners, particularly with the narrative of the betrayal of Joseph by his brothers, and his subsequent career in Egypt. The intimate knowledge that he had acquired of those Scriptures is referred to by himself in the piece with which the Book of Hâfiz, the second in the "West-östlicher Divan," commences. In this he compares himself with that Persian poet with regard to the knowledge acquired by the latter of the Korân, the Bible of the Mussulmans. It begins by Hâfiz being asked why he, whose real name was Shumsood-deen (the sun of the faith), was called by the former, which signifies Preserver or Guardian in the original Persian, and on his answering that it was because he preserved ever fresh in his memory all the precepts of the Korân, the poet, Goethe, replies that he has done precisely the same with regard to the Scriptures, in spite of all denial and hindrance.

He also studied through the medium of translations the Korân, as well as the works of Saadi, Hâfiz, and other Persian poets, and became so fascinated by the peculiar charms of Eastern life and its poetry, that he took to composing at various times short poems based on Oriental ideas found in different writings, sacred and profane. These poems, after going through several incomplete editions, were finally collected together and arranged, and

eventually became the "West-östlicher Divan," which appears to have assumed its present shape in about 1827.

A few selections of this work were included by Mr. Bowring in his translation of Goethe's poems, but the only complete translation ever published appears to have been one by J. Weiss, which was brought out at Boston (U.S.A.) in 1877. A good many notes were added to this translation in an Appendix, and the present translator has availed himself of a few of them in his own notes. The translation, however, is, in his opinion, far too free to give a correct idea of the original, in addition to being inaccurate in some respects. In reality, the various pieces are so full of references to local occurrences of Goethe's own life and times, that it would be quite impossible for a countryman of his own, and much more so for a foreigner, to understand them without the assistance of a commentary. The one that has been used in preparing the present translation is Düntzer's, which, although itself sometimes rather obscure, is remarkably full and useful, especially in its references to the original Arabic and Persian writers, on whose writings the ideas of many of the separate poems were based. These references have enabled the translator to compare most of the passages with the original Persian in the Gulistân of Saadi and the Ghazls of Hâfiz. In some cases German commentators differ greatly as to the meaning of some of the passages, and acknowledge that Goethe himself must have meant them to be ambiguous. The difficulty of translation is enhanced by the ruggedness of the metre in many cases, and by Goethe's having in some imitated the style of the Persian Ghazl, in which the second, fourth, sixth, and the remaining alternate lines throughout a piece end either in the same word or in the same rhyme, a measure which it would of course be impossible to follow in any foreign language.

WEST-EASTERN DIVAN.

I. MOGHANNI NÂMAH; OR, BOOK OF THE SINGER.

"Twenty years rolled smoothly by
In my happy lot enjoyed,
As in the Barmecides their time,
A vista fair in rest employed." ¹

HIJRA, OR FLIGHT.²

NORTH and South and West are crumbling,
Thrones are falling, kingdoms trembling:
Come, flee away to purer East,
There on patriarch's air to feast;
There with love and drink and song
Khiser's ³ spring shall make thee young.

There, pure and right where still they find,
Will I drive all mortal kind
To the great depths whence all things rise,
There still to gain, in godly wise,

¹ The introductory lines refer to the period between the Seven Years' War and the French Revolution, which roused the poet from his long period of rest at the Court of Weimar. "Fair as the time of the Barmecides," is an Arabic proverb, relating to that during which the Barmecides held the Vazirship under the Abbaside dynasty at Bagdad, during which art and science were encouraged and flourished.

² Hijra, or Flight. The name is derived from the flight of Mahomet from Mecca, from which the Mussulman era bears date, and here signifies the flight of Goethe's spirit from the disturbed state of Europe, in which thrones were falling, etc., to the tranquil rest of the East.

³ Khiser (in Arabic Khadr, or green), was the guardian of the fountain of immortality in the Mussulman Paradise.

Heaven's lore in earthly speech,
Heads might break ere they could reach.¹

Where of their sires with love they spoke,
And never bowed to foreign yoke,
I'd gladly tilt in lists of youth ;
Where doubts were few and broad was truth,
How weighty there the word was heard,
Because it was a spoken word.

There among shepherds I will roam,
In Oases make my home,—
With caravans to marts repair,
Coffee, shawls, and musk my ware ;
Over each path from the waste
To the towns my footsteps haste.

Wild, rough road the hills among
Renders, Hâfiz,² bright thy song,
When th' enchanted driver sings,
Perched on mule's back as he swings,
So that stars even may awake,
And coming robbers warning take.³

In baths or inns, where'er I be,
I, holy Hâfiz, think on thee,—
With lifted veil whene'er my fair
Shall shower down her amber hair.

¹ German, "Und sich nicht den Kopf zerbrechen." Strangely put in the past tense, whereas the present is used in the first part of the sentence, in order to rhyme with "Erdensprachen."

² Hâfiz, the celebrated Persian poet, by whose ideas in his book called the "Divan-i-Hâfiz," most of Goethe's songs in the "Westöstlicher Divan" were inspired, as will be seen hereafter.

³ Hâfiz, in Ghazl Alif, says:—

"Would it be strange, if, moved by Hâfiz' word,
In heav'n Messiah danced when Venus' song was heard?"

And in Te 2:—

"With sportive song the spheres themselves now dance,
Hâfiz' sweet odes thy voice's tones enhance."

Yes, the poet lover's song
Makes the Houris¹ even long.

Have ye envy at the sight,
Or would do them a despite,
Only know that poets' sighs
Round the gates of Paradise,
Knock for entrance, as they sway,
Into life's eternal day.

CHARM TOKENS.

Talism² on cornelian ring
True Believers luck will bring ;
Be it engraved on onyx rare,
With holy zeal to kiss take care !
All ill it drives before thy face,
Both thee it guards and guards thy place,
When the deep engraven word
Shall great Allah's name record,
And to loving deeds excite.
And women all, above the rest,
Trusting in talismans, are blessed.

Now amulets, as these on stone,
Are signs on paper written down.
Here one's not so cramped for space
As on narrow jewel's face,
And length of verse is in control
Of each pious, earnest soul.
Men, believing, papers choose,
And as scapularies use.

¹ Houris. The enchanting heavenly maids appointed to wait on the True Believers in the Mussulman Paradise. They figure largely in the Twelfth Book, and elsewhere in the "Divan."

² Talisman is a European corruption of the original Talism. The piece is little more than a poetical description of talismans and amulets, the former being generally the name of God, or some short inscription, cut on stone, and the latter verses from the Koran, or sentences written on paper.

But what is cut will nothing more imply,
 And, self-contained, in purport full will say
 What afterwards in fair and honest way
 Gladly thou cri'st: "I say it! I!"
 Rarely Abraxas¹ would I bring to thee!
 Here at the most must silly thought,
 By gloomy madness into fashion brought,
 In place of the All-Highest be.
 So when I say a foolish thing
 Think then that I Abraxas bring.
 A signet-ring is very hard to draw,
 The deepest purport in the smallest space;
 Yet may'st thou find here what is really good;
 Scarce known to thee stands there the word of grace.²

SENSE OF FREEDOM.

Let me exulting in my saddle ride!
 While in your tents and huts ye may abide;
 And joyfully I'll ride afar,
 Naught o'er my turban but the star.³

The stars as guides on land and seas
 He places in the sky,
 That ye yourselves with them may please
 Whene'er ye look on high.⁴

¹ Abraxas are stones engraved with all kinds of strange, confused characters. The Berlin edition remarks that this is a striking type of the gloomy songs conceived in the moment of passion. The derivation of the Greek word is as follows:— $\alpha = 1$: $\beta = 2$: $\rho = 100$: $\alpha = 1$: $\xi = 60$: $\alpha = 1$: $\zeta = 200$: total 365, the number of days in the year, and of the Basilidian gradations of the spiritual world.

Goethe is said by some to hint, by these descriptions, at his various styles in the "Divan." Abraxas is the Enigmatic. Under the Signet Ring he expects the reader's concurrence to make out all his meanings. (Note to Weiss's translation.)

² The Berlin edition notes: "Epigrammatic sayings of true life-wisdom, that may be likened to the ingenious images on seal-rings, are immortal, as the poet has said."

³ Based on the answer of a Caucasian Chief, who, when submission was proposed to him, said he could see nothing above him but heaven.

⁴ Founded on a verse in the Korân.

TALISMANS.

God's is the East!¹
 God's is the West!
 North and South and ev'ry land
 Lie in the calm peace of his hand!

He, the only righteous Judge,
 Right to no man will begrudge.
 In this of hundred names may He,
 Amen! ever honoured be!²

Sin will lead my feet astray;
 Thou canst keep me in the way.
 In my business, when I write,³
 Keep me ever in the right!

Towards what is earthly though I think and strain,
 It reaches onwards towards a higher gain.
 The spirit, here below not lost in dust,
 Of its own force itself must upwards thrust.

A double grace our breathing brings about;⁴
 One draws the air, the other lets it out.
 The one will trouble, and the one refresh,
 So mixed is life in this our mortal flesh.
 Thank God, when He shall give thee pain;
 Thank Him, when He shall make thee free again.

FOUR FAVOURS.

That Arabs all both free and far
 Upon their path may ride,
 Now Allah for the common good
 Four graces doth provide.

¹ It is said in the Korân: "God's is the East and God's is the West: He guides whom He will upon the right path."

² Allah is praised by the Mussulmans in ninety-nine names.

³ This is also based on a verse in the Korân.

⁴ This is founded on the following sentence in the Gulistân of Saadi, the Persian poet:—"To the favour of God be glory and honour, for obedience to Him is a means of approach (to Him), and in thanking him is an increase of grace. Every breath that descends (into the breast) is an assistance to life, and when it comes up a refreshing of the soul."

The turban first, than kingly crown
 More fair and comely still;
 A tent, that they from place to place
 May wander at their will.

A sword, that more than rock or wall
 Their honour will defend;
 A grateful, useful song, to which
 Their ears the maidens bend.

The flowers from her shawl that fall
 I sing in grateful lay;
 She knows right well what is her due,
 Still loves me and is gay.¹

With fruit and flowers well I know
 How to adorn the table,
 And would you have a moral fresh
 To draw it I am able.²

CONFESSION.

The monster fire is hard to conceal,³
 For smoke will show its place by day;
 By night its flame will all reveal.
 Nor love can one easier hide away;

Thus in each breath there are two graces found, and for each grace
 gratitude is due."

¹ What is meant by this verse, in which the poet breaks off entirely from the subject of the preceding verses, it is impossible to understand. Even the German commentators are at variance in their attempted explanations. One thinks the flowers referred to are those on the shawls of other maidens, which they pluck off in order to reward the poet's beloved. Another thinks they are those worked in her own shawl, which become to him poetical flowers that she recognizes as belonging to her. Düntzer considers these opinions entirely wrong, and thinks that by the flowers is meant affection or aversion, and that hearty affection is so deeply expressed in the poet's song, which, at the same time, is so pervaded by allusions to the beloved object, that she must needs appropriate the song to herself. These so-called explanations appear no clearer than the original.

² The Arabs are skilled in arranging flowers and fruit in such a way as to express the language of love. The Berlin edition remarks that the Moral, clothed in such poetical images, has a charming freshness, but the idea does not seem to hang together with the subject of the preceding lines.

³ Based on a saying of Agricola: "Four things cannot be hidden:

However closely you may confine,
 From sparkling eyes it is sure to shine.
 A poem's the hardest of all to hide,
 For under a bushel 'twill not abide.
 For should it the poet have newly made,
 His very being it must pervade,
 And when he has written it neat and fair,
 The whole of the world must for it care;
 Whether it please or whether it bore,
 He reads it to ev'ry one more and more.

ELEMENTS.

How many elements should go
 To compose a right good song,
 That while Novices it pleases
 With pleasure Masters bears along?

Above all other things should be
 Love our theme, whene'er we sing:
 If the whole song it pervades,
 So much better it will ring.

Glasses, too, should always clink,
 Sparkle forth the ruby wine;
 For those who love and those who drink
 Should the fairest chaplets twine.

Clash of arms then should be mixed
 With the trumpet's blatant sound,
 That when fortune blazes up,
 Conqu'ring heroes gods be found.

The poet, last, on what is mean
 Should with hate and scorning look:
 With what is fair that it should live
 Conscious, he should never brook.

Fire, for where fire is there is smoke and steam or heat: then a cough,
 an eruption, and lastly love, which is blind, and fancies no one can
 see it."

Mingling these primeval four,
Should the Singer make his choice,
Hâfiz-like,¹ will he the world
Always quicken and rejoice.

CREATION AND QUICKENING.

Hans Adam was a lump of clay²
God made a man, forsooth,
Yet brought he from his mother's womb
A deal of the uncouth.

Elohim in his nostrils breathed
The best of heav'nly breeze;
Then he appeared as something more,
For he began to sneeze.

Half man, with legs and limbs and head,
Imperfect, lumpy whole
He was, till Noah found the wretch
What suited him, a bowl.

¹ Hâfiz, in all his poems in his "Divan," makes some allusion to himself by name at the end, as in this piece.

² Hâfiz, in Dâl 18, says:—

"O angel, at love's tavern's door
Intone thy hymn of praise,
For there it is that Adam's clay
With leaven that they raise."

Also Te 42:—

"Keep me not, Soofi pure, from drinking wine away,
The wise Eternal with pure wine has mixed my clay."

According to Eastern tradition God, in creating Adam, kneaded clay with wine. When the breath of life was breathed into the clay, it went first into the breast and heart to stir up the blood, and then into the head. When it reached the brain Adam opened his eyes and began to sneeze. The tradition with regard to Noah is introduced, Düntzer says, to show the complete quickening of the clod, which must always be renewed. Inspiring with wine is also said to be humorously entitled by Goethe. "leading to the Creator's temple," inasmuch as this is the true honouring of God as a spiritual being, to which Hâfiz's poems and example exhort.

The lump began to move and stir
 As soon as it was wet,
 Just as its turning sour the dough
 Will soon in motion set.

So, Hâfiz, may thy pleasing song,
 Thy virtuous example,
 Lead forward, as the glasses clink,
 To our Creator's temple.

PHENOMENON.

Let with the wall of rain
 Phœbus unite,—
 Quick shines the bow again
 In coloured light.

Drawn in the cloud I see
 Twin arc of light,—
 Still bow of heav'n 'twill be,
 Though it be white.

Let not, then, joyous sage,
 Sorrow thee move :
 White though thy hair with age,
 Yet wilt thou love.¹

LOVELY.

What these varied colours, binding
 Heav'n above with mountain's height ?
 Morning vapours, surely, blinding
 With their mists my keenest sight.²

¹ The appearance of a rainbow with a faint, colourless reflection, the twin arc, seems to have given the poet occasion to think of himself in his old age as still capable of love.

² This was written on the occasion of the poet, on a cloudy morning, suddenly seeing some fields of bright poppies lit up by the sun, and in sharp contrast to them bodies of troops marching by.

Are they tents that the Vazir
 Has erected for the fair?
 Are they festal carpets, hung
 When he wed the fairest there?

Red and white, of mingled colours,
 Fairer could there never be:
 How, Hâfiz, in these Northern regions
 Thy Shirâz canst thou now see?

Yes, coloured poppies in the meadows
 Neighbourly stretch out in rows,
 And, the god of war despising,
 Fields in friendly stripes disclose.

So may the wise man therefore ever
 Useful flowers cultivate,
 And as to-day may brilliant sunshine
 All my ways illuminate.

DISTRACTION.

By the brook on the left
 Cupid's flute playing;
 In the field on the right
 Mars' trumpet braying.
 Thither the list'ning ear
 Lovingly bends,
 Misled by false alarm
 Where the song wends.
 Still sounds the flute so glad
 'Midst war's loud thunder:
 I become raving, mad,
 Is that a wonder?
 Still does the flute resound,
 Still trumpet brays:
 Raving, I wander round:
 Why in amaze?¹

¹ Hâfiz, Sheen 13, says:—

“Bring wine, of heav'n's deceit one never can be sure
 Whilst Venus harping and her champion Mars allure.”

This piece is a very difficult one to translate so as to keep the original

THE PAST IN THE PRESENT.

Rose and lily, bathed in dew,¹
 Blossom in my garden near :
 Clothed with verdure rocks familiar,
 In the height themselves uprear,
 Girt around with lofty forests,
 Knightly castles for their crown,
 Till they mingle with the valleys
 Tow'ring summit they bow down.

Still breathes of those days the fragrance,
 When we victims were of love,
 And my psaltery's soft lute-strings
 With the morning sunbeams strove.
 There in full tones from the thickets
 Hunters' songs resounded free,
 To enliven and to quicken,
 As the heart would have it be.

Still the woods are ever sprouting,
 Ever cheer thyself with this !
 Where thyself hast had enjoyment,
 Let another taste of bliss.
 That ourselves alone we think of,
 None may on us cast the blame !
 Now of life in ev'ry station
 Your enjoyment be the same.

With this song and inclination
 We shall e'er with Hâfiz be ;
 For with lovers of enjoyment
 Should we day's completion see.²

metre and yet give a general idea of the poet's meaning, the distraction of his mind between the allurements of war and peace. A literal translation is quite unattainable.

¹ Hâfiz, Ye 48, says :—

“ The lily and the rose in the garden friends remain,
 And each has seized a cup his love's face to see again.”

² Hâfiz preaches enjoyment of the present, which the remembrance of past years, more rich and full of life, cannot disturb. (Berlin edition.)

SONG AND STATUARY.

With the forms he makes of clay
Let the Greek exhaust his art,
With the son of his own hands
Swell the rapture of his heart.

Yet to us a source of joy
With Euphrates' stream to play,
In its limpid element,
Hither now, now thither sway.

Quench I so the soul's bright brand,
Song will ever loud resound ;
Dipped by poet's cleanly hand
Water will preserve its round.¹

SELF-CONFIDENCE.

In what is all the secret found
That man should healthy be ?
Each should delight to hear the sound
That tends to harmony.

Away with what disturbs thy course !
Away with gloomy strife !
Before he sings, or ceases song,
The poet must have life.

Then though the brazen clang of life
May through the spirit roar !
Poets will reconcile themselves
Though they at heart be sore.

¹ There is a Hindoo tradition, made use of in another of Goethe's poems, that water can be taken up like a ball in the hand of a pure woman. The general scope of this piece seems to be that he who has enjoyed the perfection of Greek statuary should also refresh himself with the flowing forms of Eastern poetry, which he will attain to if he first calms down his own soul, as water can be taken up in the hand of a pure woman.

ROUGH AND READY.

To poetize is wantonness,
Let no one me decry !
In fresh, warm blood have confidence,
As glad and free as I.

Yet should torture every hour
Bear bitter taste for me,
Then, still more modest than thyself,
Would I, too, modest be.

For modesty is fair to see
In a young blooming maid.
She would by tenderness be won,
Though from the rough she fled.

And modesty is also good,
I heard a wise man say,
Who of eternity and time
Can teach me in the way.

To poetize is wantonness !
Alone I like to write,
But friends and dames whose blood is warm
To enter I invite.

Monkling without a cap or hood,
Talk not to me for ever,
For thou perhaps may'st ruin me,¹
But make me modest, never !

There's something in thy empty talk
That drives me off, to boot,
For all such ancient prejudice
I've trodden under foot.

¹ "Kaput" is a term used in Piquet, and "kaput machen" means, colloquially, to break or ruin.

For when the poet's mill revolves
 Thou shouldst not hold it back !
 He who our frenzy understands
 To pardon will not lack.¹

PERMEATING LIFE.

Dust of the elements is one
 Thou with perfect skill subduest,
 When, Hâfiz, in the loved one's praise
 Thou the dainty song renewest.

For from her threshold wind-blown dust
 A greater praise invites,
 Than carpet on whose gold-worked flowers
 Kneel Mahmoud's favourites.

The dust that from the threshold's floor
 The wind in eddies blows
 Is sweeter than is musk to thee,
 Or fragrant oil of rose.

With dust, that in the cloudy North
 For long I never see,
 In the warm regions of the South
 I would contented be.

For many days the well-loved gateways
 Silent on their hinges lean.
 Heal me, stormy wind, that, smelling,
 I may know the earth grows green.

Through the sky the thunder rolling
 When the lightning flashes round,
 Then the dust, by storm-wind driven,
 Moistened lies upon the ground.

¹ These lines are meant as a hit at those critics who would restrict Goethe's poetical freedom. He, having warm, fresh blood, feels constrained to pour out his real feelings. If he were morose he might be modest, but as a poet, he must be forward. He writes for himself and those friends and women who have warm blood like himself. By monks without copes and hoods are meant those reviewers who would teach him manners, and whose empty talk he avoids.

And forthwith, through Nature's working,
 Swells a holy, secret birth,
 And at once sprout forth in freshness,
 Green, the regions of the earth.¹

A gloomy shadow is over the dust
 Companion to my beloved.
 Dust I had myself become
 But quickly her shadow passed me by.²

May I not a pleasing image
 For myself supply,
 Since our God of life the likeness
 Gives us in the fly?³

May I not a pleasing image
 For myself supply,
 Since my God His likeness gives me
 In my loved one's eye?

HOLY LONGING.

Since the mob would not approve it,
 No one says but to the wise,
 That which seeks a death by burning
 Is the living thing I prize.

¹ As Hâfiz sings the praises of the dust that lies on the threshold of his beloved one's house, considering it more worthy of honour than the prayer-carpet of the True Believers, so the poet, in these lines, sings the beneficence of Nature, which contains in its dust the germs of all-permeating life. In verse 5 mention is incidentally made of his longing to return to Italy, which he had been unable to revisit for fifteen years.

² The poet means to say he had wished his beloved to tread upon him, but in vain had he made himself into dust, as only her dark shadow passed over him, thus showing how little she cared for him.

³ He excuses this imagery by pointing out that God shows us how He would desire to be honoured and loved in the action of the fly, which devotedly flies to the light and is burnt. Saadi, in the introduction to the Gulistan, says:—"O bird of the morning (nightingale), learn love from the moth, whose life is yielded in silence when it is burnt." This image is a very favourite one with Orientals.

Where thou didst beget, begotten
In the coolness of love's night,
Some strange feeling overcomes thee,
When the quiet lamp's alight.

Thou no more remainest captive
In the shade of gloomy night,
But to higher union drawing
Fresh desire doth thee excite.

For thee distance does not weary,
Enchanted thou com'st flying fast,
And, as moth for candle yearning,
Thou thyself art burnt at last.

And whilst this thou hast not with thee :
" Rise through death to higher birth,"
Thou art but a gloomy guest
On a dark and gloomy earth.¹

And yet, as there is found a reed
To sweeten worlds below,
So from the reed with which I write
May what is charming flow.²

¹ Occasion is here taken to approve man's longing for a future and higher state of existence after life in this world by pointing to him as only a miserable guest on earth for a brief time, unless he can look forward to something better after death.

² The poet's pen is here compared to the sugar-cane. Arabic, and other Eastern languages, are usually written with reed pens, mostly coming from Shiráz and the Persian Gulf. This verse is printed with the preceding in some editions, but should be separated from them as a kind of conclusion to the book.

II. HÂFIZ NÂMAH; OR, BOOK OF HÂFIZ.

“ The Spirit be the Bridegroom named,
The Bride be named the Word :
He knows this marriage who his praise
To Hâfiz doth afford.”¹

NICKNAME.

POET.

M OHUMMUD Shumsooddeen, say why
Thy holy people call thee Hâfiz.²

HÂFIZ.

Honouring the question,—I reply.
Because the Korân's blessèd will
In happy memory I still,
All unaltered keep and have,
And so piously behave,
That the ills of common day
Neither me nor them dismay,
Who the Prophet's words preserve,
With his seed, as they deserve—
Therefore gave thee me the name.

¹ This is said to be copied from Hâfiz, Dâl 108 :—

“ Like Hâfiz none from face of thought
The veil has drawn aside,
Since of the Word the ringlets fair
They twisted of the bride.”

And in 18 of the Mokataât :—

“ The well-trained painter's skilful brush,
To it be praise indeed,
Who on Thought's virgin has bestowed
Of perfect grace the meed.”

² Shums-ood-deen means the Sun of the Faith, and Hâfiz a guardian or preserver.

POET.

Hâfiz, then it seems to me
 I need not give way to thee ;
 For when we think as others do,
 Become we like those others, too,
 And thus I quite resemble thee,
 For from our holy Books in me
 A glorious form assumed you see.
 (As on that cloth of cloths impressed
 The image of our Lord did rest.)¹
 Thus to my tranquil soul relief,
 Though robbed, denied, and with restraint oppressed,
 Came in the glad form of belief.²

ACCUSATION.

'Twixt fort and rock, in deserts, early, late,
 Know ye not, then, for whom the devils wait,³
 To see each moment how they may surprise,
 And drag them down to deepest hell as prize?
 They are all liars and the Evil One.
 Why does the Poet not take care to shun,
 And with such people not associate ?

Does he, then, know with whom he roams and walks,
 He who in wildest frenzy always talks ?

¹ This refers to the legend of St. Veronica.

² Goethe says of himself with regard to his knowledge of the Bible :—
 “ For almost alone to it do I owe my moral culture, and the events, the teachings, the symbols, the similes of it, had impressed themselves deeply upon me, and operated on me in one way or another.” He allowed in Hâfiz not only a thorough knowledge of the Korân, but also a pious practice of its precepts. He was a religious teacher in Shirâz. The last line but one was aimed against Voltaire's infidelity and mockery of Christianity.

³ This is based on the following passage in the Korân :—“ Shall I inform you on whom the devils alight ? They come down on every liar and wicked person. They give out what they have heard, but most of them are liars. And the poets follow them and allow themselves to be deceived by them. Seest thou not how they wander round and roam in all brooks ? And what they tell you that themselves they do not.”

Without a bound, by love of self beguiled,
 He will be driven to the desert wild,—
 His plaintive verse, all written in the sand,
 The wind at once scatters through the land :
 For what he says he cannot understand,
 And what he says to that he will not hold.

His song, because what in the Korân is told
 It contraverts, mankind will always sway.
 But teach ye now, of law who know the right,
 Ye skilled of wisdom, highly erudite,
 The faithful Moslem in his duty's way.
 As Hâfiz to what is scandalous must own,
 And Mirza plunge the soul in the unknown,
 Say, then, what should one do, what leave alone ? ¹

JUDGMENT.

All thy poetic fancies, Hâfiz, show
 The light of inextinguishable truth,
 But here and there, too, there are little things
 That lie beyond the boundary of law.
 Wouldst thou proceed in safety, thou shouldst know
 Snake's venom to resolve from antidote.
 It surely were the best, so not to err,
 To the pure luxury oneself to give
 Of noble action with a courage high,
 And from all such as bring but ceaseless pain
 Oneself to guard with a well-reasoned mind.
 This the poor Ebnsund ² indites to you.
 (May God have grace and pardon all his sins !)

¹ Lines 8 to 15 are meant as a defence of the poet, who is always more or less in a state of frenzy. The whole are written by way of introduction to the following piece, in which judgment is passed on the character of Hâfiz's poems, some of which were very erotic.

² Ebnsund was a celebrated Moofiti, or Judge, in the time of Suleiman I., at Constantinople. The judgment, in the case of Hâfiz's poems, is that, although they contain many undeniable truths, yet here and there there are in them little things that are beyond the boundary of the law, *i.e.*, unlawful. The best plan, therefore, is to distinguish between them as one distinguishes snake-poison from its antidote, to follow what is good, and avoid what may draw in its train only eternal pain.

THE GERMAN RENDERS THANKS.

O holy Ebnsund, exactly so !
 It is such saints the poet wishes for,
 For 'tis precisely in those little things
 That lie beyond the limits of the law
 That lies the patrimony where he, proud,
 Excites himself with pleasure in his grief.
 Snake's venom and its antidote to him
 The one just like the other must appear ;
 One will not kill, the other will not cure.
 For perfect life is ever in one's acts
 To deal with innocence, which proves itself
 In doing wrong to no one but itself.
 So may the ancient poet have a hope
 In Paradise above that Houris fair
 As a transfigured youth may him receive.
 O holy Ebnsund, exactly so !

JUDGMENT.

The Mufti all of Misri's poems took,
 And passed them in succession in review ;
 Then in the flames deliberate he threw,
 Till naught was left of, the well-written book.
 Thus spoke the mighty Judge : Consumed be he,
 Who speads and thinks like Misri. Only he
 Exempted from the fire's deep pain, may be.
 For Allah gives each poet gifts of poesy ;
 Should to misuse them him his sins beguile,
 Let him look to it, God to reconcile.¹

UNBOUNDED.²

It makes thee mighty that thou endest not ;
 That thou hast no beginning is thy lot.

¹ Misri was a Turkish poet, whose writings were condemned on account of their leaning towards Christianity.

² This piece is a poem written in praise of Hâfiz. The first verse

Thy song revolves itself just like the starry frame,
 From first to last remaining aye the same,
 And what the middle brings is clear to view,
 As it commenced so has it ended, too.

Thou art of pleasure the true poet's fount :
 Who of thy waves the number aye may count ?
 Thy ever ready mouth, prepared to kiss,
 A song that from the heart aye flows in bliss,
 A throat well-pleased the ruby wine to quaff,
 A merry heart, e'er brimming with a laugh.¹

Let the whole world in ruin sink !
 Hâfiz, it is with thee and thee alone
 That I would vie. Let us as twins enjoy
 A common pleasure and a common moan.
 Ever like thee to love, to drink like thee,
 That shall my pride, my very being be.

And now my song, thy fire renew !
 Thou art both new and ancient too.²

IMITATION.

In thy rhyme's fashion soon I hope myself to find ;
 The repetition's even pleasing to my ear :
 I wish, first, sense, and afterwards fit words to find ;
 A second time the self-same ring I would not hear,
 For then it must with some especial meaning fall,
 As thou canst manage it, most favoured one of all !

points out, as the characteristic of his poetry, its want of poetical unity, which continually revolves like the starry firmament, and has neither beginning nor ending.

¹ In the second verse Hâfiz's geniality is praised, and in the third, consequently, Goethe declares his determination to follow him alone in drinking and loving, which are the chief topics of Hâfiz's poems. The last two lines are very freely rendered.

² Here Goethe announces his intention of singing after his own fashion, which is both older and newer than that of Hâfiz ; older, because he follows classical models, and newer, because he sings as a "Young German."

For as a spark that's capable of setting fire
 To town imperial, when flames in fury rise
 And generating wind in their own passion glow;
 Itself extinguished, it floats up to the skies;—
 So has from thee one risen in eternal glow,
 Upon a German heart fresh vigour to bestow.

Although a measured rhyme will easily enchant,
 And genius joy in the congenial task,
 How soon it tires and palls upon the taste,
 Senseless, without a drop of blood, a hollow mask!
 Nor could the soul in its own self rejoice,
 If, soaring free in search of fresher form and shape,
 From those dead forms it could not quickly find escape.¹

TO HÂFIZ.

Hâfiz, if I with thee compare,
 What folly 'twere!
 Swiftly and proud upon the tide
 Though bark may ride,
 Bold and proud wandering, its sail
 Swell with the gale,—
 Yet should the sea in splinters tear,
 'Twould float, rotten there.
 In light and sprightly melody
 The cool flood sways for thee,
 But boiling over, with its fiery fume
 Will me consume.

¹ A common form of Oriental poetry is to carry the same rhyme, and sometimes the same word as a rhyme, through a whole piece. Here, although Goethe professes to admire this and to imitate it, it is clear that it is the sense, and not the actual form of the poem, that he would copy, nor would he employ the same word again unless it were meant to express some special meaning. The second verse means that just such a spark as might excite a conflagration, and float up to heaven, although itself extinguished, has pierced his German heart from Hâfiz's writings. The third verse probably ought to be read apart from the preceding, as it expresses only dislike to a cramped and monstrous style of versification.

A thought will yet rise in my heart
 And strength impart,
 I've lived in lands of sunny hue,
 And I have loved there, too.¹

OPEN SECRET.

O holy and reverend Hâfiz,
 They call thee the mystical tongue,²
 But who of the words knows the purport
 There's no one the learned among.

With them thou art truly a mystic;
 They think all is folly that's thine,
 And thus in thy name without reason
 Retail their unsavoury wine.

Because they can not understand thee,
 To them a pure mystic art thou,
 Who, though not devout, art yet blessed!
 Though this they will never allow.

SIGN.³

Yet those I blame may still be in the right,
 A simple word itself can have no might

¹ Commentators differ as to whether the sunny land referred to is Italy, where he had been so happy, or the figurative land of his love. The simile of the shipwreck is adopted by Hâfiz, in imitation of whose style the piece is composed. The Berlin edition remarks:—"To rival Hâfiz was a dangerous undertaking, on which the poet would only venture in remembrance of the sunny days of love which he had once lived through."

² Hâfiz was called the mystical tongue (*Lisân ool ghaib*), because his words had superhuman power and mysterious purport. In order not to condemn Hâfiz, the True Believers endeavour to make out that his sensual love was merely an allegory of that which is godlike, and his drunkenness an image of heavenly ecstasy.

³ A word has not an existence of its own, but is only a sign or indication of what is understood by it. Saadi likens words to a veil over the

To all must be self-evident, indeed.
 A word is but a fan ! Between the sticks
 On thee a pretty pair of eyes themselves can fix.
 The fan resembles but a lovely mead,
 For though the face from me it truly hide,
 The maid herself concealed may not abide ;
 For what is fairest in her beauty bright,
 Her eye, still flashes on me with its light.

TO HÂFIZ.

What we all wish, thou knowest well,
 Nor needest to enquire ;
 In stringent bonds, from dust to throne,
 Binds us alike desire.

It is so painful, yet so sweet,
 To thwart it who would care ?
 For though it should break one man's neck,
 Others still rashly dare.

O Master, from my frequent boast
 With pardon turn thy face ;
 The cypress draws all eyes, thou know'st,
 Waving in tempting grace.

Like rootlet-fibre glides her foot,
 Loving the ground to press ;
 Like airy cloud her kisses melt,
 As zephyr's breath caress.

Presentient it draws us on,
 Where lock with lock is twined,
 Where in brown fulness ringlets swell,
 And murmur in the wind.

face of a pretty woman, or the moon behind a cloud, and Goethe here likens them to a fan held by a girl, whose sparkling eyes shine out between the sticks. The piece is a humorous hit at the interpreters of mysticism. Saadi (Gulistan, stanza 83), says : " Each of my rules in this book is a cover, spread before the face of a fair woman ; under each letter is hidden an interpretation, as a fair picture hides itself under a screen and the moon under clouds."

The forehead clear expands itself,
Wherewith thy heart to smooth;
Thou hearest songs so glad and true
Wherein thy soul to soothe.

And at the same time if the lips
In sweetest fashion play,
Free will they render thee at once,
Only in chains to lay.¹

The breath that's breathed will not return,
The soul to soul will flee:
And through thy fortune clouds unseen
Of perfume wrapt will be.²

Yet when it burns in mighty force,
The bell thou seizest then:
The waiter runs, the waiter comes,
He comes once and again.³

Sparkles his eye, his heart beats fast,
He would by thee be taught,
And when the wine thy spirit moves
Would hear thy deepest thought.

To him the worlds display their space,
Their inner mode and order,
His breast expands, his lip's down grows,
He is on manhood's border.

¹ The Berlin edition remarks:—"The song of the beloved frees the breast in giving expression to our sad feelings: only so much the more do we find ourselves drawn towards her."

² In the Hohenlied, "The Song of Songs," chap. iv. 16, the beloved is compared to a fragrant flower garden. "Awake, O North wind, and come, thou South; blow upon my garden, that the spices thereof may flow out."

³ The Berlin edition says:—"The glow of love is cooled in the tavern, less through wine than through earnest discourse with the boy, to whom the poet without envy imparts all the treasures of worldly wisdom, so that the youth through his instruction quickly ripens into a young man."

And when thou hast no mystery left
That heart and world conceal,
Loyal, thou to the thinker say'st :
" Let truth itself reveal."

And that in vain from Prince's throne
We succour may not seek,
In praise of Shah and of Vazir ¹
Good words thou shouldst speak.

Thou knowest all and sing'st to-day,
And wilt to-morrow, too ;
Friendly in rough or softer life
Thy lead will bear us through.

¹ The Berlin edition says—"To praise the Shah and his Vazir (pronounced Wuzeer) is also the business of the poet." Therefore should the poet go with the king ; they both (the Shah and his Vazir), dwell upon the heights of manhood."

The poems of Hâfiz are chiefly devoted to the praise of love and wine. Accordingly, the first eight verses of this piece are devoted to love. In the ninth, the subject changes to wine and its dispenser, the cup-bearer, whom the poet is supposed to instruct in enlightened views and mystical dicta.

III. ISHK NÂMAH, OR, THE BOOK OF LOVE.

"Tell me now
For what my heart longs!
Honour it, since to thee
That heart belongs."¹

PATTERN PICTURES.²

HEAR and remember
Six pairs of lovers.
Word-picture kindling, love enhancing,
Rustam and Rudawoo.³
Near each other, though unknown,
Joseph and Zuleikha.⁴
Passion and from love no profit,
Ferhâd and Sheereen⁵
Existing but for each other,
Mujnoon and Leila.⁶
Though aged, loving looked

¹ Said to be founded on Hâfiz, Ghazl Te 70 :—

"My heart is always with thee;
Treat it with all honour."

² No attempt has been made to put this in rhyme—it would be impossible, both on account of the metre and the Persian names.

³ Rustan or Roostam is here substituted for his father Zâl, whose love to Rudawoo or Rudâbeh was brought about by Mehrab's description of her beauty.

⁴ Zuleikha, Potiphar's wife, is said to have been enamoured of Joseph through having seen him in a dream before she saw himself.

⁵ The sculptor Ferhâd went mad and threw himself off a rock on hearing a false report of the death of Sheereen, whom he loved. She was the wife of Khusrôo, the second king of Persia. Their loves are often sung by Hâfiz and other Persian poets.

⁶ A well-known Eastern love tale. His name was Keis, but he was called Mujnoon, or mad, in consequence of his infatuation for Leila.

Jumil on Boteinah.¹
 Love's sweet fancy,
 Solomon and the Brown One.²
 Hast thou well observed these,
 In love art thou strengthened?

ANOTHER PAIR.³

Yes, loving always is great pain :
 Who may find fairer in the main ?
 Not power nor wealth will it provide,
 But places thee by heroes' side.
 For of the Prophet he who tales can tell
 Of Wâmik and of Asra speaks as well.
 One need not talk, one only has to name,
 They are so wide and fully known to fame.
 What they have done, or how they moved
 That no man knows : but that they loved
 We know full well. To answer easy task
 When men of Wâmik and of Asra ask.

READING-BOOK.⁴

Most wonderful of all the books
 Is the book of love.
 With ev'ry care I've read it through:
 Few its leaves of joy,
 Ev'ry volume woe.

¹ The Khalif Abdoolmalek, who had heard of the love of this couple, sent for Boteinah, and was astonished when he found her old, black and ugly, but was so pleased with the way in which she answered for herself that he sent her away with handsome gifts.

² The Queen of Sheba. A favourite love tale with Oriental writers, mentioned even in the Korân.

³ Nothing is known of Wâmik and Asra but that they loved each other, and their loves are famous.

⁴ Based on some lines by a Turkish poet in the reign of Suleiman I., for whom Goethe substitutes the Persian poet Nizâmi. In writing this he also probably had in mind Hâfiz, Te 86 :—"Strangest wisdom is the knowledge of the form of love."

Separation forms one section,
 Meeting but the smallest chapter,
 Fragmentary. Grief in volumes,
 Spun out terribly with notes,
 Unmeasurable, endless.
 O Nizâmi! Yet at the last
 Thou hast found the proper way.
 Indissoluble, who solves it?
 None but lovers re-united.

Yes, this the mouth that me has kissed,
 That gazed upon me those the eyes.
 Narrow hips and full round body,¹
 As for joys of Paradise.
 Was she there? Where has she gone?
 Yes! She it was the kiss that gave;
 Just as she fled she gave it me,
 And chained me all my life a slave.

WARNED.²

To curling locks have I myself
 Too willing captive made;
 So, Hâfiz, to thy friend as thee
 The same trick has been played.
 But their tresses now they weave
 Out of the longest hair;
 Under this morion they fight,
 As we can all declare.
 But he who due precaution takes
 Will not be caught again:
 He runs into the lightest noose,
 But fears a heavy chain.

¹ According to Oriental ideas the waist should be slender and the hips full and round.

² Imitated from Hâfiz, Te 61:—

“My heart has entangled itself in the net of thy locks,”
 and aimed at a particular style of coiffure adopted by the ladies of the day.

ABSORBED.

Curl full of curls that little head so round!
 With both hands full, in such rich, streaming hair,
 Might I to wander up and down but dare,
 Then from my heart myself might I feel sound.
 And when I kiss that mouth, those eyes, that brow,
 I am refreshed, though wounded just as now.
 The five-tongued comb,¹ where shall I place it, where?
 Again it nestles in those tresses fair.
 A soft caress denies me not the ear,
 I feel no flesh, and there is no skin here,
 So tender to be toyed with, full of love!
 And as around that little head we move.
 Oh! would that in those flowing tresses still
 One could for ever wander up and down at will!
 Thou, Hâfiz, also hast the same thing done:
 For long ago we both have this begun.

HESITATING.

Shall I speak of emeralds
 That thy pretty fingers bear?
 Though sometimes to speak is needful,
 Often silence better were.
 So I say the jewel's hue
 Green is, and eye-quickening, too.
 Say not thou that pain and scar
 With it to be looked for are.
 Forward, then! Thou mayest read it!
 Why dost practice such control?
 "As reviving is the emerald,
 As is dangerous thy soul!"²

¹ By the five-tongued comb is signified the hand, which nestles in the beloved one's hair.

² The poet doubts whether he should express the thoughts that occur to him on looking at the emeralds on his beloved's hand. The colour re-

Love, alas ! in stiff-bound volume
 Sorely cramped is the free song,
 Once that in the heavenly regions
 Up and down flew blithe along.
 Wasteful time brings all to ruin,
 Song alone will lasting prove !
 Every line shall be immortal,
 Everlasting as is love !

Why should my ev'ry hour be full of care ?
 Though life be short, yet long the days appear.
 Forth ever longs my heart to go,
 If heavenwards I do not know,
 Yet farther still to soar 'twill try,
 Perhaps but from itself to fly.
 And should it reach the loved one's breast,
 It rests in heaven unconfessed.
 Life's giddy whirlpool seizes it,
 Still one loved place it will not quit.
 Whatever it has lost, or hopes to gain,
 It must for ever its own fool remain.

POOR CONSOLATION.¹

At midnight I both wept and sobbed,
 For I was far from thee.
 Then came the spirits of night,
 And I was ashamed.

minds him of her beauty, but the thought of pain unwillingly associates itself with it. He apparently, therefore, determines to write instead of speaking, hence "lesen" in the last verse. The fear of speaking in person seems expressed in the second verse.

¹ Founded on Hâfiz, Lâi 2 :—

" At all the blood, that yesternight
 Flowed from the storehouse of my eyes,
 Before the ghosts of dreams I sit
 Ashamed, that weird at night arise."

Also Lâi 5 :—

" The night of parting threw a shade :
 What games the ghosts of fancy played ! "

"Spirits of night," I said ;
 " Weeping and sobbing :
 Now do ye find me, whom once
 Ye had pass'd by as I slept.
 Many good things I have lost.
 Think not the worse of me,
 Who once ye thought was so wise :
 Great misfortune has happened."
 Then the spirits of night
 With longest of faces
 Passed them along,
 If I wise were or foolish
 Quite unconcerned.

CONTENTED.

How vain must thy imagination be,
 That out of love the maid belongs to thee !
 That could not please me in the least degree.
 She is an adept in her flattery.

POET.

I am well pleased that it should be so, still,
 And this for my excuse must do ;
 Love is a bounty of the freest will,
 Whilst flattery is homage due.

GREETING.

Oh ! how happy am I !
 I roam in the land
 Where on the road runs the Hoopoo.
 Petrified shells of the sea,
 The ancient, I sought in the stone ;
 Hoopoo ran hither,
 Unfolding his top-knot,
 Strutting in jesting fashion,
 He, the living,
 Cutting his jokes at the dead.

"Hoopoo," I said, "'tis true,
 Thou art a beautiful bird!
 Now haste thee, fair Hoopoo,¹
 Haste and this message give
 To my loved one, that ever
 To her I'm devoted.
 Formerly, too,
 Between Suleiman
 And Sheba's fair monarch
 Thou wast the go-between made!"

Beautiful the gift and costly,
 Right well the desire was guessed,
 But that it was duly blessed
 This for certain one would know.
 But may this not be amended?
 If she to grant would only please
 What he, modest, would not seize!
 Hoopoo, to announce this go!

Hoopoo answered: "With a look
 She intrusted all to me.
 I was built up by your fortune,
 Was and evermore shall be.
 Love on still! In night of absence
 See where in the stars 'tis writ,
 That allied with heav'nly powers
 Rests thy love with splendour lit."

Hoopoo on the palm-tree's stem,
 In the corner,

¹ The Hoopoo (Hudhud) was according to Easter tradition the messenger between Solomon and the Queen of Sheba. Häfiz says, Dál 40:—

"Home from the provinces of Saba (Sheba)
 Brought the Hoopoo joyful news."

Düntzer remarks on this piece that the contrast between the past, which the poet inquires after (petrifications!) and the lively present, of which the Hoopoo reminds him, is most enchanting! (Allerliebst.)

Sweetly smiles upon its nest,
Watchful, as it sits at rest.

RESIGNATION.

"Thou fadest, and yet art so friendly,
Art wasted, and yet sing'st so gay?"

POET.

"It is love that is treating me badly,
And willingly now will I say,
I sing no more with heart so light,
Yet see, how candles in the night
Shine, though they still may waste away."¹

Love's pain once sought itself a dreary place,
A desert where to hide its lovely face:
It found my empty heart wherein to rest,
And there it built its solitary nest.²

INEVITABLE.

Who can command in the meadow
Silence the birds to keep?³

¹ Imitated from Hâfiz, Te 68 :—

"Ask of the candle, friends, that burns and melts,
Poor Hâfiz' agony of burning heart."

In line 4, the same idea is constantly repeated.

² Imitated from Hâfiz, Lām 1 :—

"Grief has no better refuge found
Than my sad desert heart.
Hâfiz, be silent, nor thy pain
To men of sense impart."

³ Imitated from Hâfiz, Sheen 22 :—

"Can one, then, not whisper, 'Hush'
To the bird that's in the bush?"

The simile of the sheep is Goethe's own.

And who can forbid at the shearing
To struggle the bleating sheep ?

Am I, then, becoming unruly
When crispily curls my wool ?
No ! the shearer cures my impatience,
As my hair he does worry and pull.

Who will prevent me from singing,
As I list to the heavens above,
To the clouds above me intrusting
How she has bewitched me with love ? ¹

SECRET.

At my pretty sweetheart's ogling.²
Look the people in surprise :
I, the knowing one, on my part
Know full well what it implies.

It means this : I love but this man,
And I love none else beside :
So may all of ye, good people,
Curious longings lay aside.

Yes : with very fierce expression
At the crowd her glances lour,
But she only tries to tell me
Of the next delightful hour.

¹ Explained by Düntzer to be the expression of the repressed condition of the lover, who must give out in some way the feelings of his love and longing, and who can no more be forced to silence than a bird in the bush, or to be still more than a sheep being shorn. If in no other way, he must express his feelings to the clouds.

² Düntzer mistranslates Hâfiz, Dâl 107, with reference to this. It is really as follows :—

“ Wonder all the inexperienced
At the ogling of my eyes (not those of the beloved) :
I am only what I've shown them,
Though they think me otherwise.”

MOST SECRET.

We who anecdotes collect,
 All are anxious to inquire,
 Who thy love is, and how many,
 Brothers-in-law thou dost require

"For that thou'rt in love we witness,
 (May it bring good luck to thee!)
 But that thy beloved loves thee,
 Is what none of us can see."¹

Gentlemen, you're very welcome,
 Seek her out! This only hear:
 Caressing now her absent shadow,
 You'd be frightened were she here.

Know ye how Shahâb-ood-deen²
 Threw his cloak upon the mount?
 If he wisely does his business,
 None as foolish will ye count.

If before the Emperor's throne
 Any one should speak of thee,
 Or before thy well beloved,
 Highest guerdon let it be!

For it was the greatest sorrow
 Dying Mijnoon could bequeath,
 That his name in Leila's presence
 Ne'er again would people breathe.

¹ Being questioned as to his love affairs by curious people, he puts them off, but the allusions in verses 3 and 5 point to his platonic and honourable love for the Empress.

² Shahâb-ood-deen was filled with longing to know whether God, the object of his most fervent love, thought well of him. When it was revealed to him on Mount Arafat, on his pilgrimage to Mecca, that such was the case, he was overjoyed, and threw off his clothes in order to kneel down and pray, as it behoves Mussulmans to do. Saadi, in the Gulistân, relates how, when Mijnoon was met by some one in his loneliness and asked whether he had any message to send to Leila, he answered in despair, it was unnecessary he should be thought of where she was, and he had therefore nothing to impart to her from him.

IV. TUFKÎR NÂMAH; OR, BOOK OF REFLECTIONS.

O H! hear the advice that the sweet lyre sings;¹
To him who is clever of use 'twill appear:
The happiest word will be ever despised,
When the hearer thereof has a crooked ear.

What sings, then, the lyre? Her tones sound wide:
"She is not the best who's the fairest bride,
And if to our company thee we admit,
Thou must choose thee the prettiest that is most fit."

FIVE THINGS.²

Five things with five are never fraught:
Open thy ear wide and be taught,
From haughty breast will never friendship grow.
Politeness seek not in companions low:
A scampish fellow never can to greatness rise:
The naked finds no pity in a miser's eyes:
For faith and confidence the liar hopes in vain,
Of these let none deprive thee, but for aye maintain.

¹ Ilâfiz, in Ze 71, says:—

"Behind the screen the lyre the same advice will give,
But only preaches when thou fit art to receive."

² Imitated from the Pund-Nâmah (Book of Counsell) of Fureed-ood-deen-attar, a Persian poet.

FIVE OTHERS.

What shortens time for me?
 Activity!
 What makes it unbearably long?
 Dawdling along!
 What causes a debit?
 Too much credit!
 And how's profit brought?
 By not too much thought!
 What will bring fame?
 Preserving good name!

A beckoning maiden's look is fair to view:
 Before he drinks a toper's is so, too.
 From lord, who could command, a greeting won;
 In autumn unexpected, a warming from the sun.
 More lovely far than all of this the sight
 When for small gifts the poor man with delight
 Stretches the hand of need, and humbly takes
 What thou dost give and what him thankful makes.
 What looks! what greeting! what a speaking show!
 Look at it rightly, thou wouldst e'er bestow!

What in the Book of Counsel's writ
 Out of the heart will surely prove:
 Him to whom thou givest gifts
 As thyself thou soon wilt love.
 Heap not gold up for thy will,
 Give thy penny now away:
 Gladly hasten to prefer
 To monuments the present day.¹

Thou know'st not when thy horse he'll shoe,
 If by a smith's forge thou dost ride;
 If in an open field a hut thou see,
 Thou know'st not if thy love it hide;

¹ Fareed-ood-deen, the Persian poet, referred to above, says:—"There is a greater profit in giving a drachma with one's own hand than in leaving a hundred behind one at one's death."

The youth whom thou may'st meet so fair and free,
 Thou may'st subdue, or he hereafter thee.
 Yet of the vine thou safely may'st declare,
 That something good for thee 'twill always bear.
 Thus to the world thou art commended well,
 And what is more than this I need not tell.¹

A stranger's greeting thou shouldst aye return!²
 As an old friend's 'tis worth as much to thee;
 After brief converse thou canst say, "Farewell!"
 Thou to the East, he West, may take your way.
 Should after many years your road cross his,
 When least expected, thou canst friendly cry;
 "Yes, that's the very man," as if had not
 Many days' journey both by land and sea,
 And many years and seasons intervened.
 Now ware for ware exchange! your profits share!
 An ancient confidence creates new ties!
 Worth many thousand is the first salute:
 Him that salutes thee, therefore, friendly greet.

Of thy faults and thy failings³
 Often they've spoken,
 And in truth to recite them
 Much trouble taken.
 Had they friendly thy virtues
 Told thee as often,
 And with wise, true suggestions,

¹ The saying alluded to is evidently that apparent trifles should never be disregarded.

² The sense of these lines hangs well on to the preceding piece.

³ In consequence of the shortness of the lines of this piece, and the recurrence of similar rhymes in the alternate ones throughout it, it would be impossible to translate it into any foreign language in rhyme with any approximation to the style of the original. Düntzer's remark on the piece is as follows:—"People had before only attacked him instead of showing him how he could do better: if they had done this, he would certainly have retired within himself and accomplished something extraordinary. Now, however, they had determined to teach him as a pupil and tell him that men must do penance when they have committed faults." The note in the Berlin edition of 1871 is as follows:—"They have now chosen me to come to them as pupil, and I begin to see the need of penance for my sins. Really a bitter irony!"

How to choose better.
 The "All best" had then surely
 Not long been concealed,
 That which even in cloisters
 Few votaries reckons.
 Now at last as a pupil
 They must select me,
 To instruct me, repentance
 Profits a sinner.

Markets (of learning) thee entice to buy:
 What knowledge raises is no humble cry.
 He who quietly looks round, at length
 Learns how love builds him up in strength.
 Dost thou night and day bestow
 Much to hear and much to know,
 Listen at another gate
 How thyself to educate.
 When to Right thou hast attained,
 Feel something right in God is gained.
 In whom's kindled purest love,
 He is known of God above.¹

When I was quite honest,
 Then I went wrong,
 And gave myself trouble
 Many years long.
 I was something and nothing,
 Why should that be?
 Then a scamp I would be

¹ The markets are explained by German commentators to be the schools and universities, which, although they entice, do not improve. The wisdom, also, which is to be purchased in them only puffs up. He only who looks round him quietly discovers how love builds up, or, as the English version of 1 Cor. chap. viii. 1 has it, "charity edifieth." The accumulation of knowledge day and night is not of much use; one should learn how to acquire it profitably. The last part points to God as the only source of true knowledge, to which one can only attain through love. Saadi says, "Thou wilt be known of God when thou art loosed from thy own bonds. Man attains not his desire as long as he lingers with himself: he attains his object as soon as he goes out of himself." See John i. 4, 7.

And work busily ;
 But soon gave that up,
 It would not suit me.
 Then thought, yet, to honesty
 Best to hold fast ;
 It may be burdensome,
 But longest will last.

Ask not through what gate it was
 Thou camest into God's fair town,¹
 But quiet in the place remain,
 Where thou once hast settled down.

Look around thee for the wise ones,
 For the strong ones who command ;
 Those will give thee due instruction,
 These to deeds will nerve thy hand.

If thou, useful and devoted,
 To the State remainest true,
 Know that none will ever hate thee,
 And that many love thee, too.

And the prince will know thee loyal,
 Faith thy actions lively hold,
 What is now itself conforming
 To the standard of the old.

Strong yet mild, if thou completest
 In pure fashion thy life's way,
 Then shalt thou to those who follow
 Serve as pattern in thy day.²

¹ God's town is the world. The verses appear to be a general exhortation to the performance of good service to the State under all circumstances.

² In another edition of the *Divan*, Goethe had added this verse :—

“ Know how to make use of talk
 Abraham's devoted brood :
 I see them chaffer in bazaar,
 Buying cheap and buying good.”

The lines are apparently an expression of Goethe's opinion of the Jewish character, which he had studied in the Judengasse in Frankfort.

Whence came I ? That is still a question :
 Hither the way I scarce should know again,
 To-day and here, on this delightful day,
 As friends there meet together joy and pain.
 O happy fate, could they this union keep !
 For lonely who would laugh, or who would weep ?¹

One may go behind another,
 Or may go before, indeed ;
 So let us, brave and keen and daring,
 Forward on life's ways proceed.
 It holds thee back, with sidelong glance,
 Of the flowers much to read,
 But shouldst thou false have been, naught worse
 Can hold thee back, indeed.

To deal with women great precautions take,
 From a crooked rib for God did her create,
 And even He could not create her straight.
 If you should try to bend her, she will break ;
 Leave her alone, and she'll more crooked grow.
 Can evil, Adam good, much farther go ?
 In handling women great precautions take ;
 'Twould not be well that thine own rib should break.²

Our mortal life is but a sorry jest ;
 When some want this, then that demand the rest ;
 One wants too much, another nothing small,
 And Will and Luck decide it after all.

¹ German commentators explain this as an expression of Goethe's sorrowful frame of mind on a fine day in Franzensbrunn on his journey to Karlsbad. The idea of the two first lines is said to be taken from Hafiz, Meem 20 :—

“ Wherefore I came, where I have been
 Is certainly unknown to me,
 Of my own business, ah, alas !
 That I so negligent should be ! ”

² One of Mahomet's Sunnas :—“ Deal with women cautiously, for woman was made out of a crooked rib. If thou wouldst make them straight they break, and if thou leavest them alone they do not cease to be crooked. Deal cautiously with women.”—Men are here addressed by the name of their common ancestor, Adam.

And should in this misfortune's self conspire,
 One has to bear what one may not desire,
 Until at last their much-delighted heir
 "Can-not" and "Will-not" may still further bear.¹

Our life is but a game of goose :
 The more one forwards sets his face
 One reaches sooner to the goal,
 Where willing no one takes his place.

They say that geese are very fools ;
 Oh ! do not heed what the people say !
 For one of them will turn him round
 To point me out the backward way.

On earth it is quite different.
 Upon the forward track
 When any stumbles or falls down
 None think of looking back.

"Thou say'st thy years have taken much away,
 The selfish pleasure of thy reason's play,
 Remembrance of the toy of yesterday,
 Most loved of all, the rambling ever gay
 Through wide and distant lands. Not even praise,
 Acknowledged ornament of honour's ways,
 Erst so refreshing, left. From thine own actions ease
 Wells up no more, while hardy ventures please.
 I know not what thou hast these things above."
 I have enough. I have free thought and love.²

I had through Erfurt once to go,
 Which oft of old I had passed through,
 And I seemed myself in many years,
 Though well received, much to have suffered, too.

¹ An expression of the general discontent with life. One wishes this, and another that, but to attain one's wish one must have both ability and luck. If one is unlucky one has to bear what one gets against one's inclination, until it ends in one's heirs carrying Mesars. "Can-not" and "Will-not," representatives of discontent, to the grave.

² Knowledge of the world.

Out of their shops as women who were old
Me, who had grown old too, would greet,
I might have thought my youthful days come back,
Which for each other we had made so sweet.
That one had been a baker's daughter,
This a shoe-maker down below :
This one an owlet was by no means,
Well how to live did that one know.
Hâfiz, then, to emulate
Will we aye ourselves employ,
And rejoicing in the present,
Aye with him the past enjoy.

Before the wise thyself to place
Is the best way in ev'ry case.
If thou hast been in trouble long,
He knows at once what may be wrong.
And since he knows whence it may be
Thou mayest hope for sympathy.

He who gives freely is deceived,
The miser of his cash relieved,
He who is clever led astray,
And to the great void pass away.¹
The hard man taken in may be,
The ninny in captivity,
Over these lies have domain ;
Deceived, do thou deceive again !

He who commands may sometimes praise,
Sometimes, also, he may blame ;
And that, true servant, should to thee
One as the other be the same.
For he praises what is trifling,
Praises where he should reprove ;
But if thou art always cheerful,
Thee, too, he may some time prove.

¹ He who follows reason only may be led into the endless void,
to nothing.

So like the humble ones, ye lofty,
 To your God draw ever near :
 Do and suffer, as it may be,
 But be always of good cheer.

TO SHAH SEJÂN AND OTHERS LIKE HIM.¹

Above the Transoxanian throng,
 Shouting in thy praise,
 Upon thy road our song
 Heartily we raise.
 In thy rule secure
 All our life is past.
 May thy life endure !
 May thy kingdom last.²

THE HIGHEST FAVOUR.³

Untamed as once I used to be,
 I have now a master found :
 Tamed but after many years,
 I a mistress, too, have found.
 As they trial did not spare,
 True and faithful I was found,
 Nursed and kept with ev'ry care
 As a treasure they had found.

¹ The Duke of Weimar under the name of Shah Sejân ; this was Julâl-ood-deen, the fourth of the Mozuffer dynasty, under whom Hâfiz lived, and wrote much in his honour. The martial music of the countries beyond the Oxus was celebrated.

² Hâfiz, Ain 3, says :—

“ If to the world thou wishest good,
 Ask for a long life for the king.”

³ The form of this piece is a close imitation of the Persian style. Written as an expression of esteem towards the Duke and Duchess of Weimar, the latter of whom at first disliked Goethe, but afterwards came round to trusting him entirely.

V. RANJ NÂMAH; OR, BOOK OF SORROW.

HOW didst thou to it attain?
Whence came it to thee again?
'Midst life's trash of ev'ry kind
Where didst thou this tinder find,
So the fire when dim and low
Thou might'st freshen into glow?¹

Let it not be thought by thee,
This a common spark may be:
In unmeasured depths profound,
Starry ocean's gleaming round,
Never lost, though far from earth,
This was, as 'twere, second birth.

As with billows' foaming light,
All the hills with sheep are white;
Well pleased with but meagre fare,
Shepherds tend their herds with care,
These dear men so quiet rest,
That with joy each fills my breast.

¹ The opening verse apparently relates to the surprise of the poet in his advancing age at breaking out into new song. His ability to do this is attributed to the invigoration of his spirit by what he found in Eastern lands, in shepherd and caravan life, described in the subsequent verses. The hills are covered, as with white waves, with sheep tended by careful shepherds under cloudless skies, whose unmeasured depths are studded with stars. The caravan stretches onwards in apparently aimless progress into the endless desert, escorted by armed men prepared for instant fight in case of robber attacks; camels are groaning, drivers walking about and leading them, and the din and noise of a large body of men and animals on the march bewilder the ear and at the same time refresh the spirit, while in the distance the lying sea, the deceptive appearance of water caused by the mirage, is stretched out.

Shrouded in the awful night,
Threatened all with instant fight,
Groans of camels kneeling near
Pierce the heart and stun the ear,
And among the moaning crowd
Camel drivers strutting proud.

Ever forward as it goes,
The long train still broader grows,
The procession to the sight
Stretching as in endless flight,—
Blue, the waste and host between,
Lying strips of water seen.

Never rhymer yet was found
Himself the best who would not say,
Never fiddler who preferred not
His own melodies to play.

And I would not blame them either.
When we others honour give,
Our own dignity is lowered:
Can we live when others live?

And in certain ante-chambers
There I found it always so,
Mouse's dirt from coriander
Where the people did not know.¹

Such new, strong, and active besoms
What had been would always hate:
These again would quite look down on
What had besoms been of late.

¹ According to German commentators these verses refer to jealousy between old and new officials, the latter considering themselves far superior to the old, and being compared to new brooms looking down on the old ones, and the former hating the new, and holding, on the contrary, that they could not distinguish mouse's dirt from coriander seed.

Folks who mutual in contempt
 At each other look askance,
 Never will themselves acknowledge
 Towards the same point they advance.¹

And that coarse self-gratulation.
 Most to blame will those think fit,
 Who the least are sympathetic
 With those who have made a hit.

A friendship with Germans
 I don't demand,
 For bitterest hatred
 Has politeness at command.
 The milder to grow that they seemed,
 Have I ever threatened more,—
 Wretched morning and red evening,
 Never less have I been sore;
 For joy or for sorrow
 By me the waters still sped,
 But notwithstanding all this
 I still kept steady my head.
 For they all would gladly enjoy
 Each hour that passed as it stood,
 And I have never reprov'd them,—
 Each one went as he would.
 Greeting me ever with their breath,
 They all still hate me till death.²

¹ This and the last verse refer to the inordinate hatred of the French by the Germans, carried to such a ridiculous length as to banish French from the schools, the last verse casting their conceit in the teeth of the French, but also blaming the Germans who could not stomach success won by any other nation.

² This is said to refer to the hatred incurred by Goethe among his countrymen for having made himself distinguished, and for living on in his own way, and keeping himself under control without paying any regard to such feelings. Their outward politeness only served them as a cloak for the bitterest enmity, and they all hated him to the death, notwithstanding their continued greetings. The rhymes of the second and the subsequent alternate lines are all in "ot" or "oth," which it would be impossible to follow in any foreign language, but the rugged-

The man that is always jolly and good
 His neighbours constantly torment :
 And while the strong man active lives,
 With stoning would be content,
 But then when he is really dead,
 Much money they collect,
 In honour of his need in life,
 His tombstone to erect.
 What profit they derive from this
 The mob should reckon yet :
 'Twere more judicious in his grave
 The good man to forget.¹

Arrogance, ye well may know,
 Never from the world will go :
 Better pleases me to meet
 With those tyrants who're discreet.²

Since the stupid, narrow-minded
 Always make the loudest noise,
 And the cramped ones, the half-witted,
 Gladly would make us their prize,

Both from fools and from the wise ones
 When myself free I declare ;
 These at ease are still remaining,
 Those are writhing in despair.

In violence they think and loving
 We must at length ourselves unite,
 They make the shade for me too heated
 Render dismal sun and light.

ness and inequality of the lines in the original are imitated as nearly as possible.

¹ This is a satirical sequel to the preceding piece, to point out how a man who is despised during his life has monuments erected to him after his death.

² This refers to the charge against Goethe of truckling to people of rank, here satirically called tyrants. Half-witted, narrow-minded people, who consider themselves wise and desire to draw him over to them, are annoyed that he will have nothing to do with them, and embitter his life. Who these are is shown in verse 5.

Hâfiz both, and Ulrich Hutten
 Always guarded them with care
 Against the blue and brown kapooches,¹
 Mine clothes as other Christians wear.

But tell us who may be our foes ?
 None can them to us declare,
 For in this community
 I have quite enough to bear.

To copy me, transform, deform,
 For fifty years they all have sought :
 What in thy fatherland's thy lot
 Thou canst thus learn, I often thought.

With demon-wild, young genial friends
 Thou in thy time the fool hast played,
 But gently, as the years passed by,
 Drawn tow'rds the wise, the godly-staid.²

If thou trustest in what's good,
 Never will I blame ;
 When thou doest what is good,
 See ! thou gainest fame—
 If, however, thou thy good
 Closely fencest in,
 Free am I, and live, forsooth,
 Noways taken in.

For mankind, though they are good,
 Would far better thrive,
 Would they tow'rds the selfsame end
 Not together strive.

¹ Hâfiz had to contend against the blue-hooded monks of his own order, and Ulrich von Hutten against the brown-hooded Christians of the Begging Orders and priests. As the hoods against which the poet had to contend were clothed like other Christians, they were, like these, pious opponents, as those of the Romantic School were, who appeared to him half-formed because they denied the spirit of true freedom and longed for the times of the middle ages. This is Düntzer's explanation.

² This also refers to the misappreciation in which Goethe was held during his life.

None condemns if on the road
We should all agree :
To an equal goal we're bound,
Let's together be !

On our way may here and there
Much against us stand ;
In making love one never needs
Comrades' helping hand :
Gold and honour one would wish
All alone to spend,
Yet will wine us disunite,
The true man, in the end.

Hâfiz, too, on equal stuff
Many words has said ;
Over many a stupid trick
Broken, too, his head
I see no good if from the world
Thou fleest in despair ;
Thou canst yet, if the worst should come,
Again tear out thy hair.¹

As if that rested on a name
Which is unfolded in repose !
Yet I love what's fair and good,
As it from its God arose.

I love someone ; that is needful ;
I hate no one. Must I hate,
Thereto also I am ready,
But whole masses I will hate—

¹ Written in the first part against those who would willingly mould every one after their own fashion. It is contended that it would be better for every one to take his own way, as when people go together on the same road, they are pretty sure to come to strife. Finally, however, the conclusion is come to that it is advisable to walk in company, and not run out of the world. "If thou trustest in what's good" means, "if thou behavest well."

If thou wouldst more closely know them,
 Bad and good both keep in sight ;
 What they excellent may call
 Is not probably what's right.

What is right to firmly grasp
 One should live an earnest life ;
 Chattering to sweep along
 Seems to me a shallow strife.

Well, Sir Crumpler, he himself
 With the splitter may unite ;
 Thus he who weathers out may still
 Be the best in his own sight.¹

¹ This piece is very involved and difficult to understand. It is said by Düntzer to be directed against the partiality in poetry and art which opposed the poet, whose classical tendencies the Romantic School fought against. The "name," the Romantic, here is opposed to the right, the Classical, which flows from the innermost soul, unfolding itself in silence. The Romantic School talked much of true love, which they denied the poet the possession of. He says, therefore, in the second verse that he can hate, although hating is not congenial to him, but if he must hate, it must be the great masses of misleading tendencies. To know what these are, one must look to what they consider right and wrong, as these may not be found to be what others think so. To comprehend what is right one must go to the depths of being, and not go on in a superficial, chattering way, as his opponents were apt to do. They attack everything, merely to make out that they are of importance. Such people he calls "Knitterer," because they crumple up all they touch into folds or creases. They may even proceed to breaking it to pieces (zersplittern) and then only rest contented when they have weathered (verwittern) it all out until there is nothing left of it. Their sole aim appears to be to please with what is new and diverting, and bring into subjection the spirit, which would be strengthened by appropriating what had gone before. But so it has always been: men always delight in what is new by way of diversion. In this he refers to the "Journal und Tageblattverzetteln" (the multiplication of journals and newspapers) through which the Germans did themselves so much harm. In 1797, Goethe wrote from Frankfort—"All pleasures, even the theatre itself, tend to diversion, and hence arises the great inclination of the reading public towards newspapers and journals, because the latter always and the former generally bring amusement into diversion." He himself for a long time left off reading newspapers, and in 1830 said he was consequently better and freer in spirit. It was considered patriotic to be called Teutsch instead of Deutsch, and Goethe ridicules the idea. The song referred to in the last verse is what has preceded; and what

Only let each renewal
 Hear some new thing ev'ry day,
 And let each one at the same time
 Diversion to himself convey.

This the patriot loves and wishes,
 Whether Deutsch or Teutsch his name :
 This my ditty's secret burden ;
 " It was, and will be e'er, the same."

The term Mujnoon—I will not say ¹
 Its purport would be quite " insane ;"
 If I myself as Mujnoon praise,
 You certainly must not complain.

If the breast, the full and honest,
 Unloads itself, yourselves to spare,
 Do not cry : " Behold the madman !
 Look for ropes, and chains prepare !"

When at last ye see in fetters
 Languish clever men through pain,
 Fiery nettle this will sting you,
 That you must look on in vain.

How to carry on your warfare
 Have I e'er your hearts inflamed ?
 Brave deeds done, when peace ye wished for,
 Have I e'er your wishes blamed ?

it secretly complains of (*heimlich piepet*) is what is said in the last line, viz., that it always was and will remain the same.

¹ He is supposed to call himself Mujnoon or "mad," because he was so considered in consequence of the warnings uttered by him against the freedom of the press. In the second verse, accordingly, he tells people not to consider him mad, when he merely speaks the honest truth in order to save them, and in the third, points to the remorse they must feel when they see clever men unable to stand against the gibes of an unfettered press. German commentators acknowledge these lines to have been written in an ambiguous sense.

Quietly I've seen the fisher
Nets to throw himself prepare,
And desired the clever joiner
Not to sharpen up his square.

You yourselves would fain know better
What I've thought and long have known,
And what Nature, by me studied,
Had already made my own.

Equal strength if ye feel in you,
In your own way hasten on,
When you see my works, however,
First learn how I should have done.¹

WANDERER'S CALMNESS.

Of what is common
Let no man complain,
For this is what's mighty
Whate'er folks maintain.

It rules with the bad
To high profit still ;
And with the right governs
Just as it will.

Wand'rer !—Against such need
Wouldest thou strive ?
Dried mud and whirlwind,
Dust let them drive.²

¹ The poet rejects all officious advice as to what he should do or how he should write, with the remark that he has always followed his own nature. If his poet-advisers considered themselves fit for something of importance, they might undertake it, but should first endeavour to master his works, and find out what he himself meant.

² The general drift of this seems to be that it is of as little use to fight against what is common and mean, which is really all-powerful, as for the traveller to contend against dust driven by a whirlwind.

Who will of the world require
 What she herself surveys in dreams?
 Backwards, sideways always looking,
 The day of days to miss she seems.
 All her effort and goodwill
 Behind quick life but limps away;
 What years ago by thee was wanted
 She may only give to-day.¹

To praise oneself is always a mistake,²
 Yet all will do it who do any good;
 If they in words are no dissemblers, then,
 The good remains as it has ever stood.
 Leave, then, ye fools, all pleasure to the wise,
 Who holds the even tenour of his way,
 That he the world's insipid, worn-out thanks,
 A fool like you, may foolish fool away.

Think'st thou, then, from mouth to ear
 Thou canst aught that's solid gain?
 For tradition, O thou fool,
 Is but a phantom of the brain!
 Now first a judgment may be formed:
 From superstition's chain alone
 Understanding could release thee:
 This already thou'st foregone.³

¹ The world is never up to time, but in looking backwards and sideways is never ready at the right moment with what is wanted. The Berlin edition explains:—"Every one is too much engaged with himself to look at the merits of others. Thus, we only find recognition when it is no more of use."

² Every one praises himself through his own actions, and if he prides himself upon them they are none the worse for it. His folly may well be pardoned, as he only injures himself by doing so, and deprives himself of the world's thanks, which are really not worth having. The poet also says: "Only knaves are modest; honest men rejoice in their actions."

³ Directed against those who endeavour by criticising tradition to support the Christian faith, the foundations of which they implicitly believe. "To overthrow tradition by bringing against it in blind faith the documents of the most ancient witnesses is only half the labour. All tradition is uncertain, and the whole task has only been possible since the Reformation." This is the note of the Berlin edition.

Those who French or English style,
 German or Italian approve,
 One like the other will demand
 What is but asked for by self-love.
 Or one or many of the styles
 Will gain no recognition here,
 That bring not forward to the light
 That in which each would great appear.

What is right may for the morrow
 Careful think out its own friends,
 If to-day good place and favour,
 What is bad can gain its ends.
 He who of three thousand years
 No account himself can give,
 Inexpert still be in darkness,
 And from day to day but live.¹

The holy Korân when one formerly quoted,
 One mentioned the chapter : the verse, too, was noted.
 And ev'ry true Moslem, as proper and due,
 Felt his conscience at rest in all that he knew.
 But now the new Durweesh, who no better knows,
 Of the new and the old together will prose.
 Each day the confusion more prominent grows !
 O holy Korân ! O eternal repose !²

¹ German commentators explain this piece as follows. He only can have a correct taste in literature who, not adopting the peculiar style of a particular nation at a certain time, has studied the poetry of all nations from the earliest days, and can appreciate it. Those who adopt one special style and consider it alone to be in the best taste, do so out of conceit, for they only magnify that through which they themselves have attained eminence, and may remain in ignorance of the best style, living from one day to the next, as it were, in the style of a particular people, which may speedily pass away and be no longer appreciated. The Berlin edition notes : " The polymathy of the present day drives the literature of all nations to win honour for itself, not on account of its excellence, but to make a show of it. He who labours only for the momentary result, and not to form himself on the eternal original models of the beautiful, does not deserve fame or any lasting influence."

² Said by Düntzer to be directed against those who maintained the

THE PROPHET SPEAKS.¹

That God has deigned, whom it may vex to know,
On Mahomet grace and fortune to bestow,
On his hall's beam, the strongest he can find,
Let him a strong noose firmly fix and bind,
And hang himself. That holds and carries, too,
And that his anger's laid will be his feeling view.

TIMOOR SPEAKS.¹

What? Of arrogance the mighty storm,
Ye lying priests, ye've reprobated!
Had Allah meant me for a worm,
As worm I should have been created!

verbal inspiration of the Gospel, while they mixed up new points of view with its teachings. Line 4 points to its former living influence; now through the mingling of different elements there follows only confusion. The Berlin edition remarks: "Even in the interpretation of the Holy Scriptures each seeks only his own renown, instead of, as formerly, subordinating himself to the Word."

¹ Quoted almost word for word from the Korân, and said to be a humorous hit at those who envied the poet.

² The thought that God, and not he himself, created his individuality, is here put into the mouth of Timoor, the conqueror of the world, by whom Napoleon is here meant.

VI. HIKMUT NÂMAH; OR, BOOK OF SAYINGS.

CHARMS will I scatter through the Holy Book,
Which in its leaves will make an equipoise.
Needle of faith in probing who employs,
Finds blessed words wherever he may look.¹

Nor from this night nor from to-day
Shouldst thou seek aught
That was not brought thee yesterday.

Those born in evil times will still
Accommodate themselves to ill.

What a thing is in weight
Knows he who has gained it, from whom it bears date.

The sea's in flood ever :
Land holds it back never.

If fate should try thee, wouldst thou know the cause ?
'Twould have thee sober. Follow dumb its laws.²

Let all men labour while there still is day :³
They can not work when it has passed away.

¹ A method of divination, by thrusting a needle into the leaves of the Korân at random, to see what particular verse was hit upon.

² Hâfiz, in referring to fate, says in Te 57 :—

“ A faithful slave the how and when will never ask,
But with a perfect will will do the Sultan's task.”

What is meant is that misfortune should teach men to bear loss with patience.

³ See St. John, chap. ix. v. 4.

The world has been made, and thou canst do naught ;
The Lord of Creation has all things bethought.
Thy lot has been cast : the manner pursue :
Thy way is begun, thy journey end, too.
Unchanged by care and trouble 'twill abide ;
They from due balance push thee aye aside.

When the hardly-pressed complain,
Help and hope are all in vain,
Wholesome balm may still afford
Evermore a friendly word.

When thou hadst tasted fortune's favour,
How maladroit was thy behaviour !
The maiden had not been offended,
But had her way there often wended.¹

How lordly my inheritance, how vast and wide !
Fortune is my possession, my property beside.

From love of good, good ever doing be :
And to thy race pass on that follow thee.
Though to thy children nothing may remain,
It yet may turn to thy descendants' gain.

Anveri saith, that lordliest of men,—
The deepest heart, the highest head's within his ken :
In ev'ry place, at every time will profit thee
Uprightness, judgment, and with others sympathy.

Of thy foes why dost thou complain ?
Canst thou as thy friends ever gain
Those whose sole aim is to be
In their being ever like thee ?

There's nothing more stupid to bear
Than when the wise the stupid ones tell
That on high and festival days
The wise should behave themselves well.

¹ Fortune is here represented as a maiden. A German proverb says: "One cannot ward off fortune;" and another: "Fortune is like women; it loves youth, and is constantly changing."

If God an evil neighbour were,
As you and I ourselves have shown,
Then should we have but little honour :
Each as he is he leaves alone.¹

The poets of the East, it is confessed,
Are greater than we poets of the West.
In one thing, however, we're quite on a par,
Of our equals we just as good haters are.²

Above his fellows ev'ry one would be,
For in the world 'tis always so ;
And each may surely churlish be,
If only in that which he may know.

May God us from his fury save,
When even wrens to lecture crave.³

Envy will always envy kill :
Its own food let it eat at will.

In respect to hold your place,
You should use your bristles more :
Men with falcons all things chase,
All except the savage boar.

How can it benefit the priests
That they athwart my road should run ?
What by straight path can not be reached,
By crooked ways is never won.

He will praise a hero as he ought,
Who himself has long and keenly fought.
To none a man's worth will itself unfold
But him who has both suffered heat and cold.

¹ Saadi says : " God sees and hides, a neighbour sees and blames."

² Hâfiz says, Swad 2 : " The narrator does not love the narrator."

³ Envy drives the most wretched to depreciate the greatest, as the wren finds fault with the eagle. Said to be aimed at inferior poets.

Do what is good out of pure love of good !
 From what thou dost thou no profit may'st gain ;
 And if from thy deeds thou some profit shouldst have,
 There will none for thy children remain.

That men from thee may not most vilely steal
 Thy gold, thy going and thy Faith conceal,¹

How does it come about in ev'ry place
 That we much good and much that's stupid hear ?
 The young repeat but what their elders say,
 And make their elders' words their own appear.²

Into contradicting
 Be thou never led away :
 When with the ignorant they strive,
 The wise to folly fall away,

" Why, then, is Truth so very far away ?
 Why does she hide her in the deepest ground ? "
 None understands the proper time of day :
 If one who understood it could be found,
 Then would broad Truth her countenance display,
 And lovely both and gentle would be found.

Why dost thou try to find
 Where charity doth flow ?
 Upon the waters cast thy bread ;
 Who eats it who may know ?³

I thought when once I had a spider killed,
 Had I done right or not ?
 God has indeed on it and me
 In these days bestowed a lot.

¹ The second line is quoted from the Korân.

² An old German proverb says :—

" As the old ones have sung,
 Will twitter the young."

³ Imitated from Ecclesiastes. " Cast thy bread upon the waters, and thou shalt find it after many days."

Lokmán, whom men "the ugly" called,
 What stories did he not produce !
 Not in the cane does sweetness lie ;
 Sweet is the sugar in the juice.¹

Over the Mediterranean sea,
 Bright the Orient sun has sprung :
 But he who Hâfiz knows and loves
 Can know what Calderon has sung.²

" Why, then, shouldst thou adorn one hand
 Far more than is its due ?"
 If it the right did not adorn,
 What could the left hand do ?³

If to Mecca one should drive
 Christ's own ass, and there should train,
 No whit better it would be,
 But an ass 'twould still remain.⁴

Mud, when trodden,
 Spreads out, and is sodden.

But if you beat it up with strength,
 A form compact it takes at length.

* * * *

¹ Lokmán was black, ugly, and fat, and yet told wonderful tales. In Saadi's Gulistân it is said: "The value of the sugar is to be ascribed not to the cane in which it grows, but to its own nature."

² This refers to the influence exercised on Calderon by the influx of Arabic imagery through the prolonged domination of the Moors in Spain. After Goethe's death the following lines were introduced here, but subsequently omitted again :—

" Yet I hear in these thy songs,
 Hâfiz other poets praised.
 See, I can its answer give :
 Lordly he, whom thanks have raised."

Hâfiz gives the highest praise in several places to Nizâmi's poetry.

³ Saadi says in the Gulistân: "The first man who introduced the fashion of placing ornaments on dresses and rings on fingers was Jumsheed (Solomon). They asked him why he put all the ornaments on the left hand, as such honour properly belonged to the right. He answered: 'It is ornament enough to the right hand that it is the right.'"

⁴ Imitated from the Gulistân.

Do not distress yourselves, ye worthy souls !
 For he who fails not knows when others fail,
 And he who fails is first set right thereby ;
 He knows exactly how they have done well.

“ Many to thee much good have done,
 To them due thanks thou dost not give : ”
 It is not this that troubles me,
 All in my heart their gifts will live.

Make thou thyself of good report :
 Discern all things of ev'ry sort :
 What's more than this will evil bring.¹

The flood of passion rages all in vain
 Against unvanquished, solid land,
 It throws poetic pearls upon the strand,
 That even is one's life to gain.²

THE TRUSTED ONE.

Requests so many thou hast granted,
 And even when it did thee harm :
 The good man there has little wanted,—
 There was no cause, thus, for alarm.

No one of such a tie should make a boast,
 But he himself who from the tie is free,
 And he who gaily sports in the absurd,
 With him what is absurd may well agree.

¹ Fureed-ood-deen Attar is reported to have said : “ Two things are the source of fortune, one good reputation, and the other good discrimination. He who looks for more than this will fall to the ground.”

² Düntzer remarks : “ The sufferings (of love) do not injure the poet's heart, but offer him the finest poetical gifts, which alone give a value to life.”

VAZIE.

The good man has but little wanted,
But if his wish at once I'd granted,
He would have come to grievous harm.¹

How bad it is, though often it occurs,
When Truth itself oft after Error errs,
She often finds her pleasure there ;
Who could e'er question one so fair ?
But should to Truth Sir Error cleave,
It would fair Truth for ever grieve.

Know, then, to me much annoyance it gives,
When so many people will sing and will spout,
Who drives from the world all the poetry out ?
The poets !

¹ See Tasso, act iv. scene 4: "True friendship shows itself in refusing at the right moment."

VII. TIMOOR NÂMAH; OR, BOOK OF TIMOOR.

THE WINTER AND TIMOOR.

SO the winter now surrounds them
In its mighty fury, breathing
Over all its icy, cold breath,
All the winds of heav'n exciting
Contrary to spend their power.
Over them it gave all power
To its frost-befingered tempests:
Timoor's Council it invaded,
Shrieked and threatened and addressed him:
"Gently, slowly, wretched being!
Thou the tyrant of Injustice!
Shall thy lurid flames much longer
Scorch and burn up hearts of mortals?
Of the spirits that are damnèd
Art thou one? Well, I'm another!
Thou art old! I, too—and rigid
Make we both the land and people.
Thou art Mars and I am Saturn,
Evil-doing planets both are,
When united the more fearful.
Thou dost kill the soul and freezest
Ev'n the ether, but my breezes
Are still colder than thine own are.
Thy wild armies, though believing,
Tremble with a thousand martyrs.
Well, God grant that I in due time
What is worse myself discover.
And, by God! I'll give thee nothing.
Hear it, God, what I command thee!
Yes, by God, from death's cold fingers,

Old man, nothing shall defend thee,
Not thy hearth's still glowing embers,
Not the flames of thy December.¹

TO ZULEIKA.

Thee with sweet scents to caress,
Still thy pleasure to increase,
A thousand rosebuds none the less
Must in flames their being cease.

One small bottle to possess,
Slender as thy finger end,
That the scent will ever hold,
Must a world assistance lend.—

Yes, a world of vital force,
Rushing in full strength along,
Nightingale's sweet love foreboding,
And his soul-exciting song.

Should his shrill complaint torment us,
Since it has increased our joy?
Did not Timoor's harsh dominion
Myriads of souls destroy?²

¹ This is a translation of a Latin extract from a memoir of Timoor in Arabic, adapted to Napoleon's Russian expedition.

² Bulbul is the Persian nightingale, which, according to Persian report, is so enamoured of the rose as to be continually hovering round it, and picking at its flowers, so that they have to be plucked as buds to be saved from its attacks. The only reason for inserting these lines here seems to be the reference in the last verse to the destruction of life by Timoor's hosts, *à propos* to the destruction of rosebuds to make perfume of.

VIII. ZULEIKA NÂMAH; OR, BOOK OF ZULEIKA.

"I was thinking in the night
That in my sleep I saw the moon,
But as soon as I woke up
Unexpected rose the sun."

INVITATION.

BEFORE the day thou must not flee;
For the day thou overtakest
Is not better than to-day;
But if willingly thou stayest
Where the world aside I lay
To draw the world again to me,
With me in safety thou wilt be;
The morrow's morrow and to-day's to-day,
And what's to come and what is past,
Enraptures not and does not last.
Best beloved, still linger thou;
Thou hast both brought and giv'st it now.¹

With Joseph that Zuleika was enchanted,²
Required no skill, forsooth,

¹ This is explained by Düntzer to mean that he invites his beloved, instead of longing in anxious unrest for fortune in the future, to withdraw from the world with him and forget the course of time. He thus closes with the wish that only his beloved may remain to him; she is the most beloved object, and brings it with herself and gives it. The note to the Berlin edition is, that its passionate utterances owe their origin and sudden ending to Goethe's love for Frau v. Willemer, in whose house he had received such a warm welcome.

² This is explained to refer to his future beloved one, whom at the

For he was young, and many charms has youth.
 He was, they say, too, ravishingly fair,
 And she was pretty, thus a happy pair.
 That thou, whom I have long awaited,
 On me thy fiery youthful looks dost cast,
 And loving now, wilt render blessed at last,
 This shall my loving songs proclaim,
 And bear me ever my Zuleika's name.

Now that thou art called Zuleika,
 I should also have a name,
 If thou thy beloved commendest,
 Hâtem! this shall be the name.
 By this name shall all men know me,
 No presumption it will be:
 He who's called St. George's knight
 Like St. George thinks not himself.
 Not Hâtem Tai, most generous of men,
 Can I in poverty e'er be;
 Not Hâtem Zograi, the most luxurious
 Of all the poets, would I be;
 But yet to have them both in view
 Would not unwarrantable be:
 To take and give away good fortune's gifts
 Must ever a great pleasure be.
 Loving, with each other to refresh ourselves
 Will Paradise's rapture be.¹

end he calls Zuleika. He had long looked for her, who already shot fiery glances at him and loved him, as Zuleika did Joseph in her dream, and would later on make him happy. This name, and his own of Hâtem, which he assumes in the following piece, are kept up throughout this book. Hâtem Tai is celebrated by Eastern poets as the most generous of men. Hâtem Zograi, the poet, does not seem to be known.

¹ This is an imitation of the Persian Ghazl, in which the second and all the other even lines alternating with it and with the same word.

HÂTEM.

Not opportunity will make a thief,¹
 Thief it's the greatest of the whole:
 What in my heart me yet was left,
 That remnant of my love it stole.
 All to thee has it surrendered
 All that in life is gain to me,
 So that in poverty but life
 Can I ever hope from thee.
 Yet I feel at once there's pity
 From the sparkling of thy eye,
 Ever in thy arms rejoicing,
 Fate's fresh favour I enjoy.

ZULEIKA.²

Favoured with thy tender love,
 Opportunity I cannot chide;
 Should it even from thee steal,
 Such a theft would be my pride,

And why must I become a thief?
 Of free will give thyself to me,
 But ever gladly would I think:
 "He that has stole thee, I am he."

What thus cheaply thou dost give
 Brings thee profit of the best:
 Bear them off, I give with pleasure
 My life's riches all my rest.

¹ Addressed to Marianne v. Willemer, the first poetical letter of their courtship. Imitated from Hâfiz, Lam 6:—

"Thou stolest my heart: I give thee my soul."

² This is Marianne's answer to the above. The first line is imitated from Hâfiz:—

"To thee belongs my face: what need to steal it?"

Jest not ! naught of poverty !
 Doth not love great riches seem ?
 When I hold thee in my arms,
 My good fortune is supreme.

He that loves will not go wrong,¹
 However sad his fate may prove.
 Mujnoon and Leila, should they rise,
 Might learn from me the way of love.

Do I now hear thy godlike voice's tones ?
 Is't possible that I thee, love, caress ?
 Incomprehensible to me the rose,
 The nightingale, too, none the less.

ZULEIKA.

As I on Euphrates sailed,
 Stripped itself off in the sea,
 That gold ring from off my finger
 Which thou lately gavest me.

Thus I dreamt. Then through the trees
 Dazed my eye morn's rosy beam.
 Tell me, poet ! tell me, prophet !
 What signifies to me the dream ?²

HÂTEM.

I am ready to explain it.
 Have I to thee not often said
 How the lordly Doge of Venice
 Used him with the sea to wed ?

¹ Saadi says : " If Leila and Mujnoon were to rise, and had they forgotten love, they would learn again the art of loving from my book."

² Supposed to be spoken by Frau von Willemer in her character of Zuleika. The next piece is Hâtem's, or Goethe's answer.

Thus from off thy finger joints
 In Euphrates fell the ring.
 Ah ! in thousand songs of heav'n,
 Sweetest dream, thou mak'st me sing.

Me, from furthest Hindustan,
 Who've journeyed to Damascus here,
 So that with new caravans
 To the Red Sea I might draw near.

To thy river thou shalt wed me,
 To the terrace, to this tree ;¹
 To the last kiss shall my spirit
 E'er to thee devoted be.

All men's looks I understand—
 One may say : " I love and suffer !
 I desire, yes, I am desp'rate ! "
 What else there is a girl will know—
 All of this can no more help me !
 All of this does not disturb me !
 But, O Hâtem ! thy bright glances
 First give brightness to the day,
 For they say : " This one delights me,
 As there nothing else can please.
 Saw I even roses, lilies,
 That all gardens deck with honour,
 Cypress, violet, and myrtle,
 Moved to lend the earth adornment.
 And she is wond'rously arrayed,
 Captivating us with wonder,
 Quick'ning, healing us and blessing,
 So that we feel ourselves recovered,
 Yet gladly would again be sick."
 Then on Zuleika thou didst gaze,
 And in being sick, wert healthy,
 And in recovering, wert sick,

¹ The terrace and tree here referred to were outside Marianne's window at the Gerbermühle at Heidelberg.

And gazedst on her with a smile
 That on the world thou never smilest.
 And in thy looks Zuleika feels
 These words eternal: "She is pleasing,
 As there nothing else can please me."¹

GINGO BILOBA.

This tree's leaves from Eastern regions
 To my garden that are brought,
 To the knowing with a flavour
 Of a secret sense are fraught:

Is it, then, a living being,
 Splitting, that divided grew?
 Are they two that chose each other,
 So that both as one we knew?

Such deep questioning to answer
 The right fancy I can see.
 Feel'st thou not from all my ditties,
 I can one and double be?²

ZULEIKA.

Say, hast thou not much verse indited,
 Song directed here and there,
 Written in a hand so neat,
 Down to dot and cross complete,
 With gilt edges, binding fair,³
 Many a volume to allure?
 Wheresoe'er thou didst dispatch,
 Was it of love a token sure?

¹ Hâfiz, Meem 14 :—

"Without a friend my heart is sick,
 With a friend I am more happy."

² The leaves of this tree divide themselves at the point into two.
 Its botanical name is the *Salisburia Adiantifolia*.

³ Eastern writers adorn their books with coloured borders, etc.

HÂTEM.

Yes, with sweet yet mighty glances,
 Smile that every heart entrances—
 And with teeth so dazzling clear,¹
 Eye-lash dart,² snake locks that neck
 And bosom fair surrounding deck,
 Things a thousand-fold to fear.
 Now reflect how from of old
 Fair Zuleika was foretold.

ZULEIKA.

The sun appears with glorious face,—
 The crescent moon doth him embrace.
 Such a pair who could unite?
 Solve me now my riddle right.

HÂTEM.

The Sultan can, for he has married
 This world's highest, noblest pair,
 Of the true host who were chosen
 The most valiant to declare.

Be this an image of our love!
 I see again but me and thee,
 My love, thou callest me thy Sun;
 And now, sweet Moon, embrace thou me!³

Come, dear one, come! The turban wind,⁴
 That from thy hand alone is fair.

¹ A frequent simile with Hâfiz.

² Imitated from Hâfiz, Meem 64 :—

“Strike not my heart with the darts on thy eye-lids.”

³ Orders of rank, with the figure of the sun or the moon, are common at Oriental courts. An image of the sun embraced by the crescent moon is a beautiful symbol of love.

⁴ A fold of muslin folded round the turban.

Abbás¹ himself, on Irân's highest seat,
Could not more glorious head-dress wear!

A turban was the band that from the head,
In flowing folds, of Alexander fell,
And all of his successors, too,
A kingly ornament that pleased as well.

A turban still our Emperor adorns,
They call it crown. The name will hold!
Though pearls and jewels may the eye enchant,
The fairest ornament's the muslin fold.

And this one here, so clean and silver striped,
Be wound around my forehead, love, by thee.
For what is earthly rank? I know it well!
Beneath thy glance I am as great as he.

'Tis very little I desire,
For all to me is fair and good,
And ev'n that little has long since
The courteous world on me bestowed.

Oft I sit happy in my inn,
And in cramped house am happy still,
And only when I think of thee
My mind do thoughts of conquest fill.

Thee should great Timoor's kingdoms serve,
His fearful hosts should thee obey,
Rubies should Badakhshân provide,
Turquoise the Caspian Sea convey.

Dried fruits should come, as honey sweet,
From Bokhara's sunny land;
A thousand lovely poems writ
On silken leaves from Samarcand.

¹ Abbás II., the Great, a powerful ruler in Persia in the beginning of the seventeenth century.

And there thou shouldst with pleasure read
 What I of Harmuz¹ Isle have said,
 And how from simple love to thee
 The merchant world to move was led.

How in the Eastern Brahmin land
 Thousands of hands the shuttle ply,
 That the bright tints of Hindustan
 For thee on wool and silk may lie.

Yes! but to glorify thy love
 The torrents flow through Sumbulpore,²
 And from earth and stone and gravel
 Diamonds for thee would scour.

As the band of hardy divers
 Pearl treasures from the Gulf would bring,
 These a host of cunning experts
 Should for thee with patience string.

When now Bussorah, the last,
 Sweet spices with perfume had brought,
 The caravans would give thee all
 That the luxurious world has sought.

Yet would all these lordly gifts
 Confuse at last thy dazzled eye,
 And 'tis true that loving spirits
 Find in each other only joy.

Might I not as well bethink me,
 Balkh, Bokhara, Samarcand,³
 These town's bawbles and excitement,
 To bestow, love, in thy hand?

¹ An island at the mouth of the Persian Gulf.

² In Bengal, famous for diamond washing.

³ Hâfiz, Aleph 8, says :—

“ Would the Shirazee youth my heart take in his hand,
 I would bestow for maintenance Bokhara, Samarcand.”

Yet the Emperor do thou question
If the towns he would bestow?
He is lordlier and wiser,
Yet how one loves he does not know.

Monarch, to such gifts as these
Nevermore canst thou agree!
One should have just such a maiden,
And, as I, a beggar be.¹

TO ZULEIKA.

Sweet, my love, those rows of pearls,
As far as in my pow'r might be,
I wished in confidence to give
To serve for love's lamp as a wick to be.

And now thou comest, hung upon them
Quite another sign I see,
That among the like Abraxas
More than all displeases me.

This entirely modern folly
To Shiráz if thou shouldst bring,
Could I then, in all their stiffness,
One stick across another sing?

Abraham the God of heaven
For his only Father chose;
Moses, too, in distant desert,
Through one God to power rose.

David, who with many failures
Wandered on his sinful way,
"With one God, I've dealt me truly,"
Knew with open heart to say.

¹ Hâfiz calls love's beggars "kings without thrones and emperors without girdles," and in other places employs like similes.

Jesus with the purest feelings
Thought on one God and was still,
He who would make himself a God
Would mortify His holy will.¹

That must, then, as right appear
Which Mahomet's self maintained :
Through the one God's clear perception
He the world entire has gained.

To do this wretched thing thy homage
If, notwithstanding, thou are prone,
Let it serve me to excuse thee
That in this thou'rt not alone.

Yet alone! Since many wives
Once led Solomon astray
To look upon those heathen gods,
To whom those silly fools would pray :

Isis' horn, Anubis' bark,
They offered to the Jewish pride—
A mournful image nailed on wood
Wouldst thou me as God provide?

Than the goodness I possess
I will not pretend to more :
I my God have now disowned
As Solomon his own forswore.

Let the weight of renegadeship
In this kiss, then, lose its smart,
Since a puppet now thou wearest
As Talisman upon thy heart.²

¹ The Mussulmans consider Jesus Christ a prophet, but deny his divinity, and think it idolatry to assign to God any companion, wife or son. A necklace of pearls was sent by Khusroo the Persian, to Sheereen, an Armenian princess, whom he loved. She, being a Christian, attached a crucifix to it, which he saw when next they met. This piece relates to the incident, and expresses Goethe's own opinion on the fashion of putting up haggard and bloody crucifixes by the roadside, as customary on the Continent.

² A fanciful composition, in which the poet is supposed to have

Beautifully written,
Wonderfully gilded,¹
At my presumptuous leaves
Often thou smiledst,
Pardon'st my boasting,
Both of thy love and through thee,—
Of my success unexpected,
Pardon'st my self-praise so pleasant.

Self-praise ! Offensive to envy,
Sweet perfume to friends
And to one's own taste !

Joy of existence is great,
Greater is joy in one's life,
When thou, Zuleika,
Mak'st me abundantly glad,
Castest thy passion upon me,
Just like a ball,
That I may catch it,
And throw back on thee
Myself so devoted,
That indeed is a moment !
And then tears me from thee.
Perchance now the Frank, now the Armenian.
But the days pass on,
Years roll on, that I fresh may create.
A thousand-fold thy prodigality's fulness
Entwine my fortune's variegated knot,
A thousand threads intertwined
By thee, O Zuleika.

Here, on the other hand,
Pearls poetical,

denied his own God, the God of Abraham, Moses, and Mahomet, but lightens his guilt at the last by kissing and embracing his beloved, who has appended a crucifix to a pearl chain he had given her. Bitzliputali (translated puppet) was the Mexican war-god, celebrated in German puppet-shows.

² Goethe appears to have been in the habit of writing songs upon gold-edged and arabesqued paper to send to favourite friends.

That the mightiest billows
 Of thy suffering passion,
 Of this my being
 Cast on the desert shore.
 With pointed fingers
 Daintily gathered,
 Strung through with golden thread,
 Gold-worked!
 Upon thy neck place them,
 And on thy bosom,
 Allah's rain-drops from above,
 In especial mussel-shell ripened.¹

Hour for hour and love for love,
 From a true mouth kiss for kiss,
 Look for look and word for word,
 Breath for breath and bliss for bliss!
 So to-day and so to-morrow!
 Still thou feelest tow'rds my song
 Ever some mysterious sorrow;
 Joseph's beauty I would borrow
 Not to do thy beauty wrong.²

Alas! I cannot vie with it,³
 However much 'twould me rejoice;
 Be thou contented with my songs;
 My heart, my truth may thee suffice.

Thou art delicious as musk;⁴
 Where thou hast been, men vouch for thee still.

¹ An impetuous dedication of the poet's songs to Marianne. The allusion to Franks and Armenians in lines 22 and 23, must refer, Düntzer says, to commercial transactions with foreigners, which tear him away from the society of his beloved.

² Written on the day of Marianne's departure from Heidelberg. Düntzer remarks: "He enjoys henceforward the full fortune of the most heart-felt interchange of love, yet desires, lest the failure of youthful beauty should alienate Zuleika from him, to borrow Joseph's charms, in order that he may respond to her beauty."

³ He cannot respond to it with any beauty of his own, but offers his songs, his heart, and his truth.

⁴ The expression of a feeling that, as the scent of musk can be easily

ZULEIKA.

People, slaves, and tyrants, too
 They have always this confessed :
 Of all the blessings men can have
 Independence is the best.

Any life one well might lead,
 If one's work one did not miss,
 And one ev'rything might lose
 By remaining as one is.¹

HÂTEM.

May be so ! And so 'twas purposed,
 Yet I'm on another track :
 Were earth's fortunes all combined,
 In Zuleika none would lack.

When herself on me she wastes
 I myself most worthy deem,
 But if she ever turns away
 That very moment lost I seem.

Now with Hâtem at an end
 I have chos'n another fate,
 And in him whom she caresses
 I myself incorporate.

traced, so he must always think of her loveliness, even when she has left him. In Jami's book of Yussuf and Zuleika occur the lines :—

“For as musk love never hides itself :
 If it were covered with a thousand cloths,
 Its perfume always betrays the musk.”

¹ Hâtem has surrendered himself entirely to Zuleika, so that if she should forsake him for another, he would be constrained to pass over into that person's soul, as expressed in his answer to this observation of Zuleika's, that the best of all blessings to mortals is personality, i.e., independence.

I would, though not just a Rabbi,—
That, perhaps, might not suit me—
Still Firdoosi, Motanabbi,¹
Or at least the Emperor be.

HÂTEM.²

Say, beneath what heav'nly sign
Lies the day
Where the heart, that still my own is,
No more flies away.
And should it flee, for me to reach
Quite near me lies?
On the pillow, soft and sweet,
On hers where my heart lies.

HÂTEM.

Many coloured, polished lamps
The goldsmith's little shop surround,
So around the grey-haired poet
Many pretty maids are found.

MAIDEN.

Thou sing'st Zuleika's praise again!
Her we can not bear;
Yet must envy, not for thee,
But for thy songs so rare.

For even if she ugly were,
Thou wouldst give her fairest looks,
As of Jumeel and Boteinah
Often we have read in books.

¹ Firdoosi, author of the *Shah-nâmah*. Motanabbi maintained of himself that he could have said much better all that Mahomet had said.

² An imitation of the Persian Ghazl form of verse. Hâfiz in *Dal* 133, speaks of the bird of his heart escaping out of his hand.

But because we all are pretty
 'Twere well that thou our portraits drew,
 And if thou really dost them cheaply
 Handsomely we'll pay thee, too.¹

HÂTEM.

The time is fit. Come, Brownie, come!
 Thy curls and combs, the small and great,
 Adorn thy little graceful pate,
 As doth the mosque adorn the dome.

Little blonde one, thou'rt so dainty,
 In all thy ways so trim and neat,
 Not to thy detriment one thinks
 Of the graceful minaret.

Thou, too, there behind, possessest
 Eyes a pair, and of them one
 Thou canst use as thou mayst wish to,²
 Yet I would thee rather shun.

With its lid so gently closing
 One its pupil hides from view,
 Looks to me so very roguish,
 Yet the other looks so true.

Whilst the other wanders wounding,
 This one nourishes and heals:
 No one can, I think, be happy
 Who the want of two eyes feels.

¹ The poet is supposed to be among a number of girls, one of whom desires that he will draw their portraits also, and not merely describe Zuleika under pretence of drawing them. He then proceeds to describe three of them, a brunette, a blonde, and a third with roguish eyes, but concludes by saying he would only be describing Zuleika if he spoke of their beauty. They remark that poets feign subserviency in order to rule, and suggest that his beloved, if capable, should sing of herself. He describes her poetical powers not to their advantage, and the piece concludes by their showing that he has been describing one of the Houria.

² That is, "wink."

So could I to all be loving,
 All of you to honour raise,
 For I should describe your mistress,
 If I should your beauty praise.

MAIDENS.

A poet's such a willing slave,—
 Rule, he thinks, from service springs,
 Yet above all should it please him
 If herself his loved one sings.

Is she capable of songs,
 As upon our lips they play?
 For it makes her much suspected
 That she holds such secret sway.

HÂTEM.

Who can tell what she can do!
 Such deep mysteries do ye know?
 Self-dictated to her mouth,
 Self-inspired poems flow.

Now of all you poetesses
 None of you can equal her,
 For she sings and pleases me:
 You to sing yourselves prefer.

MAIDENS.

Just observe how of those Houris
 Thou pretendest one to show:
 Let it be, but so that no one
 Praise herself on earth below.

HÂTEM.

Of the face within the circle
 Round me captive, ringlets, close!¹
 To such brown and well-loved serpents
 I have nothing to oppose.

¹ The poet, although old, here desires to describe himself as still glowing with passion, like a volcano raging up from under snow.

But this heart from everlasting
 In youth's blooming garden dwells:
 Under snow and cloud and shower
 Raging up, an Etna swells.

Thou sham'st me, as the morning glow
 Those solemn summits of the hill;
 Summer's heat and spring's sweet breath
 Once more is Hâtem breathing still.¹

Pour the wine! Another bottle!
 This bowl for her I bring to-day!
 If she finds a heap of ashes,
 "He burnt for me," then she may say.

ZULEIKA.

I will never, never lose thee!
 Love will aye love's strength bestow.
 May my youth's aye sweet adornment
 Of thy passion be the glow!

Oh! how flattering to my spirit
 When my poet men approve,
 Genius is of life the essence,
 And 'tis life itself to love.

Against insistance ruby lips²
 Should never curses speak;
 Love's pain has no other ground
 Its safety but to seek.

¹ The rhyme in the original to "Morgeuröthe" was Goethe, thus showing that the poet meant to speak of himself.

² Taken from the Kiatib-i-Roomee:—

"Shame, cup-bearer, to let the wine strive with the ruby mouth of the beloved!
 What other hope of healing has love's pain?"

As East is from the West apart,¹
 If from thy loved one thou must part,
 Through ev'ry desert runs the heart:
 Itself is there its only guide;
 For lovers Bagdad's distance is not wide.

May ever your own ruined world²
 Itself again complete!
 For me are shining those bright eyes,
 For me does that heart beat.

There are too many senses, I find!
 One's happiness they but confuse.
 To be deaf, when I see thee, I'd choose,
 And when I hear thee, be blind.

Though distant, still to thee so near,
 And unexpected comes my pain—
 Then of a sudden thee I hear,
 And unexpected see again.

How could I happy be,
 Away from day and light?
 Now although I may not drink,
 I can and will both write.

No more was speech then wanted,
 When tow'rds her me she drew,
 And when my tongue grew rigid,
 Then would my pen cease, too.

Cup-bearer! Come, beloved,
 Fill up the goblet still.
 I need but say: "Attention!"
 They know then what I will.

¹ Imitated from the Kiatib-i-Roomee:—

"When thou art so far from the beloved as East is from the West,
 Then hasten only, my heart: for lovers Bagdad is not far."

² Von Loeper says this is imitated from Hâfiz, Te 90:—

"For all the world's affairs I never had respect,
 Thy face alone has in my eyes the world with honour decked."

For when I think of thee,¹
 Cup-bearer says to me :
 "Sir, why now so still?"
 Since to thy pleasant lore
 Listen more and more
 Cup-bearer gladly will.

Beneath the cypress set,
 When I myself forget,
 'Tis foolish in his eyes :
 Yet in still circle ever,
 Now I am quite as clever,
 As Solomon, and wise.

THE LOVING ONE SPEAKS.²

Why does the Captain
 Not send his messenger,
 Not send him daily
 Here to my comfort?
 Sure he has horses,
 Knows how to write, too.

He can write Tâlik,
 Neski he knows, too :
 Sweetly he writes it
 On silken pages.
 In place of himself, then,
 He should aye write me.

¹ In the absence of his beloved he has consolation from the presence of the cup-bearer, who listens attentively to his wise instruction. He sits under the cypress absorbed in the thought of his beloved, a proceeding the cup-bearer does not approve of, and yet in this quiet retreat he considers himself, on account of his love, as clever and wise as Solomon.

² This and the following piece do not refer to Zuleika, but are imitated from Hâfiz, Dal 133 :—

"He that is dear to me for long no word has sent,
 No line has he written, nor word of greeting sent.
 A hundred times he wrote, and yet the captain
 Has neither messenger nor message sent."³

Neski and Tâlik are two kinds of Persian handwriting. Tâlik is the ordinary Persian handwriting, and Neski a finer and more finished style.

Can not the sick one,
 Will not recover
 From her sweet sorrow.
 She at the tidings
 From her beloved one
 Sickens, though healthy.

THE LOVING ONE (*afterwards*).

Writes he in Neski,
 Truly he'll write :
 Writes he in Tâlik,
 Still he'll delight.
 One's like the other,
 Enough, that he loves me !

BOOK ZULEIKA.

Gladly would I this book now pin together,
 That like the others, too, it might be bound,
 But how wouldst thou its words and pages shorten,
 Led by love's madness still if thou wert found ?

Upon the leafy branches,¹
 Belovèd, turn and see :
 In prickly shells enveloped
 Fruit let me show to thee.

In silent balls aye hanging
 Themselves they do not know ;
 A bough them serves for cradle,
 That rocks them to and fro.

Still from within they ripen,
 And the brown kernels swell ;
 The fresh air they desire to gain,
 And see the sun as well.

¹ The lovers, Goethe and Marianne, seem to have been re-united. The reference to the fruit-trees is to the chestnuts at Heidelberg, when the shells burst and the brown kernels fall to the ground in autumn.

Behram Goor, they say, discovered rhyme,¹
 From his pure soul entranced he wrote :
 Quick Dilâram, his friend in many hours,
 With equal words then answered, note for note.

To find a pleasurable use for rhyme,
 To me, my love, does fate thy love assign,
 That I, a Behram Goor, the Sassanides
 May never envy, since their lot is mine.

Does this book rouse me, thou hast been the cause ;
 What I, well-pleased, from a full heart have spoken
 From thy pure life was quickly echoed back,
 Look answered look, and rhyme to rhyme unbroken.

Now echoes it to thee, though from afar !
 The words will reach, though disappear the sound,
 Is't not the mantle of the thick-sown star ?
 And will not love enraptured there be found ?

To thy look to be conformed,
 To thy mouth and to thy breast,
 Once again to hear thy voice,
 Was my latest joy and best.

Yesterday, alas ! were this the last,
 Light and fire would disappear :
 Ev'ry jest that erst was pleasing
 Would, like debt, be sad and dear.

Whilst Allah's will it pleases not
 Us in union to keep,
 Sun and moon and world but give me
 Opportunity to weep.

Let me weep ! By night surrounded
 In the endless, dreary waste,

¹ Behram Goor, or Behram the wild ass (a symbol of heroic courage), was a king of the Sassanide dynasty, and Dilâram (heart's-ease) his favourite female slave.

Whilst camels rest and drivers do the like,
 Still reckoning, Armenians wake.
 Yet I am near them, counting up the long, long miles
 That part me from Zuleika, and repeat
 Those wretched turns that lengthen out the road.

Let me but weep! There is no shame in that.
 Weeping men are good to see.
 Achilles, even, for Briseis wept,
 And for the unslain host did Xerxes weep,
 And over his self-murdered favourite,
 Too, wept Alexander!
 Let me weep! For tears enliven the dust;
 Already 'tis green!

ZULEIKA.

What does this commotion mean?¹
 Will the East good news impart?²
 Of its pinions the fresh motion
 Cools the deep wounds of the heart.

With the dust it sports caressing,
 Blows it up in fleecy cloud,
 Drives towards the safe vine-arbour
 Insects in their happy crowd.

Renders mild the sun's hot fervour,
 Cools these heated cheeks of mine,
 Kisses, as it passes by,
 On the hills and plains the vine.

And its gentle whisper brings me
 Thousand greetings from my friend,
 And before the hills grow darker
 Greet me kisses without end.

¹ This song was written by Marianne v. Willemer, and has been altered by Goethe, as the Berlin edition maintains, unhappily.

² The east wind is entitled the messenger of lovers, as in Hâfiz, Ze 36:—

“Where's the East wind on its gracious wing,
 A letter from my love that now shall bring?”

So thou canst now farther go!
 Serve thy friends¹ and those that sorrow.
 There, where lofty towers glow,
 Shall I find my love to-morrow.

Ah! glad tidings for the heart,
 Love's breath that makes it joy to live,
 Come to me only from his mouth,
 For these his breath alone can give.

IDEAL.

The sun, the Helios of the Greeks,²
 Bright on his heav'nly way doth go,
 In truth, creation to subdue,
 Looks up above, around, below.

He sees that fairest goddess weep,
 For her alone he seems to shine,
 The heav'nly daughter of the cloud:
 Then to all brighter realms supine,

He sinks him down in pain and grief,
 And quicker than her tears must flow:
 For ev'ry pearl a kiss on kiss,
 He sends her pleasure in her woe.

Now steadfastly she gazes up,
 And deeply feels his glances warm,
 Whilst every pearl his image takes,
 As it assumes a perfect form.

And thus lights up her beaming face,
 Engarlanded with coloured bow,
 But her, alas! he cannot reach,
 Although he hastens down below.

¹ The words were originally "the glad" (frohen), which would suit the sense better.

² The grief of the sun, which from sympathy with the rain cloud forms its coloured bow, but which it can never reach, affords the poet an image of his own love, as he cannot reach his beloved, who has just left him.

So through the stern decree of fate,
 Thou leav'st me, dearest, here alone,
 And were I Helios the Great,
 Of what use were his chariot throne?

ECHO.¹

It sounds so grandly when a poet
 In sun or emperor his likeness takes,
 Yet as in dusky night he slinks away,
 He hides the mournful faces that he makes.

By clouds encompassed in their heavy folds,
 Sank down to night the purest blue of day;
 My cheeks emaciated are so pale,
 And my heart's tears become a leaden grey.

My best belovèd, of the moon-like face,
 Oh! leave me not to pain and to the night;
 My lamp, my phosphorus art thou,
 My sun art thou, and thou art too, my light!

ZULEIKA.

How I envy thee, O West,²
 For thy damp and humid wing;
 How I suffer when we part,
 Thou canst him the tidings bring.

With the stirring of thy wings
 Longing in my breast appears:
 Flowers, meadows, wood and hillock
 At thy breath dissolve in tears.

¹ Written as a contrast to the above, as he cannot, in his grief at parting, fairly compare himself to a sun or emperor.

² Imitated from 25 of Hâfiz's Roobeiyât:—

“O wind of my story, him my secret relate:
 With hundred tongues my heart's grief relate.
 Speak not to him so that he may sorrow:
 Speak but one word; let that be moderate.”

This was also composed by Marianne von Willemer.

Yet thy mild and gentle movements
Of my eyelids cool the pain :
With grief, alas ! I soon should perish,
Hoped I not him to meet again.

Haste thee, then, to my belovèd,
Speak so gently to his heart,
Yet forbear to make him sorrow,
Nor my heavy grief impart.

Tell him, aye, but so discreetly,
That I live but in his love ;
For us both a sweet sensation
Would his nearness to me prove.

FINDING AGAIN.

Star of stars, can I conceive
To my heart that I thee press ?
How the gloomy night of parting
Yawns, a gulf of deep distress !
Yes, it is so, of my pleasures
Counterpart most sweet and dear !
Mindful of our by-gone sorrow,
Must I for the present fear.

As the world in deepest chaos
On God's eternal bosom lay,
In creation's lofty pleasure
He ordained primeval day.
" Let there be ! " The word was spoken ;
Echoed back a painful sigh,
As the " All " with mighty movement
To reality drew nigh.

The light was manifest and coy,
Darkness from it quick withdrew,
And the elements at once
Sep'rate from each other flew.
Swift, in wild, disordered dreams,
Strove each onwards in the race,
Silent, cold, and without longing,
Moving through unmeasured space.

All was dumb, and still, and dreary,
 The first time God in loneliness ;
 He created morning's blushes
 That took pity on distress.
 They unfolded for the mournful
 A resounding colour-play ;
 Now together came in, loving,
 What at first divided lay.¹

Seeking each its right belongings,
 Each with ardent fervour burned,
 And to an unmete existence
 Sight and feeling then returned.
 Whether grasped or whether snatched,
 Let each what it holds maintain !
 We ourselves his world creating,
 Allah need not make again.

So with wings of ruddy morning
 Tow'rd thy mouth my being steals,
 And the star-clear night our cov'nant
 Witnesses with thousand seals.
 We bear both upon the earth,
 Exemplary, joy and pain,
 And a second " Let there be "
 Would not part us two again.

FULL MOON NIGHT.²

Lady, say, what mean those whispers ?
 What so softly moves thy lips ?
 E'er before thee dost thou whisper,
 Sweeter than of wine the sips !

¹ The Berlin edition says: " If the time of separation may be likened to night, meeting again is like the morning blush that heralds the day. On this simple image rests the myth invented by the poet, and so happily carried out."

² Imitated from Hâfiz, Dal 156 :—

" Amidst her locks I saw my loved one's face,
 As clouds did yesterday the moon surround :
 I said : ' Shall I begin to kiss ? ' She said :
 ' Not till the moon's beyond the scorpion's bound.' "

Of mouth sisters here of thine
Think'st a pair still to entwine?

"I will kiss and kiss," I answered.¹

In doubtful darkness see displaying
Ev'ry blooming bough its glow,
Star on star is downwards playing:
Through the emerald bush below
Thousand-fold carbuncles gleam:
Thy spirit, still doth absent seem.

"I will kiss and kiss," I answered.

Thy distant lover's testing now
In like manner sour and sweet,
Feeling an unhallowed bliss.
Each other at full moon to greet
You have made a solemn vow;
This the very moment is!

"I will kiss and kiss," say I.

SECRET WRITING.

Prepare ye now, ye diplomates,
Each his very best device,
And give your several potentates
The very best advice.
Let all the world be busy
And secret ciphers send,
At last till ev'ry turning
In being straight may end.

A cipher written by herself
My lady sweet has sent,
And I the more enjoy it,
That she did it invent.

¹ The poet and Frau von Willemer are supposed to have made a compact to think of each other at the time of full moon. As the moon rises, she is supposed to fulfil this promise, and to move her lips as if in the act of kissing, to the astonishment of her maid, who had forgotten the agreement that had been made, but now remembers it, and says: "This is the moment." The mistress, as it were, sends her kisses to her lover in the distance, as she supposes him to be greeting her. "Mouth sisters" literally translated from "Mund geschwistern."

It is sweet love's completeness
 In country fair to see,
 A pure and heart-felt pleasure
 Between herself and me.

Of thousand fairest flowers
 It is a nosegay sweet,
 A well inhabited abode,
 Where heav'nly natures meet ;
 With many kinds of feathered things
 A sky that's overspread,
 Of songs a sounding ocean
 With perfume overshadowed.

It is a double writing
 Not easy to attain,
 Piercing life's very marrow
 With dart on dart again.
 What now I am disclosing
 Was long a wish devout,
 And you should silent use it,
 If you have found it out.¹

REFLECTION.²

It has become my mirror,
 Wherein I gladly see
 As if the Emperor's Order
 In lustre shone on me.

¹ German commentators deny that any system of secret correspondence was carried on between the lovers, although these lines would appear to point to such a fact. A note to the Berlin edition makes out the secret method of correspondence to have been Hâfiz's poems, by the intonation of particular passages of which the lovers could read each other's thoughts, as diplomatists read writings in cipher. It is likened to various poetical images, and diplomatists are finally advised not to reveal, but to make use of it.

² The book of his songs is the mirror into which the poet looks to see his beloved. These he, therefore, writes ever fairer and more according to his own taste, in spite of criticism, as he sees her in them always fresh and fair, surrounded by wreaths of flowers and azure frames.

Not at all to please myself
I seek myself to trace;
I like to have companions,
And this is here the case.

For when before my mirror
In my widower house I stand,
My love peeps unexpected
Behind me close at hand.
I turn, and quick has vanished
What I saw, that vision fair,
But when I see my songs again
I find she still is there.

I write them ever fairer
And to my mind more dear,
To win a daily profit
In spite of critics' sneer.
Her form in rich surroundings
Is glorified anew,
In golden wreaths of roses
And frames of azure hue.

ZULEIKA.

I perceive with inward comfort,
Song, the word that thou wouldst say :
Full of love to say thou seem'st,
"I am by his side to-day."

That of me he's always thinking,
His love's blessing always gives
To the Absent One, devoted,
Who for him, adoring, lives.

Yes, my fond heart is the mirror,
Friend, where thou thyself hast seen ;
This the breast on which thy signet,
Kiss on kiss, impressed has been.

Sweetest poems, truth transparent,
Chain me here in sympathy,
Love's serenity embodied
In the garb of poesy.

The world's glass leave to Alexander,¹
What does it show him? Then and there,
Quiet people, whom he wished to conquer,
Together shaking them with other men.

But do thou look not farther nor abroad,
What to thyself thou sangest sing to me:
Think that I thee love and that I live;
Bethink thyself that thou hast conquered me.

The world throughout is beautiful to view;
Especially the poet's world is fair:
By day and night, in fields of varied hue,
Or clear or silver-grey, the lights are shining there.
To-day 'tis all so splendid, may it lasting prove!
To-day I see it but through spectacles of love.

No more on silken leaves
Will I symmetric rhymes indite,
No more will shape them
To golden tendrils:
On fickle dust, the ever-moving, written,
The wind will blow them over, but their force remains
Down to earth's central point,
Spelled to the surface up.
And the wanderer shall come,
The loving one. Should he tread
Upon this spot, his limbs
All of them quiver.
"Here. Before me the loving one loved,

¹ Alexander the Great is said to have had a mirror, by looking into which he could see all the people he had to conquer. Zuleika says Hâtem has conquered her, and need look no farther. Hâfiz several times mentions Alexander's mirror, and says he had only to look into it to see all of Darius's plans.

Was it Mujnoon, the tender ?
Ferhâd, the powerful ? Jumeel, the enduring ?
Was it one of those thousand
Unfortunate, fortunate ones ?
He loved, and yet I love as he :
I copy."
But thou, Zuleika, restest
Upon thy soft pillow,
That I prepared and for thee adorned.
And when thou wakest, quiver thy limbs, too.¹
"He calls me ! It is Hâtem !
And I, too, call thee, Hâtem, my Hâtem !"

In thousand forms though thou art hid from sight,
Yet my best love at once I recognize :
Thou mayst be decked with magic veils of night,
All-present, thee at once I recognize.

In cypress' young and freshly springing glow,
So fairly growing, thee I recognize :
Where in canal the living waters flow,
O, thou that flatt'rest, thee I recognize.

When, foaming forth, the water-sprays unfold,
Thou sportive one, thee, glad I recognize :
When clouds, assuming form, themselves unfold,
O, many-folded, thee I recognize.

On meadow carpet of the flowered veil
Thee, fair, with many stars I recognize :
Where ivy, with its thousand arms doth trail,
Thee, all-embracing one, I recognize.

When morning on the hills is dawning bright,
I greet thee at once, who all dost enliven :
I breathe thee, O thou that the heart enlargest,
When over me spreads in its pureness the heaven.

¹ The pillow on which Zuleika's head rests is said to be the songs the poet has written on her.

All that I learn from sense, from inmost ken,
O, thou that teachest all, I know through thee ;
And when I tell of Allah's hundred names
With each there sounds alike a name for thee.¹

¹ A poem in Oriental form to Love in its thousand forms.

IX. SÂKI NÂMAH; OR, BOOK OF THE
CUP-BEARER.

YES, I, too, in my inn was seated.¹
To me, as others, wine was meted :
They chattered, cried, and with each other dealt,
And on the day's theme glad or sorry dwelt ;
But sitting still, rejoiced at heart I felt,
And thought ; how loves me she that I love best ?
That know I not, yet how I feel oppressed !
I love her, just as if there were one soul,
Slavish, dependent on her sole control.
Where was the parchment, where the pen,
That all had summed up : Yet it was so then.

I sit alone,
Where could I better be ?
To drink is mine
Alone my wine.
No one bounds to me can set,
My private thoughts I have as yet.

Muley, the thief, remarkably clever.
Wrote, when drunk, better letters than ever.

If the Korân from eternal be,
That inquire I not.
If the Korân created be,
That know I not.

¹ The poet is supposed to be sitting in an inn, and to desire to record his thoughts towards his beloved, but to be unable to obtain writing materials: hence the two last lines of the piece.

That the Book of Books it be,
 A Moslem, I must hold to be.
 But that wine's from eternity,
 That doubt I not,
 Or that before the angels it was made
 Perhaps may be no poet's fable:
 Whiche'er it be, into God's face
 To look the drinker's better able.

Drunk must we all be in truth!
 Wineless drunkenness is youth.
 Drinks back itself old age to youth,
 This is a virtue in good sooth.
 One's well-loved life will grief allay,
 And grapes will drive one's care away.¹

Inquire no more! It is not hidden,
 Wine is solemnly forbidden.
 From drinking wine canst thou not rest,
 Then drink it always of the best.
 If with sourish stuff thou'rt crammed,
 Double heretic thou'rt damned.

On what sort of wine
 Drunk did Alexander get?
 My last spark of life I'd bet,
 It was not as good as mine.

Wine does not agree with thee;
 No doctor would say it was meet.
 But slightly it ruins the stomach,
 But gives the head far too much heat.

¹ This is derived from Hâfiz, Ya 50:—"If thou wilt have proof (of the way of the world), drink wine, and drink not sorrow." This piece is founded on the following passage in the book Kabus:—"In youth are men drunk without wine. Always call for the best wine, for if the wine is bad, then the dinner will be considered bad. It comes to this, that it is a sin to drink wine. If thou, then, committest sin, commit it at least for the best wine, for otherwise wouldst thou on one part commit sin, and on another drink bad wine. By God! that would be the most sorrowful among sorrowful things."

Know ye what is my loved one's name,
The wine I prize, it is the same.

When one is sober,
Bad even goes ;
When one has drunk a bit
What's good one knows,
But that intemperance
Not far may be.
Say how the matter
Seems, Hâfiz, to thee.

For my contention is
Not over-forced ;
Where a man cannot drink,
Love is divorced.
Yet should not the drinkers
Themselves better think ;
When a man cannot love,
He should not drink.¹

ZULEIKA.

Why does thy kindness often fail ?²

HATEM.

Thou know'st the body is a jail,
The soul, by fraud therein confined,
Room for its elbows cannot find.
Lest to escape she be inclined,
The jail itself in chains they bind.
A double danger she has thus to run,
And thus by far the strangest things are done.

¹ The idea that love and wine must go together is expressed by Hâfiz, *Te* 15 :—

“Forbidden by our Faith though drinking might not be,
Yet, cypress-rose, its end without thy face must aye unlawful be.”

² This belongs properly to the Book of Zuleika, and only owes its place here to the lines :—

“If the body is a Jail,” etc.,

which presents a kind of excuse for drinking.

“ If the body is a jail, then why
Should it always be so dry ? ”
Well pleased, the soul when in its proper mind,
Would be content to be therein confined,
Did not the wine flasks, brimming fair,
One after other enter there,
Till them the soul can bear no more,
And breaks in pieces at the door.

TO THE WAITER.

Why dost thou wine before one place,
Thou Grobian, with such an acid face ?
Who brings me wine, his eyes should friendly glow,
Or in the glass good wine¹ will turbid grow.

TO THE CUP-BEARER.

Thou handsome boy, do thou now come within :
Why dost thou stand upon the threshold here ?
Thou shalt hereafter my cup-bearer be ;
The wine thou bringest tasty be and clear.

THE CUP-BEARER SPEAKS.

You with ringlets all so brown,
Ah, you cunning wench ! get out !
Master mine will kiss my brow
To please him when I wine pour out.

As for you, I'd lay a wager,
Content with this you will not rest,
And my good friend will soon fatigue
Your painted cheeks, your shameless breast.

Now, ashamed, you slink away :
A fool of me d'ye think you'll make ?
Across the threshold I will lie,
And when you come I shall awake.

¹ In the original this is “ Elfer,” or wine grown in the year 1811, celebrated for being good.

They have concerning drunkenness
Complained in many a way,
And for our private drunkenness
Not had enough to say.
'Tis common after drunkenness
To go to bed till day,
Yet sometimes me my drunkenness
Has driven by night away.
Me ever will love's drunkenness
Most piteously torment ;
From day to night, from night to day,
My heart be ever sent.
The heart which with the drunkenness
Of song can rise and swell,
So that no tasteless drunkenness
May dare the like prevail.
Love, song, and wine-bred drunkenness,
Whether by day or night,
This godliest of drunkenness
Will vex me yet delight.¹

Thou little rascal, thou !
That I should be conscious
To that at last it must come ;
So I rejoice myself
Upon thy presence, too,
O thou dearest one,
Though I am quite drunk.

Oh ! what a row there was to-day,
At early morning in the inn !
The host ! The girls ! The torches' play !
What a business ! What a din !

The flute was blown ! The drum was beat !
It was a wild abode,

¹ Imitated from the Persian, in which the same word frequently occurs in alternate lines, in honour of the three kinds of drunkenness—from love, wine, and song. A song in praise of 1811 wine, which is not in most editions, but is in Hempel's, has been omitted here.

Yet, full of pleasure and of love,
There in and out I strode.¹

That I've of manners nothing learnt,
They blame me freely all around:
I think it wise that I am not
In strife of schools or pulpit found.

CUP-BEARER.

Out of your room you came to-day
So late, Sir! What a plight appalling!
Persians call it, "Bee damâgh boodun,"²
The Germans call it caterwauling.

POET.

Leave me now, my dearest boy,
For now on me the world will cloy,
Ev'n sunshine, roses' perfumed gale,
And sweetest song of nightingale.

CUP-BEARER.

Even that I now will deal with,
And I think I shall succeed.
Here, Sir! Eat some bitter almonds,
Sour the wine will taste indeed.

Then out there upon the terrace
I would have you drink fresh air.
You will kiss then your cup-bearer,
When your eye he catches there.

¹ Imitated from Hâfiz, Dâl 124:—

"O God! in the tavern street this morning what a dine there was!
Cup-bearer, sweetheart, lights! what row and fuss there was!
Of love, with word and voice that always is content,
With drums and flutes, what furious talk there was!"

² "Bee damâgh boodun," means, literally, to be without brains, or out of one's senses.

See! the world is not a cavern;
 Always rich in brood and nest,
 Roses' scent and oil of roses,
 Bulbuls, as yesterday, at best.

That odious beggar,¹
 The coquettish one,
 They call her "world,"
 Me has she quite deceived,
 As she all others has.
 Of Faith she deprived me,
 Then it was Hope;
 Now would she, too,
 Take my love.
 Then I flew off,
 The treasure I'd rescued
 To save me for ever.
 Divided it wisely
 Between Zuleika and Sâki.
 Each one of the two,
 For a wager works zealously
 Higher interest to gain me.
 So I'm richer than ever.
 My faith has come back to me,
 My old faith in her love for me!
 In the bowl he'll afford me
 For the present liveliest feeling.
 What there, then, can Hope do?

CUP-BEARER.

Though you have eaten well to-day,
 Still more you must have drunk;
 At the meal what you forgot
 Is in this goblet sunk.

¹ Hâfiz and other Persian poets call the world a deceitful old woman. The poet here finds his greatest happiness in Zuleika's love and in the enlivening bowl, between which he has divided his love in order to secure it for ever. He then is in no more need of hope.

See, this we call a "little swan,"
To please the sated guests,
This now to my swan I bring,
The foaming wave that breasts.

When the swan sings, one may know
'Tis his own parting knell,
But that song let me ever want
If of your end it tell.¹

CUP-BEARER.

People the great poet call thee,
On market when thou dost appear:
When thou sing'st I gladly listen,
When thou'rt silent, too, I hear.

Yet I love thee still more dearly
When I think upon thy kiss,
For thy words but pass me over,—
In my heart remains the kiss.

Rhyme on rhyme must have some meaning,
Better were it much to think;
Sing thou, then, to other people,
Dumb to him who brings thee drink.

POET.

Cup-bearer, come! Another bowl!

CUP-BEARER.

Thee the wild tippler people call,
And thou hast now drunk quite enough!

¹ Commentators differ as to the meaning of the "little swan" in this piece, but it was most probably a mixed drink of cherry water, peaches, and almonds, given after supper to well-filled guests, as in the house of Professor Paulus at Heidelberg, where the piece was originally written. The allusion in the third verse is, of course, to the well-known fable of the swan singing only just before its death.

POET.

Pray, didst thou ever see me fall?

CUP-BEARER.

Forbids Mahomet.

POET.

Now, my dear!
I will speak, if no one's near.

CUP-BEARER.

If thou'rt willing now to speak,
No need to ask, I'll only hear.

POET.

Now listen here: We Mussulmans
To be sober all must bow.
Himself alone in holy zeal
Would he to be mad allow.¹

CUP-BEARER.

Master! Think, when thou hast drunk,
Round thee spurts the bright fire's glow!
Sparkle round a thousand sparks;
Where they strike thou dost not know.

Monks I see in every corner,
Hypocritically glide,
When thou strikest on the table,
And thy heart thou dost not hide.

Tell me only, why a young man,
From no sin or error free,
In all virtue thus deficient,
Cleverer than age should be?

¹ Mahomet is by some said to have reserved the prerogative of drinking wine for himself, although he forbade it to his followers.

All that is in heav'n thou knowest,
Thou knowest all that is on earth,
And concealest not the tumult
In thy bosom that has birth.

HATEM.

Even therefore, boy beloved,
E'er be young and ever wise :
To poetize is heaven's gift,
Yet deceit in earthly eyes.
First, in secret to be cradled,
Early, late, then talk abroad !
In vain for poets to be silent,
To poetize itself's a fraud !¹

SUMMER NIGHT.

POET.

Evening sun has gone below,
Western glimmer still is seen ;
I should like to know how long
Still goes on that golden sheen.

CUP-BEARER.

Master, should it be your pleasure,
Till the night the gleam o'ercome,
Outside the tents will I remain here,
Then to tell thee instant come,

For I know that thou delightest,
The endless there above to view,
When those fires of heaven shining
Praise each other in the blue.

¹ The cup-bearer advises the poet, who when drunk blurts out his whole soul, to be less open, as he is surrounded by enemies and hypocrites, and is astonished at his master's want of such worldly wisdom as he himself, a youth, has. In his answer the poet asserts that a poet cannot conceal his thoughts, as poetry is Heaven's gift, and must come out.

And the brightest will but tell us :
"As my state is, so I shine :
Would God but more daylight give you,
Then your light would be as mine."

For in God's eyes all is beauteous,
In that He Himself is best ;
So the birds are all now sleeping,
Each in large or smaller nest.

One on branches of the cypress
Gracefully himself will set,
Where the tepid breezes lead him,
Till the wind with dew is wet.

Such or other equal lessons
Thou to me didst aye impart :
What from thee I e'er am learning,
This will never leave my heart.

Like an owl, upon the terrace
Will I for thee crouch and sit,
Till the Great and Little Bear,
With the North Star by me flit.

'Twill then be midnight, when thou often
Didst me far too early call :
That will be a scene of splendour,
When thou with me admir'st the "All."

POET.

Still in this so breezy garden
When the nightingale sings late ;
Till the night was further waning
Thou couldst still much longer wait.

For at this time 'tis that Flora,
Whom the Grecian folk have named
The grass-widow, the Aurora,
Is by Hesperus inflamed.

Look around ! She comes ! how quickly !
 Over flower fair and field :
 Here 'tis bright and there still clearer :
 In the crush, too, night must yield.

On her light and ruby feet
 Him she hastes to bring above,
 With the Sun-God who escaped—
 Dost not feel the breath of Love ?

Go then, thou most lovely son,
 Thyself secure within to make,
 Lest she, looking on thy beauty,
 Thee for Hesperus mistake.¹

CUP-BEARER (*sleepily*).

Thus lastly have I ever looked to thee
 God's presence in all elements to see.
 How lovely this thou giv'st, yet all above
 Is this that still thou me dost love.

(*Sleeps off.*)

HATEM.

Sweetly he sleeps and has a right to sleep.
 For thou, good youth, has poured me out my drink ;
 From friend and teacher, not punished nor by force,
 Learnt in thy youth what but the old would think.

But now to all thy youthful limbs comes health,
 Which thou renewest in its sweetest fulness :
 That thou awake not, still to give me joy,
 I'll go on drinking, but in perfect stillness.

¹ Aurora is called the grass-widow because she has lost Kephalos (Cephalus).

X. MATHAL NÂMAH; OR, BOOK OF PARABLES.

FROM heaven sank into the wild sea's spray
An anxious drop; the horrid billows heaved.
God gave it strength through which it might endure,
Born of the courage true of faith conceived.
The drop into its womb the silent mussel took,
And now, to its eternal honour and renown,
A pearl it brightly shines in our own Emperor's crown,
With gentle radiance and a gracious look.

Bulbul's song through chilly night,¹
Rose to Allah's throne of light:
As her sweet melody's reward,
In golden cage will He her guard.
This cage a mortal's members know,
Wherein she feels herself confined;
Yet when she thinks with proper mind
Her song again will ever flow.

BELIEF IN MIRACLES.

Once I gave way to sheer despair;
I'd broken a pretty shell :—
My clumsiness and over-haste
I wished them both in hell.

At sight of those sad little bits
I wept and then I swore ;

¹ By the bulbul is here meant the soul. Hâfiz, in Nun 23, says :—

“ My heart's bird is a holy thing in heav'n that has its nest,
Grieved at the body's narrow cage, no more on earth 'twill rest.”

God pitied me and made it whole,
As it had been before.¹

The pearl that from the shell escaped,
Fair and of high degree,
To that good man, the jeweller,
“Now I am lost,” said she.

“If thou dost pierce my pretty all,
’Twill surely ruin me:
With common sisters, found by chance,
I shall connected be.”

“On profit now alone I think,
Thou must not take it ill;
For if I were not cruel here,
How would the necklace fill?”

I saw with pleasure and surprise one day,
A peacock’s feather in the Korân lay.
Welcomed be thou in this so holy place,
Thou highest treasure with an earthly face!
As in the stars of heaven, can we see
In little things God’s greatness e’en in thee,
That He above the puny world so high
Hath deigned below to turn His holy eye,
And thence the plume adorned with majesty,
That kings may hardly in their royal state
The bird’s great beauty try to imitate.
Discreet, rejoice thyself of fame,
In holy places thou shalt have a name.”²

¹ The Berlin edition says this is aimed at the orthodox mechanical representation of man’s fall through sin, and his redemption through faith.

² Imitated from Saadi’s *Gulistân*:—“I said to a pretty peacock’s feather which I found lying between the leaves of the Korân, ‘How obtainest thou such exaltation, to lie in such a lordly book?’ It answered me at once, ‘He who is handsome has always, more than one that is ugly, a foot free to set where he will, and no one’s hand can easily draw it back.’”

An Emperor once had two cashiers,
The one to take, the other to expend.
From the one's hands the money lightly flew,
The other whence to draw it hardly knew.
The spender died—the ruler did not know
On whom the spending office to bestow.
They hardly had had time to look around,
When the receiver very rich was found :
One knew not how from gold to get away,
When nothing had been spent one single day.
The monarch thence a clear conclusion drew,
To what account the whole calamity was due.
Experienced, he soon made up his mind,
Never another for the place to find.

New pot to kettle gave abuse :
“ Thy belly's very black, my friend.”
“ This comes to us from kitchen use,
But soon thy pride will have an end.
Thou polished fool ! Come here, come here,
Although thy handle's face is clear,
Be not exalted in thy mind,
But only turn and look behind.”¹

All men, whether fat or thin,
A fine web for themselves will spin,
With scissors pointed sharp, where they
Will sit genteelly all the day.
If one a broom should ever bring,
They call it an unheard-of thing,
That a great palace they have swept away.

Jesus brought from heaven down for men
The Gospel written with eternal pen.
To the disciples read it night and day ;
A Godly Word, it made its way.

¹ An adaptation of the old saying about the pot calling the kettle black.

When he arose he took it back,
But all had felt its influence,
And each one wrote it, step by step,
As he had understood its sense,
In varied ways. There's naught to know,
They'd not the same abilities to show.
With these, however, pious Christians may
Pass all their time until the Judgment Day.¹

IT IS GOOD.

By moonlight down in Paradise
God found our Adam in a slumber deep
Sunk down, and by his side he laid
A little Eve, and she was, too, asleep.
God's loveliest thoughts, a lovely pair,
Within earth's boundaries lay there.
" 'Tis good," as master-merit to Himself He cried,
Nor willing from the vision passed aside.

No wonder that it us beguiles,
When eye to eye so freshly smiles,
As if we'd raised ourselves so high
Who made us all to be Him nigh.
If he should call us, I'm not loth,
But bargain that he calls us both.
Within these arms thou liest pressed,
Of all God's loving thoughts the best.

¹ The Mahomedan account of the Gospel is that Jesus received it from the Angel Gabriel. He gave it to His apostles and disciples to read, and took it back with Him to heaven. The apostles then wrote it out as well as they could remember it. Goethe here says, therefore, that people should consider the real kernel of the Christian faith, and not quarrel about the discrepancies between the writings of the Evangelists.

XI. PARSEE NÂMAH; OR, BOOK OF THE PARSEES.

TESTAMENT OF THE ANCIENT PERSIAN FAITH.

WHAT, brothers, has the poor and dying man to give
By way of legacy when he shall cease to live,
Whom you, disciples, nourished with a patience rare.
His last days tended with the kindest care?

When we have often seen the monarch ride,
Gold on himself and gold on ev'ry side,
Jewels on him and all his courtiers round,
Thick strewn as falling hailstones on the ground,

For this hath envy ever filled your breast?
Did not your gaze with greater pleasure rest
On where the sun upon Darnâwend's height¹
Touched on unnumbered peaks with wings of light.

And like a bow arose? Who could refrain
From gazing on it? Aye, I felt again,
In many days of life than thousand times more oft
With rising sun my spirit borne aloft,

Upon his throne our God to recognize,
In Him the fountain of our life to prize,
To live as worthy of that Presence bright,
And to move forth in that so wondrous light.

¹ Mountains on the southern coast of the Caspian Sea, commonly called Demawend.

But as the fiery circle rose on high,
As if in darkness blind, my dazzled eye
Would close; I beat my breast, my limbs refreshed
Prostrate would bow, on earth my brow would rest.

Now this a holy legacy shall be,
In brotherly good will and memory:
"A daily task of heavy duty done,"
Of revelation further need is none.

When moves its gentle hands a child new-born,
Towards the sun at once the infant turn.
In bath of fire both soul and body place,
Thus will it feel renewed each morning's grace. s

To him that lives ye should your dead give o'er,¹
Dead beasts themselves to earth and dust restore;
Take heed to this, and with all strength insure
That all is buried that ye think impure.

Let work in fields in purity be done,
That on your zeal may gladly shine the sun.
Plant out your trees each in its fitting row,
For what is ordered well it maketh grow.

For water in canals take ev'ry heed
To keep it pure and not to check its speed.
Pure as doth Zindah Rood² from mountain source descend,
So should it flow on pure until the end.

Clear out all channels well, above, below,
That water may preserve its gentle flow:
Newt, salamander, grass and rush and reed,
All noxious things thou should'st destroy indeed!

Earth, water, pure to keep if ye so care,
The sun shines gladly through a purer air,
Where it, if worthily ye entertain,
All life in happiness and profit will maintain.

¹ The ancient fire-worshippers and their descendants, the Parsees, expose their dead on towers, to be devoured by vultures.

² Zindah Rood, the living stream, is a small river rising about three miles from Ispahan, and led into the latter through canals.

Now ye who labour on from pain to pain,
Be comforted that all is pure again :
Now may man dare below as priest to strike
From stone the fire that to the Godhead's like.

Acknowledge gladly when the flame is bright,
The limbs are supple, and is clear the night.
Upon the hearth, as through the fire's lively pow'r,
Ripen beasts' strength, and sap of plant and flow'r.

If ye bring wood, with rapture be it done :
Ye bring the seed of a terrestrial sun.
If ye pick cotton, ye may trusting say :
" 'This for the Holy serves as wick some day."

When in the lamp's bright flame that meets your eyes
Of a higher light ye the reflection recognize,
Let no mishap e'er cause you to neglect
Each morn God's throne to honour with respect.

Of Being this the royal stamp and sure,
To angels and to us God's mirror pure :
What in God's praise speaks here with falt'ring tongue,
By heavenly circles there's in concord sung.

From bank of Zindah Rood ascending high,
On joyous wings to Darnâwend I fly,
At dawn aloft to meet the genial ray,
And thence on earth a blessing to convey.

If a man the earth should treasure,
Because the sun's rays on it shine,
And to the sharp knife when it's weeping
Still takes pleasure in the vine,
Since it feels that with its fire
Its ripened juice will men inspire ;
That many 'twill with strength indue,
Whilst many more it ruins, too :
To thank the glow for this he knows

That all this to pass will bring,
The drunkard will but halting give it,
The moderate rejoice and sing.¹

¹ This piece seems to have been inserted here from the allusions it contains to the sun in its ripening powers. The sap exuding from the vine when it is cut is considered by the poet in the light of tears shed by it from a consciousness that though wine strengthens some men it injures more. Man thanks the sun for its warming power while the fruit is forming, and then more especially when its blood rejoices him; when the immoderate man can only express his thanks in a faltering way, the moderate one overflows with joyful songs. (Düntzer.)

XII. KHOOLD NÂMAH ; OR, BOOK OF PARADISE.

FORETASTE.

THE True Believer speaks of Paradise,
As if himself he always there had been :
The promises of the Korân he trusts,
Thus taught, upon its precepts he will lean.

And yet the Prophet, author of the Book,
Can there above appreciate our need,
And sees, despite the thunder of his curse,
How Faith's embittered by the doubts we plead.

Thus he sends down from the eternal spheres
Youth's model¹ all to render young again :
Swaying she floats her down, and on my neck
Of lovely ringlets clasps around the chain.

To bosom and to heart so close I press
The heav'nly thing ; I need no farther wiss :
I have no farther doubt of Paradise,
For ever trustingly I her would kiss.

PERFECTED MEN—AFTER THE FIGHT OF BEDR, UNDER THE OPEN SKY.

MAHOMET *speaks*.

Now let the enemy his dead ones mourn,
Without a hope of coming back they lie :
And pity not your brothers who are gone,
For they are living there beyond the sky.

¹ The model of youth, promised in the Korân, that floats down from above, is one of the Houris.

For now their strong metallic doors
Have opened wide the planets seven,
And sharply our transfigured friends
Are knocking at the gates of heaven.

There over-fortunate, unhopèd, they find
Glories that in my flight there came to view,
In one short moment when my wondrous steed
With me above through all the heavens flew.

There trees of knowledge, as the cypress tall,
Apples display of golden grace,
Adorning gardens fair and flowery mead,
Where trees of life broad shadows trace.

Now from the Eastern sweet wind blowing fair
A band of heavenly maidens fly,
And as thy hungry eyes begin to taste,
One look alone will satisfy.

They stand and ask: "What didst thou undertake?
Or projects vast or dangerous bloody fray?" they ask.
As thou hast come, they must thee hero hail:
"What are thy hero deeds, to seek for now their task."

And soon upon thy wounds themselves they see,
Thy title to due honour written plain:
Fortune and grandeur, all have passed away,
Now for the faith thy wounds alone remain.

Thee to kiosks and bowers then they lead,
With pillars rich of coloured stones of light,
And with sweet sips of noble juice of grape
To enter friendly do they thee invite.

Stripling! more than stripling, thou art welcome!
All here as all are in their brightness clear:
She to thy heart to take whom thou shalt choose,
Thy friend and mistress of thy band, is here.

Yet in no way with glories such as these
Is the most perfect here of all content;
Honest, and envyless, and gay must she
Thee many others' beauties, too, present.

One leads thee onwards to another's feast,
Which each will think out with extremest care.
With many wives at home thou still hast peace,
Of Paradise to thee is this the guerdon fair.

So for this peace thyself thou mayst prepare !
For thou canst never farther change thy fate.
Thou wilt not weary with such maids as these,—
And such wine will not thee intoxicate.¹

This was the little that I had to tell
Of how the sainted Mussulman himself may flout :
For Paradise for all the heroes of the Faith
Is to the full with such things fitted out.

CHOSEN WOMEN.

None of these joys should women lose,
In all sincerity to hope we dare,
And still of womankind as yet we know,
Of only four who were admitted there.

¹ This piece is supposed to be spoken by Mahomet after the battle of Bedr, his first victory over his enemies, in A.D. 624. In speaking of those who are killed in battle, the Korân says : " Say not of those who have been slain for the way of Faith, 'They are dead,' They are living." The doors of the seven planets are the gates of the seven Mussulman heavens. The flight referred to is the instantaneous flight of Mahomet on the steed Barâk from Mecca to Jerusalem, whence carried up to the highest heaven, he was admitted into the presence of God, and received his message from Him. The Korân says : " They (those on the right hand) shall dwell in the seventh heaven by thornless Sidra trees (trees of life and knowledge), and by Talka trees planted in rows in the fairest order, that cast a broad shadow." Hâfiz calls the Sidra also the Toobe. Of those recognized by the Houris as having fallen for the Faith, it is said, " Happy is he who has fallen for the Faith. His sins are forgiven him : on the Day of Judgment his wounds shall shine like rubies, and smell like musk, and the loss of limbs shall be made up by the wings of angels and cherubims." According to the Korân, fair and noble youths will hand the Believers wine, but here the Houris do so, taking the first sip themselves, in beautiful kiosks or pleasure-houses, with fountains of water in them. The wine gives no headache, and does not dull the senses, and is mixed with water from the fountain Salsabeel. If a Mussulman chooses one of these fair damsels, he may live without fear of envy on the part of the rest, and without strife, as all will endeavour to make him happy, leading him to each other's banquets.

First Zuleika, earthly sun,
Who tow'rds Joseph was inflamed,
Love of Paradise now won,
Of resignation gem is famed.

Then comes she, who ever-blessed,
Grieving for her bitter loss,
Bearing heathens' safety, cheated,
Saw her son lost on the cross.

His weal and glory who built up,
Next she who was Mahomet's wife,
Who one to trust in and one God,
Recommended in her life.

And then comes Fatima, the fair,
Daughter and faultless consort, there,
Purest soul of angels' mould,
In a form of honey gold.

These are the four that there we find.
And he who sings a woman's praise,
In everlasting homes with these,
Deserves to roam to endless days.¹

ADMITTANCE.

HOURI.

To-day I stand upon my watch
Outside the gates of Paradise:
I know not what I ought to do,
Thou art in such suspicious guise.

¹ Zuleika was Potiphar's wife. She, Mary the mother of Christ, Mahomet's wife (the third wife, Aisha), and Fatima his daughter, the four mentioned here as the chosen women, differ from the four to whom the Mussulmans assign places in Paradise. They were Ahia, Pharaoh's wife, Mirza, Amran's daughter, Khadeiza, Mahomet's wife, and Fatima, his daughter. The Koran says that Christ was taken up alive into heaven, Goethe's account being the accepted Christian version. The piece concludes with the promise that all poets who have sung in praise of women as he has will enjoy Paradise in their company. There is a second version of this in Hempel's edition, which is not inserted here.

² When Goethe read this piece to the Chancellor Müller and Frau von

To our Brothers of the Faith
 Art thou strict and truly kin,
 That thy battles and thy merits
 To Paradise should let thee in ?

Count'st thou thyself among those heroes ?
 What thy wounds are do thou show,
 That proclaim to me thy honour,
 That I may let thee onwards go.

POET.

Not so much of feather-picking !¹
 Only let me enter through,
 For a man I always have been,
 And that means a warrior, too.

Quicken now thy sharpest glances,
 Look my bosom through and through :
 See the malice of my life-wounds,
 See my pleasant love-wounds, too.

Like the faithful yet I've sung :
 So that, true to me, my love,
 That the world, too, though capricious,
 Full of love and thanks might prove.

I have laboured with the noblest
 Till this longed-for lot was mine,
 That my name in flames of passion
 From the fairest hearts might shine.

No ! thou wouldst not choose a base one :
 Give here thy hand, that so I may
 Count upon thy tender fingers
 Eternities all day for day.

Eglostein, he is said to have remarked : " Now I have tried to outbid the Briton." This was Moore, who had just written " Paradise and the Peri." When the Houri hesitates to admit him into Paradise as not being one of the Faithful, he claims admittance as a man who has been wounded by love. As he cannot accustom himself to the thought of eternity, he breaks it up into ages, which he counts upon her fingers.

¹ That is, not so much standing on ceremony.

ECHO (ACCORD?).

HOURI.¹

Outside at the gate
Where at first I thee found,
Aye keeping my watch there,
As I am e'en bound,
Sometimes a wonderful whisper I heard:
Rippling tones and words here within
Would penetrate fain;
But no one was there to be seen,
Less and less, then, they passed again:
Yet now again I think I call to mind,
Much like thy songs the tones I find.

Tender thou bearest in mind,
My ever beloved, thy trusted friend!
That which in earthly fashion and kind
All upwards will tend
And passes itself for song.

Down below do many in numbers crash,
Whilst others in flight with spirit rash,
Just like Mahomet's winged steed,
Soar aloft, and sound indeed
Outside at the gates.
Should such a song reach the ear of thy mates,
Of the sound they should friendly take note,
And strengthen the echoes that float,
That again it may sound down below:
Great care, too, should they take,
That where'er he may go,
Or come, for ev'ry one's sake,

¹ The Houri acknowledges to having, when on her watch at the gate, heard sounds (his songs) trying to penetrate into Paradise, but being unable to do so. The poet is rejoiced at the recollection, and hopes her companions, when similarly on watch, when they hear the songs, may echo them back again, so that both worlds may rejoice at them. Her, however, he desires to appropriate to himself, and let another Houri go to guard the gate.

His gifts may useful be found,
And to both worlds again redound.

They might him ev'n friendly reward,
Complying in generous way,—
As the good are always content,
They might with them allow him to stay.

For thou to me art giv'n by lot;
Out of eternal peace I leave thee not.
Thou shalt on watch no longer go:
Of thy idle sisters send one below.¹

POET.

Thy love, thy kiss, enchant me still!
Into thy secrets I would never pry,
Yet tell me if, descending from the sky,
Thou hast not had a mortal birth?
To me the thought is often borne,
I almost think I might be sworn,
Zuleika thou wast named on earth.

HOURI.

Made of the elements are Houris we,
Without a medium, from water, air,
And fire and earth, nor could our essence rare
E'er with the vapours of the earth agree.
We never, therefore, can come down to you,
But when to rest with us you come,
Why, then we have enough to do.

When, by the Prophet recommended well,
The True Believers eager came, you see,
To take possession of their Paradise,
As he had given orders, there stood we,
So amiable all and nice,
So that the angels could us hardly tell.

¹ The exact length of lines is here preserved, and the translation made as literal as possible, in order to show the peculiarity of the metre.

The first, however, just as all the rest,
Each had his favourite on earth possessed.
Compared with us, of course, the things were plain,
And yet they looked upon us with disdain.
Though we were charming and so brightly gay,
The Moslems back again would wend their way.

Being all high-born dames of heavenly kind,
Such strange behaviour put us all about :
All leagued together and incensed in mind,
Both up and down we thought the matter out.
Then as the Prophet through the heavens flew,
Quick on his trace we all together drew,
And as to get him back he had no way,
He had his wingèd steed¹ perforce to stay.

There, then, we held him in our midst, a prize
So earnest, solemn, in prophetic wise ;
About our business we were quickly sent,
Yet did his words not heal our discontent.
So that the Prophet gain his wished-for end,
We must in all to his commandment bend :
Our thoughts to be like yours we must dissemble,
And we your earthly loves ourselves resemble.

Our self-conceit completely disappears ;
The maidens, all perplexed, must scratch their ears,
And yet we thought that in eternal life
We must give in, nor have continued strife.

Now each one sees what he has seen,
To each one happens what has been.
While some are brown and some are blonde,
And some have whims of which they're fond,
And some a fib may even please ;
Each as at home thinks he's at ease,
And all of us are pleased to know
That they should purpose even so.

¹ *I.e.*, Burák, on the prophet's miraculous flight from Mecca to Jerusalem.

But thou, thy humour is more free,
From Paradise thou thinkest me.
Zuleika though I may not be,
Honoured are looks and kiss by thee,
And as she was too bright and fair
She must be like me to a hair.

POET.

Thou dazzlest me with heav'nly light, forsooth :
Thou mayst deceive me or it may be truth,
Yet I admire thee more than all of these.
That she in bounden duty may not fail,
And that a German poet she may please,
A Houri tells in doggerel rhyme her tale.

HOURI.

Yes, let thy rhyme flow unrestrained,
As the winged thoughts fly up within thy mind :
For we inhabitants of Paradise
To word and deed are with pure heart inclined.
The beasts are not excluded, dost thou know,
Themselves that faithful and obedient show ?
An unkind word a Houri does not anger ;
What from the heart speaks we well know.
From a fresh fountain that which springs
In Paradise may also flow.

HOURI.

Another finger thou hast folded in !
How many ages, canst thou tell,
Do we in confidence together dwell ?

POET.

No ! Nor will I know it ! Nay !
In many shapes a fresher bliss !
An ever bride-like, modest kiss !

My very being when each moment shakes,
 Why should I ask how long it lasts or takes ?¹

HOURI.

Thou art again, then, absent! Well I see,
 Measure and count seem both unknown to thee.
 Although God's depths thou hast both dared and seen,
 Thou in the world hast not despondent been.
 Now to await thy loved one be disposed!
 Thy song already hast thou not composed?
 I will not urge thee further. At the gate
 What was the song that echoed with thy voice?
 Sing me the songs thou didst Zuleika sing,
 Thou canst not enter further into Paradise.

THE FAVOURED BEASTS.

Four animals were bidden
 To Paradise to come:
 There with pious, holy men,
 Is their eternal home.

The preference had the donkey here,—
 He came with steps so gay,
 For Jesus to the prophets' town
 Upon him rode one day.

¹ The poet in this piece asks the Houri if she has not had an earthly birth, and been called Zuleika. This leads to an explanation of what Houris are, and as to the necessity they had been under, when they could not please the Mussulmans who came to them, recommended by Mahomet, of endeavouring to make themselves resemble earthly women, as, although they had intercepted the Prophet in his flight on his winged steed Burák from Mecca to Jerusalem, and thence to heaven, and complained to him of the contempt with which they had been treated, they had got no redress. With regard to himself, she says that, although she was not Zuleika, she must be very like her. He expresses himself well pleased at a Houri conversing freely with him in doggerel verse. She assures him that as even worthy beasts are admitted into Paradise, he may let his songs flow unrestrained. He continues to count her fingers, and refuses to reckon time, because he is too happy in her presence. The interview results in his not being admitted into Paradise, but encouraged to sing Zuleika's songs.

Commended to Mahomet comes
The wolf half timid there :
" Now, leave the poor man there his sheep :
For the rich go seek elsewhere."

With wagging tail, so gay and true,
The dog his faith that kept
To his own lord when in the cave,
The seven together slept.

Abooherrira's cat its lord
Purrs round, for ever blessed,
For that must be a holy beast
The Prophet has caressed.¹

HIGHER AND HIGHEST.

That such matters we should teach,
Let them not take us to task :
How this all may be unfolded
You may well your deepest ask.

So may ye well understand,
There above and here below,
Pleased with himself, that ev'ry man
His " I " was saved would gladly know.

Well-loved " I " would always look for
Much of comfort, much of ease,
Would for ever dearly relish
Joys like these that me now please.

¹ According to Oriental tradition there will be admitted into Paradise Abraham's ram, the ant and Solomon's hoopoe, the prophet Jeremiah or Ezra's ass, Jonah's whale, the oxen of Moses, Noah's dove, Mahomet's Burāk or Camel, and St. George's horse. The dog of the seven sleepers was allowed in also with them. Mahomet is said to have pointed out a better prey to the wolf than the hind it had caught. This appears to be the only reason why it has been admitted among the four by Goethe. Abooherrira in Arabic means the father of cats: one of Mahomet's friends was so called, because he was always accompanied by a cat.

Gardens, fruit and flowers please me,
Pretty babes the groves among :
These things here have ever pleased us,
Not the less the soul made young.

All my friends I would thus gladly
Bring together, old and young,
Glad the speech of Paradise, too,
Stammer in the German tongue.

Yet dialects one now is hearing,
As when men with angels talk,
Of that grammar hid, when bowing,
Rose and poppy bend the stalk.

Farther, in the place of rhetoric,
One may gladly use the eyes,
Though no sound or voice is heard there,
To rapture as of heaven rise.

Still will voice and tone unheard,
Self-understood, expression lend,
And the transfigured feel himself
Ev'n more emphatic to the end.

In Paradise for senses five
One is ordained by Providence,
And it is sure that I shall have
For all of them a single sense.

Now through the eternal circles
More easily may I arise
To those regions that replete are
With God's word in living wise.

Unrestrained by heated impulse,
We shall find no ending there,
Till, gazing e'er on love eternal,
We soar aloft and disappear.¹

¹ The first five verses of this piece are said by Düntzer to be an introduction, by way of excusing the poet for his description of Paradise in Eastern style. The poet must express his wish as a man to be able to show himself to all his friends as a poet in Paradise, through which he prepares for himself a transit to the true future, where there is no

SEVEN SLEEPERS.

Of the Court six favoured young men
 Flee before the emperor's anger,
 He as God would fain be honoured,
 Yet as God does not preserve him.
 For a fly doth e'er prevent him
 From enjoying pleasant morsels.
 Off his servants ever brush it,
 Yet away they cannot hunt it.
 Stinging, it still buzzes round him,
 And disorders all the table,
 Like the messenger returning,
 Of the fly-god so malicious.
 "Now," say the boys to one another,
 "Could a fly a God embarrass?
 Could a God be eating, drinking,
 As we all do? No, the Sole One,
 Who the sun and moon created,
 And the stars' glow arched above us.
 He is God! We fly." Those tender,
 Lightly shod and well-dressed striplings,
 Took a shepherd and concealed them,
 Himself and them in rocky cavern.
 Shepherd's dog, he will not leave them:
 Driven off with foot all shattered,
 Clinging closely to his master,
 To him hidden still allies him,

earthly language—where there is one dialect only, that men and angels caress each other—where there are no grammatical forms, but these are compensated for by the scent of roses and poppies—where rhetoric will consist of lively glances, words of toneless and noiseless breathing, and at last the perceptions of the enlightened will be everlastingly elevated. All the present five senses are to be united at last in one single sense, through which he will enter into the circle that is filled with the Deity, until at last, in the contemplation of God, he himself entirely disappears, and attains the highest spirituality. "God Himself is love." This metaphysical explanation does not appear to make the meaning of the piece much clearer. "Decliniren," in the sixth verse, is a play on the word to decline, which also means to bow down. Roses and poppies are supposed to speak to each other by expressive bowings and movements.

To those darlings there who slumber.
 And the prince, whom they have fled from,
 Irritated, thinks to punish :
 Fire and sword he both refuses :
 Bricks and mortar then employing,
 In the cavern he incloses.

But they go on, sleeping ever,
 And the angel, their protector,
 Makes report to the Almighty.
 "On their right side, on their left side,
 I have always turned them over,
 That their young and tender members
 Mould and moisture may not injure.
 In the rock I've made them fissures,
 That the sun in rising, setting,
 All their young cheeks still may freshen ;
 So they lie in blessed stillness.
 There, too, on whole fore-paws resting,
 Sleeps the dog in balmy slumber."

Years are flying, years are coming,
 Wake at last those tender striplings,
 And the wall, already rotten,
 On account of age has fallen.
 Then Jamblika says, the fair one,
 Than them all more tall and handsome,
 Whilst the shepherd, shudd'ring, trembles :
 "I will run and get you dinner :
 I will risk my life and money."
 Ephesus for many years past
 Had the teaching of the Prophet,
 Jesus (Peace be on the Blessed !).

And he ran and found the gateway,
 Watch-tower and all so altered.
 Yet in haste the nearest baker's
 In his search for bread he runs to.
 "Rascal," cries the baker ; "hast thou,
 Youngster, lately found a treasure ?
 Give me, for thy gold betrays thee,
 Give me half to keep it quiet."

ACHILLEID.

PREFACE.

THE Achilleid is a mere fragment, being only the first canto of an epic poem descriptive of the life of Achilles after he slew Hector before Troy, which Goethe intended to occupy the space between Homer's Iliad and Odyssey. It is much to be regretted that the poem was never completed, for although it is one of the least known and least read of Goethe's compositions, it is in its conception and in the style in which it was commenced, one of the most worthy of preservation of his works. He himself desired to write it in accordance with the sentiment and spirit of the Iliad. How far he has succeeded it is hoped the following translation—the first, it is believed, ever made in the original hexameter metre—will help to show the English public. It opens with the closing scene of Hector's story, when Achilles stood watching from a distance, and with unsatisfied hatred towards the dead, the flames of the pyre that gradually consumed the remains of his noblest and most formidable enemy. He then proceeds to summon the Myrmidons, his vassals, to proceed with the erection of the mound, of which he had already laid the foundations, for the purpose of receiving the ashes of his friend Patroclus, who had been slain by Hector, and of himself when his own approaching fate, of which he had been repeatedly warned, should be accomplished. Whilst he is so engaged an assembly of the gods is held on Olympus. In this his mother Thetis appears, and after a passage of arms

with Here, or Juno, bewails the approaching death of Achilles. Jupiter, by way of consoling her, speaks in a doubtful way with regard to this, and rouses Juno to throw in his teeth the prophesied overthrow of his own rule by the Titans. When the meeting is dissolved she apparently endeavours without avail to persuade Mars to descend and himself engage in combat with Achilles, and he only consents to summon the Ethiopians and Amazons to the assistance of the Trojans. Finally, Minerva declares her intention of consoling Achilles for the decree of Fate, which can not be avoided, by pointing out to him the superiority of a short and glorious life, with renown to be carried down to all future ages, to a longer one undistinguished by great deeds. In order to do this she assumes the form of Achilles' friend Antiochus, and meets him where he is busy on his sepulchral mound with his followers. Having inspired him accordingly, the goddess goes off to urge those of the Myrmidons who are not engaged on the mound to send up food and wine for the workers, and the scene, full of great promise, abruptly closes.

The translation has been made as literal as possible, consistently with the general preservation of the style and metre of Goethe's original poem. The notes have been carefully extracted from Hempel's Berlin Edition.

ACHILLEID.

HIGH into flames burst forth once more the great conflagration,
Ere it heavenwards died, and through the gathering darkness
Red loomed Ilios' walls. Of wood¹ from the forest, the scaffold,
Piled up in mighty heaps, excited, crashing together,
Glow of the fiercest at last. Then sank down the body of Hector,
And as mere ash on the ground there lay the noblest of Trojans.

Then from his seat Achilles rose before the encampment,
Where through the nightly hours he watched, and looked at the distant,
Terrible play of the flames and the fire's continual changes,
Not once turning his eyes from Pergamos' reddening fortress.
Deep in his heart tow'rds the dead² still raged the bitterest hatred,
Him who had smitten his friend, and there at last was disposed of.
When, however, the rage of the flames devouring³ diminished,
Growing less by degrees, and the rose-fingered⁴ goddess, adorning

¹ The conception of "Waldung" and "Ungeheuer" in the German original are combined in ἄσπερος ὕλη.

² A true Homeric idea—the hatred extends even to the dead in their graves.

³ The word "fressend" (devouring) has no exact equivalent in the Greek. The nearest to it is "all-burning" (πυρροφλεκτός).

⁴ "Rosenfinger" (rose-fingered) accurately represents the Homeric word ῥοδοδάκτυλος.

Land and sea, arose, of the flames thus paling the terrors,
Deeply moved and softened, then turned the great son of
Peleus

To Antilochos round, and spoke words of weighty expression :

“Soon will arrive the day¹ when thus from Ilios’ ruins
Smoke and vapour shall rise, and, driven by Thracian
breezes,

Ida’s long mountain range and Gargaros’² summit shall
darken.

Yet shall I not see it.³ For Eos, who wakens the nations,⁴
Found me collecting Patroclus’ remains, as now she is
finding

Hector’s brothers engaged in similar pious employment,
And may soon as well, my trusted Antilochos, find thee,
Deep immersed in grief, of thy friend the light relics⁵
interring.

Must, then, this be now, as already the gods have directed,
Then let it be!⁶ But now, let us think what to do may be
needful.

For there shall for me, with my friend Patroclus united,⁷
Rise to honour a mound, on the highest bank of the sea-
shore,

Grandly built, a memento for all future people and ages.
Busily have already the active Myrmidons⁸ dug me
Round all the space a trench, and thrown the earth from
it inwards,

¹ With reference to the well-known verses in Iliad, vi. 448 and iv. 164.

² The southerly point of Ida, on which stood a temple of Zeus.

³ Achilles had long known that his own death was near, and, according to the last books of the Iliad, had been reminded of it by Thetis, Hector, and the shade of Patroclus.

⁴ Not exactly after the description in Homer. There Eos spreads herself over the earth to bring light to immortals and mortals, or rather to announce it to them (*ἐπίονσα*).

⁵ After the expression, *σμηρὰ λείψανα*, in Sophocles’ *Electra* (verse 1113), well known to Goethe.

⁶ Absolute submission to the will of the gods is a characteristic of the Homeric poems.

⁷ See Iliad, xxiii. 63, where the soul of Patroclus expresses the same wish—that the bones of the two friends may lie together.

⁸ The Myrmidons were the vassals and soldiers of Achilles, who accompanied him to the siege of Troy.

Forming against the attack of our foes at the same time a
rampart:

Thus have they the wide space with diligent labour
encircled.

Yet must, however, the work increase. I hasten to summon
Hither the crowds, who earth on earth to heap up are willing:
Thus, perchance, the half of the mound to build I may
manage:

Thine must be its completion, when soon the urn shall
inclose me."

Thus, then, speaking, he went, and through the tents he
proceeded,

Beckoning this one and that, and calling others together.
All arriving, at once they seized on their implements
mighty,

Shovel and mattock with zeal, so that round them brass
ringing resounded;

Also the mighty stake, as well as the stone-moving lever.
And thus onwards they drew, pressing forwards from the
encampment,

All along the soft path the crowd moving forward in
silence.

As when, armed for sudden attack by night, the selected
Band of the host draws quietly forth, and with lightest of
footsteps

Moving forward in ranks, each measures his pace, and with
caution

Each holds his breath, to force the enemy's ill-guarded
city;

So they drew forward together; of all the strenuous
silence

Honoured the solemn task and the painful grief of the
monarch.

When they, however, the ridge of the wave-washed¹
mound had arrived at,

¹ "Wellenbespülten" (wave-washed), probably taken from πολυκ-
λυστος, in the Odyssey, v. 354, although it there has the meaning of
"Wellen viel anspülend," and assumes a passive sense only in later
poetry.

Now unfolded itself to their view the breadth of the
ocean :
Out of the distant cloud of the holy morning upon them ¹
Friendly did Eos look, and the heart of each of them
quickened.
All plunged down at once in the trench, and, greedy of
labour,
Tore up in massive clods the soil that long had been trodden,
Threw it up with their shovels, whilst others carried in
baskets :
Some could one see that there were filling their shields and
their helmets,
Whilst with others the ends of their clothes took the place
of utensils.

Now did the Hours ² the portals of Heaven forcibly open
And there displayed itself the wild team of Helios, snorting.³
Quickly he lighted up the land of the Ethiops pious,⁴
They of all people on earth who inhabit the outermost
regions.
Shaking his golden locks, through Ida's forests he
mounted,
Both the sorrowing Trojans and stout Achaians to lighten.
But the Hours,⁵ meanwhile, through ether striving, arrived at
Zeus Kronion's ⁶ holy house, which ever they honour.

¹ With the ancients all things related to the gods, or that proceeded from them, were holy. Thus Ilios, which they founded, the sacrifices that they received day and night, light and darkness, the seers that announce the future, the rivers, because they had their own river-gods. Hence the application of this epithet hereafter, in lines 87, 277, 404, 461, and 490.

² The "Hours" are gate-keepers of Olympus, Iliad, viii. 593, and v. 749.

³ The mention of a team peculiar to Helios is probably taken here from Pindar's Olympus, vii. 71, where Helios is named the driver of the fire-breathing steeds (*πῦρ πνέοντων ἀρχὸς ἵππων*).

⁴ According to Homer the Ethiops dwell at the rising and setting points of the sun. The ancients counted them pious either on account of their rich sacrifices, or because they dwelt near the light.

⁵ The "Hours" here enter upon a new, although mythologically based, scene of activity: with the Graces and Nymphs they are the serving and accompanying *entourage* of the other gods.

⁶ Kronion, son of Kronos or Saturn.

As they entered therein, there hastily met them Hephaistos.¹
 Lame as ever² he was, and with words defiant addressed them :
 " Quick to the happy and slow to the waiting, deceitful
 ones, hear me !

I have constructed this hall,³ to the wish of the father
 obedient,

After the godly measure of splendidest song of the Muses :
 Spared not silver, or gold, or brass, or white metal either,⁴
 And as completed by me still stands the work just as
 perfect,

Never injured by Time, for here rust never attacks it,
 Nor does dust, the earthly wanderer's comrade, e'er reach it.
 All have I done that ever creative art could accomplish.

Indestructible rests the lofty roof of the mansion,
 And the foot invites to tread it the well-polished surface.
 Follows every ruler his throne,⁵ wherever he orders,
 As does the hunter his dog. And walking boys that are
 golden

Have I created as well, that Zeus support as he's coming,
 As I created the brazen maidens. Yet still all is lifeless !
 To you alone is it given, to you and the Karites only,
 Over the image dead to spread of life the enchantment.
 Up, then, and grudge me nothing, but pour from the
 sanctified salve horn,⁶

¹ Hephaistos or Vulcan.

² See Iliad, i. 600 and xviii. 411. Goethe had probably in his mind the occasion on which the inextinguishable laughter of the gods was excited on seeing Vulcan carrying round the hall, and spilling, in attempting to pour out, the nectar, exhausting his breath (*ποιπνόντα*).

³ A hall decorated artistically by Vulcan is not mentioned in Homer. He had built dwellings for individual gods, and a room for his mother Here, or Juno, fitted with an artistic lock (Iliad, i. 606. xiv. 166). But the general assemblies of the gods took place in the Golden Hall of Zeus. The building of this hall after the measure of a song of the Muses is borrowed by Goethe from the myths of Orpheus and Amphion.

⁴ Either tin (*κασσίτερος*) or iron, which is generally called *πυλός*, or grey. See Iliad, ix. 366 and xxiii. 261.

⁵ In Iliad, xviii. 372 and 417, Hephaistos is described as making tripods capable of spontaneous movement. In Odyssey, vii. 91 are mentioned immortal dogs that guard the house of Alkinoos, and golden virgins that support Hephaistos in walking, and resemble living ones (*ἀνθρώπων*).

⁶ Among the numerous attributes of the Karites—roses, myrtles, ears of corn, apples—comes also, though not in Homer, that of possessors of the salve horn.

Glorious graces around, that I my work may rejoice in,
 And the gods enchanted may prize me as in the beginning."
 Gently they smiled, those versatile ones, and nodded the
 old man :¹

Friendly and lavishly life and light they poured out around
 him,

So that men could not bear it, and gods might all be
 enchanted.

Then towards the threshold moved on quickly, Hephaistos,
 On his labour intent, for his heart this only affected.

There he encountered Here, by Pallas Athene escorted,
 Varied words discoursing.² As Here, the godlike, perceived
 him,

She at once detained her son, as thus she addressed
 him :

"Son! in the fame that pleases thyself thou soon wilt be
 wanting,

That thou armour prearest, in order from death to shield
 mortals,

Every art exhausting, when bidden by this or that goddess :³
 For the day is near when betimes the great son of Peleus
 Down in the dust will sink, thus marking the limits of
 mortals.

Neither the round of the shield, nor will thy armour protect
 him,

And thy helmet no more, of death when the dark fates
 assail him."⁴

But thereto replied the god Hephaistos, the skilful :⁵
 "Why dost thou mock me, O mother! that I should now
 have for Thetis

¹ This contradicts the general Homeric idea of the gods, and what is said below in line 195, for they are supposed to be immortal, and never to grow old. In the plastic arts, however, Hephaistos is sometimes represented in the form of a dwarf, and with an old face, and this may have been present to Goethe's mind when he was writing.

² Homer : ἀμείβεσθαι ἐπίεσει.

³ According to Homer only Thetis had asked Vulcan to make armour; but in Quintus Smyrnaeus, whose writings Goethe made use of at the same time, Memnon, the son of Eos, also appeared in armour forged by him.

⁴ Homer : κῆρυς μέλανος θανάτοιο.

⁵ Homer : κλυτοέργος or κλυτοσίχνης.

Made myself active those weapons in forging and making?
 Such could never produce of earthly workers the anvil;
 No! nor with my tools could even a deity make it,
 Fitting closely the body, as wings the hero upraising,¹
 Rich and not to be pierced, to the sight astonished a
 wonder.

For what a god bestows on a man is a gift full of blessing,
 Not like the gift of a foe, that is only preserved to destruction.²

And to me had Patroclos, certainly happy and conqu'ring,
 Come back again, from off his head had Phoibos the
 helmet

Not thrown down,³ and his armour opened; thus fell he
 uncovered.

Should it so happen, however, and Fate the mortal should
 summon,

Would the most godly armour fail to protect him, the
 Ægis,⁴

Not avail, from the gods that avert the day of misfortune.
 Yet what care I? For he who forges arms must prepare
 for

War, and can not expect therefrom the ring of the zither."
 Thus he spoke and went grumbling away, the goddesses
 laughing.

And there entered the hall the rest of the gods in the
 meanwhile.

Artemis came, the early, proud of the conquering arrow,⁵
 Low that had laid the stoutest stag at the fountains of
 Ida.

Iris with Hermes, too, then came, with Leto, the lofty,

¹ This metaphor is not Homeric in this application: the winged shoes of Mercury, and those of Perseus, found in later poems, however, might easily lead up to it.

² This refers either to the wooden horse, the deadly gift of the Greeks to the Trojans, or to the sword that Ajax received from Hector, and killed himself with.

³ Iliad, xvi. 793 and 804.

⁴ The Ægis was the shield of Zeus, described in Iliad, v. 738. The conjunctive imperfect is used here in the German, as in lines 182, 183, 226, and 316.

⁵ Homer: *ιoxyαυρα*, the "arrow-glad."

Always of Here detested, like her, but of mild disposition.¹
 Her follows Phoibos, the son his godly mother rejoicing;²
 Ares, the mighty, forward strides, the warrior, agile,
 Friendly to none, and only Kupris,³ the fair one restrains
 him :

Later the ogling⁴ goddess came on, the fair Aphrodite,
 Who in the morning hours her lovers unwillingly parts
 from.

Still enchanting, though weary, as if night had not sufficed
 her

For her repose, at once in the arms of the throne she
 subsided.

Soft was the light in the hall : a breath of the heavenly ether⁵
 Blew from afar, of the son of Kronos the presence
 betraying,

And at once from his lofty chamber he entered the meeting,
 Leant on the form of Hephiastos.⁶ Thus he lordly pro-
 ceeded

On to the golden throne, the artistic, and sat, whilst the
 others

Stood to bow, and then sat, the one apart from the
 other.

Gaily at once the gods of youth, the cup-bearers active,
 Hastened into the hall, and with them the Graces and
 Hebe.

Rich and foaming Ambrosia round they distributed freely.
 Full, not overflowing, enjoyment for the celestials.

¹ The post-Homeric legend in the Hymn to Apollo makes Leto out to be pursued through the earth by Juno, on account of her being beloved by Zeus, until in her flight she gives birth to Artemis and Apollo. In Hesiod she has the epithet ἡμερος, "soft" or "gentle."

² In the Hymn to Apollo, the "golden-locked" Leto and the "counsel-revolving" Zeus, rejoice when Apollo plays the zither to the other gods.

³ She was called Kupris, from Cyprus, her home, and the place where she was chiefly worshipped.

⁴ The "ogling" goddess is not a Homeric expression. In "Reineke Fuchs," line 76 of canto 9, Goethe calls the rabbit ögler.

⁵ This signifies the movement of the air caused by the shaking of the ambrosial locks of Zeus when he moves. See Iliad, i. 529.

⁶ Any foundation for this is not traceable in Homer. Goethe had in his mind probably the meeting of the gods in Ovid's Metamorphoses, 168.

To the son of Kronos alone went Ganymede, earnest¹
Look of the youth in his childish eye delighting the God-
head.

Thus, then, they all in silence enjoyed of bliss the
perfection.

Thetis,² the godlike, however, came with mournful ex-
pression,

High of stature and large, the loveliest daughter of Nereus,
And to Here turning without delay she addressed her:

"Goddess! turn not away in receiving me! learn to do
justice!

For I swear it by those who, below in Tartaros dwelling,³
Sit all round about Kronos and over the Stygian fountain,
Who will late hereafter for oaths sworn falsely take
vengeance,

Hither am I not come, from my son for the sake of averting
Only too certain fate, or keep from him sad days in future.⁴
No, there drives me up from the purple dwelling of
ocean⁵

Irrepressible pain, that perchance on the heights of
Olympus

I might hope to assuage anxiety only too grievous.

Me does my son no longer invoke, he stands on the sea-
shore

Of me forgetful, and of his friend only thinking with
longing,

Who before him down to the dismal dwelling of Hades
Has descended, and whom to the shades he is striving to
follow.

¹ Ganymede, son of the Trojan king Tros, was snatched away by the gods, on account of his beauty, to become cup-bearer to Zeus. See *Iliad*, xx. 232 to 236.

² Thetis was the mother of Achilles by Peleus, king of Thessaly. Nereus was one of the sea-deities, and the fifty sea-nymphs, the Nereids, were his daughters.

³ An oath by the Styx, the river crossed by departed souls entering into the infernal regions, was peculiarly solemn and binding. The infernal gods in Tartarus are in Homer only witnesses to oaths, and not avengers.

⁴ Homer: *καὶ δὲν οὐ μὲν ἴσμεν ἦμαρ*.

⁵ After *Iliad*, i. 462, where the waves of the sea are called purple (*πορφύρεον*).

Yes, I can neither see nor speak to him. Now would it help us
Mutual unavoidable need that we should complain of?"

Furious, Here, turning herself with look full of menace,¹
Spoke full of spite these bitter words to the sorrowing
goddess:

"O thou hypocrite, unexplored like the ocean that bred
thee!

Should I trust, and even with friendly expression receive
thee?

Thee, who a thousandfold both before and lately² hast
vexed me?

Who for me to death hast despatched the noblest of
warriors,

And this only thy son's unendurable feelings to flatter?

Think'st thou I know thee not, and consider not the
beginning,

When as a glorious bridegroom the son of Kronos
descended,

Me, his spouse and sister, forsook, and the daughter of
Nereus,³

With vainglory inflamed, had hoped to be Queen here
in Heaven?

Yet the godly one now from the prophecy wise of the Titan
Shrinks back with terror, who from the damnable bed had
foretold him

There should be born a most dangerous son. Prometheus
well knew it!⁴

¹ Compare lines 384, 385. Homer: *δαινά δεδορκώς*; or, still stronger, *δαινά δ' ὑπόδρα ἰδών*.

² The allusion is not very clear. Here appears to be thinking of the men killed by Achilles in the war, who were dear to her, or of Hector.

³ That Here was both sister and wife of Zeus was held by Virgil and Horace, as well as Homer.

⁴ In addition to Zeus, Poseidon and Theseus had quarrelled over Thetis. But Prometheus, as Æschylus relates in his "Prometheus Unbound," was, when chained on the Caucasus, in possession of the secret that Zeus, if he were to ally himself to Thetis, would beget a son who would be greater than himself, and would overthrow him. Zeus consequently broke off the alliance, and forced Thetis against her will to marry the mortal Theseus.

For from thee and the mortal man has arisen a monster
 In the Chimera's¹ stead and the fierce earth-ravaging
 dragon's.
 Had a god him begot, for the gods who had guarded the
 ether?
 For as one had the world, so the other² had ravaged the
 heaven.
 Yet I never see thee approach, but ever in gay mood
 Calls thee the son of Kronos, and light on thy cheek thee
 caresses.
 Even all would the wretch concede thee, in order to stint
 me.
 Never desire unsatisfied fades in the breast of a mortal."

And thereupon replied the daughter of truth-speaking
 Nereus:³
 "Cruel one! what sort of speech dost thou use, thou arrow
 of hatred?
 Dost thou not spare a mother's grief, most fearful of sorrows,
 She who, grieved at her son's near fate, all around is com-
 plaining?
 Surely thou never hast learnt, in the breast of a goddess
 immortal
 How grief equally rages as in the breast of a woman.
 For begotten of Zeus do lordly sons dwell around thee,
 Ever lusty and strong, and thou in these high ones rejoiceest,
 Yet thou thyself didst grieve, poured out in anxious
 lamenting,
 On that day when, enraged, upon the island of Lemnos
 Hurled for thy sake Kronion⁴ down Hephaistos, the true
 one,
 And like a man, with injured foot the lordly one lay there.
 Then didst thou loudly invoke the nymphs of the island
 umbrageous:

¹ A monster of godly origin killed by Bellerophon. In the fore part it was a lion, behind a dragon, and in the middle a wild mountain goat (*Iliad*, vi. 179).

² That is, the son whom Thetis would have borne to Zeus.

³ The epithet "truth-speaking" is not applied in Homer to Nereus, although it agrees with his mythological character (*νημερής*).

⁴ See note to line 90.

Gave not, impervious night, then, back to Admetos his consort

For my invincible son? And also has not arisen
Protesilaos¹ once more, his sorrowing consort embracing?
Also were not Persephone's feelings moved when below there

Orpheus'² song she had heard and his irresistible longing?
Did not my thunderbolts, too, restrain Asklepios'³ power
When he, rashly enough, to life would bring back the dead men?

E'en for the dead hopes the living himself, and wilt thou despair, then,

Since the living still the light of the sun is enjoying?
Nor are firmly hedged in the bounds of life, for a god drives,

Yes, and even a man, can of death the destiny drive back.

Therefore let not thy courage fail thee, and from all evil
Guard well thy lips, and close thy ears to thy enemies' mocking.

Oft has the sick man buried the doctor, to death who condemned him,

In brief time himself recovered and happy in sunshine.

Does not Poseidon often drive the keel of the vessel
Into the deadly Syrtes with force, so that planks and ribs shiver?

Out of the hand falls the helm at once; of the rent ship the remnants,

¹ The earlier legend is that Protesilaos sacrificed himself for the Greeks by being the first to leap ashore on their arrival in their ships, although he knew that whoever did so must die. He had, moreover, left his house half finished, and his wife Laodamia in deep grief (*ἀμφιδουρής*, "with lacerated cheeks"). The later legend adds to this that Laodamia had not rested till her husband came back to the upper world, united himself with her, and again returned with her to Hades.

² The story of Orpheus and Eurydice does not appear in Homer, but was well known in the ancient world.

³ A post-Homeric legend. In Homer Asklepios only appears as the father of two leaders, Podaleirios and Machaon; but Pindar and the author of the Hymn to Asklepios know him as the son of Apollo, and as physician or waker of the dead. In the present passage stress is laid on the latter faculty of Asklepios, and not on the punishment that Zeus allots to him.

Grasped by the drowning men, by the god on the waves
are then scattered.

All would he then destroy, but many are saved by the
Daimon.¹

Thus, too, I think, no god, nor even the principal goddess,
Knows from Ilios' plain for whom return home is destined."

Thus he spoke, and was silent. Then tore herself Here
the godlike,
Quick from her seat, and stood, as a hill in the midst of the
ocean,²

Round whose lofty head the ether's tempests illumine.
Angry and loud did the peerless one speak, with dignified
carriage:

"Wretch! Infirm of purpose! What mean thy words so
deceitful?

Said'st thou this to annoy me, or didst thou wish entertain-
ment,

When I was angry, to bring me to shame before the
celestials?

For I hardly believe that thy words have been thought out
in earnest.

Ilios falls! Thou hast sworn it thyself to me. Destiny's
signals

Point to the same conclusion, and so must fall, too,
Achilleus,

He, the best of the Greeks, of the gods the worthiest
fav'rite.³

He who stands in the way of fate, the fearful, that hastens
On to its final goal, in the dust is trodden of horses,
And him the wheel of the brazen, holy chariot crushes.
Therefore did I not speak, whatever doubt thou excitest,

¹ The word is not here used in the Homeric sense, but the conception seems to be that every man has his "Daimon," or tutelary spirit, that prepares for him good or bad fortune.

² The same simile is applied in the *Odysey* to the queen of the *Lasterygonas*. She is likened to a mountain summit (*δρεος κορυφή*).

³ The conception of particular favourites of the gods is quite Homeric. Those who obtain the favour of the gods do so not so much through merit as through luck, or beauty, or strength, or any qualification that they have not acquired for themselves. The epithet "worthy" is applied intentionally, as some were unworthy.

Her perhaps to comfort, to grief who thus weakly surrenders.

This, however, I say, and thou in thy heart mayst accept it ;¹
Both of gods and of men remains free-will ever hated,
When in words it is shown, or manifested in action,
For though high we may stand, of the gods who are called everlasting

Themis² alone is eternal, and she must reign and continue,
When hereafter thy realm, however late, to the Titans'
Overpowering strength, the long held under, surrenders."³
Still unmoved and gaily the son of Kronos then answered :
" Not in deeds, though in words, art thou wise, for 'tis open to challenge,

Both in heaven and on the earth, when the ruler's companion
Whether in deeds or in words is with his opponents united.
For of action approaching the word is truly a herald.
Therefore I tell thee this, thou restless one, if it should please thee,

Ruling below, this day to split up the kingdom of Kronos,
Go, determined, below, and await the day of the Titans,
Which, it seems to me, is not far from the light of the ether.

But to you others I say that no destruction is pressing
Now that cannot be checked, to throw down Ilios' fortress.
Up, then! he who Troja protects, let him guard, too, Achilleus.

And for the rest there lies, I think, a sorrowful business,
When of the favoured Greeks they kill the most glorious hero."⁴

Speaking thus, he rose from his throne, and sought his apartments.

And from their seat, much moved, then went off Leto and Thetis

¹ As Homer : *οὐ δ' ἐνὶ φρεσὶ βάλλει σῆσι*.

² Themis in the Iliad is only keeper of order in the hall of the gods. In Hesiod, she is wife of Zeus, and later still, goddess of Justice.

³ The old, though not Homeric, tradition of the overthrow of the rule of Zeus rests upon the curse pronounced upon him by Kronos.

⁴ The Greeks were so far favoured by the gods that after the death of Achilles Troy was to fall into their hands.

To the lower part of the hall, for the mournful excitement
 Of conversation alone, and no one followed them thither.
 And to Ares turning exclaimed then Here, exalted :
 " What dost thou now propose, my son, whose uncontrolled
 pleasure
 Favours this one and that, now the one and sometimes the
 other,'
 With the changing fortunes of terrible weapons rejoicing ?
 In thy thoughts lies never the end, where'er it is hidden,
 Only force and rage for the moment, and sorrow un-
 ending.
 Soon thus, I think, that thou wilt in the midst of the
 Trojans
 Fight with Achilleus thyself, whom at last his doom is
 approaching,
 And by a god's hand to fall himself is not counted un-
 worthy."

Ares, however, answered thereto, with reverence and
 grandeur :²
 " This to do command me not, mother ! To make such an
 ending
 Would not become a god. 'Tis the way of men that are
 mortal
 Ever each other to kill, as the lust for victory leads them.
 Be it mine to arouse them from where in peaceable
 dwelling,
 Unoppressed, they ever enjoy the glorious seasons,
 With the gifts of Ceres, the cherisher, busily troubled.
 Now will I warn them, by Ossa³ accompanied, for in the
 distance
 Rings in their ears the tumult of slaughter already around
 them :
 Roars the tempest of battle, their natures fiercely exciting,

¹ Homer : ἄλλοπρόσαλλος, any one who turns now to one and now to the other.

² This is by no means a Homeric idea.

³ Ossa is in Homer the war-cry, the summons to battle, but is never personified as accompanying Ares, as in this passage.

Far beyond bounds, naught holds them back, and with
impulse courageous
Eagerly forward they strive, all greedy of death of the
danger.

Now, then, thither I go, the son of Eos, the lovely,
Memnon,¹ and with him the Ethiopian people, to summon;
With them, too, the Amazons' race,² by whom men are
hated."

Speaking thus, he turned him away, but Kupris, the fair one,
Caught him and looked in his eye, and with smiles en-
chanting addressed him :

" Thus dost thou storm forth, wild one, of earth the
nations remotest³

Here to the fight to call, that for a woman is raging?
Do so! Thee will I not hold back; for the fairest of women
Is more worthy the fight than for possession of chattels.

Do not, however, stir up the Ethiopian peoples,
Often who for the gods the most pious festivals order.
Pure in their lives, to these good ones I gave of gifts the
most precious,

Constant enjoyment of love and endless children sur-
rounding.

This, however, be praised, if thou the unwomanly cohorts
Of wild Amazons now to the field of danger conductest;
Hateful to me are the rude ones, who the community flee
from,

Pleasant, of men, and from the female tamers of horses
Ev'ry pure grace remove, of women all the adornment."⁴

Thus she spoke, and looked at him hastening off, and
then quickly

¹ Memnon, after Hector's death, was the chief defender of Troy. He killed Antiochus, and was at last himself killed by Achilles.

² The Amazons are, in the Iliad, hostile to the Trojans, and are called *ἀνδράεσσαι*, "fighting with men." According to Quintus Smyrnaeus, they came under the brave Penthesilea to the aid of the hardy pressed Trojans.

³ In the Odyssey the Ethiopians are called the remotest of nations (*ἑσχατοὶ ἀνθρώπων*), and north of them the Amazons were supposed to have their seat.

⁴ The Amazons were reported to cut off the right breast, so as not to be impeded in drawing the bow.

Turned she her eyes away, the course of Phoibos observing.
He on the blooming earth had just from Olympus
descended.

Then he passed through the sea, the whole of the islands
avoiding,

Hastening on to the Thymbrian¹ vale, where stood him
a temple.

Solemn and worthy it stood, flowed round by the peoples
of Troja,²

Whilst there still was peace, when all the festival long for.
Empty, however, it stood, with no celebration or contests.

There the clever, active Kupris, the goddess, perceived
him,

And to meet him she purposed, for much she revolved in
her bosom.³

And to Here spoke the solemn Pallas Athene:

"Goddess! be not thou angry. For even now must I go
down

By his side to stand, by destiny soon to be o'ertaken.

Such a fair life does not deserve to close in displeasure.

Gladly to thee I confess that before all heroes of old time,

As of the present day, of Achilleus I was the fondest.

Yes, in love and embraces would I have bound myself
to him,

Had the works of Kupris befitted one born on the Triton.⁴

As his friend, however, he holds with mighty affection,

So, too, him will I hold, and as he his comrade laments for,

So when he falls shall I, the goddess, lament him, the
mortal.

Woe that so soon already this earth-born image enchanting
Should break down, which broad and wide in the people
rejoices;

That the beauteous body, of glorious being the building,
Should to devouring flame be given over and perish.

¹ Iliad, x. 478, Thymbra is a plain in the Troad, flowed through by the river Thymbrios; in it the camp of the allies of Troy stretched down to the sea. The temple of Apollo was only mentioned in later times.

² That is, "visited in numbers."

³ Homer: μεμνηρίζεν κατὰ φρίνα (φρεσι) or ἐνὶ φρεσὶ βάλλεσθαι.

⁴ The Triton was a lake or river in Libya.

And alas! that the noble stripling himself should be never
Formed into man. A princely man on the earth is so
needful,¹

So that the youthful rage, for wild destruction the
craving,

Should in the end be shown in creative and mightier
purpose,

Which should order evolve, and after which thousands
might rule them.

Perfected man would not resemble impetuous Ares,²
Him whom only slaughter contents, the man-slaying.³

No, he

More resembles Kronides himself, from whom proceeds
welfare.

Towns destroys he no more, but builds them: to shores that
are distant

Leads he forth the citizens' surplus: the coasts and the
Syrtes

With new nations would swarm who longed for space and
for living.

He, however, builds him his grave. I cannot and shall not
Lead my favourite back from the gloomy portals of
Hades,

Which he already inquires and looks for, to follow his
friend there;

Which, though it close to him gapes, still nightly darkness
conceals it."

Thus did she speak, and with look appalling gazed into
ether

Far and wide: for a god looks terrific when mortals are
weeping.

Here, however, pursued, as she touched her friend on the
shoulder:

"Daughter! fully I share with thee the grief that has
seized thee,

¹ Lines 370 to 373 have reference to the political circumstances of the time when the Achilleid was written, just as in "Reineke Fuchs," canto 8, lines 152 to 160, relates to contemporary circumstances.

² Homer: *Θούρος*.

³ Homer: *ἀνδροφόνος*, a common appellation of Hector.

For in much do we think alike, as well as in this thing,
 That I avoid a man's embraces, as thou, too, abhorrest.
 Him who is worthy, we may thus honour and prize. There
 are women
 Many who wish for a delicate man, as Anchises,¹ the
 fair one,
 Or as ev'n Endymion, who was beloved as he slumbered.
 But collect thyself now, Kronion's worshipful daughter!
 Go thou down to Pelides, and pour thou into his bosom
 Godly life, that to-day beyond and above other mortals
 He may the happiest be, his future renown when he
 thinks of,
 And the hand of the Hours eternal fulness may give him."

Pallas, her feet with golden sandals quickly adorning,²
 That through broad heaven's space and over the sea should
 convey her,
 Thus strode forward, and through the spacious regions of
 ether,
 Through the inferior air, and on the height of Scamander
 Brought herself quickly down: on Aisuetes' tomb³ she
 descended,
 Seen from afar. She looked not first of the town at the
 fortress,
 Not at the tranquil plain between where Xanthos, the
 holy,
 Ever in beauty flows, and Simois, dried up and rocky,
 In its broad bed along the gravelly shore is extended.
 Nor did her look pass over the rows of the tents and the
 vessels,

¹ Anchises is not termed "fair" in Homer. Among the gods Demeter, Leto in the hymns, and among prominent heroes Achilles, Menelaüs, Ulysses, Meleagros, Rhadamanthus, and Agamede, daughter of Angeias, are so called.

² Homer: *ὑπὸ ποσσὶν ἰδῆσατο καλὰ πόδια*.

³ The scene of the Trojan war is the plain between the rivers Simois and Scamander, or Xanthos. According to the Iliad, book xx. 74, the former is the name by which it is called by the gods, and the latter is what men call it. One of the most conspicuous points in the plain is the tomb of Aisuetes, from which the Greek camp could be seen. The hillock of Sigeion, which is not mentioned by Homer, on which the grave of Achilles was shown even in modern times, is the promontory to the north of the mouth of the Scamander.

Did not behold the bustle around of the busy encampment ;
 Seawards turned the goddess herself ; the mound of Sigeion
 Filled so fully her eye, where she saw the stout son of
 Peleus
 Over his people well-employed, the Myrmidons, ruling.

Like to a lively crowd of ants,¹ who deep in the forest
 Have been disturbed at work by the hastening foot of the
 hunter,
 Scattered their heap, however long and carefully piled up,
 Quick the associate throng, in thousand cohorts dispersing,
 Hither and thither swarm, and wander about in their
 thousands,
 Each the nearest seizing, and pushing on tow'rds the
 middle
 Of the labyrinthian mound, to the ancient building.
 In like manner earth upon earth the Myrmidons heaping,
 Thus was the dam piled up outside from around it, and
 higher
 Every moment it grew, yet ever in circumscribed circle.

But Achilleus stood in the bowl at the bottom, surrounded
 All around by the crumbling dam, as his monument rising.
 Not far behind him came Athene : Antilochos'² image
 Shrouded the goddess, but not altogether : more glorious
 looked he.

Turning round again soon, perceived his friend the Pelides ;
 Joyful towards him he went, and, seizing his hand, thus
 addressed him :

“ Dear friend, comest thou, too, my solemn business to
 forward,
 Which the young mens' zeal brings nearer and nearer
 completion ?
 See how the dam is rising around : already the middle

¹ This simile has probably been specially employed because, according to the tradition first reported by Hesiod, the Myrmidons were descended from ants.

² Antilochus, the eldest of Nestor's seven sons, is mentioned in *Iliad*, xxiii. 556, as the friend of Achilles. It was he who first brought Achilles the news of the death of Patroclus (*Iliad*, xviii. 16). As he appears in the lower world accompanied by Achilles, his ashes were buried in the same mound.

Threatens the rolling rubbish in ever narrowing circle.
 This may the crowd complete, but to thee shall this be
 intrusted,
 To protect the urns a roof to build in the middle.
 Two flat pieces I have selected, found in the trench here,
 Massive and large, which surely has torn the shaker
 Poseidon¹
 Down from the top of the lofty mountain, and hurled them
 down hither,
 Covering up with earth and stones on the brink of the
 ocean.
 These, when prepared, put up, and leaning one on the
 other,
 Build up firmly the slope of a tent, for the urns to stand
 under,
 Where in secret preserved they may last till days have an
 ending.
 Then in the ground fill up with earth the whole of the
 fissures,
 Ever farther and farther, until the mound, thus com-
 pleted,
 Self-supported shall stand to future men as a token."

Thus as he spoke, the daughter of Zeus, Athene, the
 clear-eyed,²
 Firmly took hold of his hands, the terrible, near which in
 battle
 No man gladly approached,³ though he himself were most
 perfect.
 These she closed with force both godlike and friendly, and
 pressed them
 Once and again, and spoke in gracious, enlivening accents:
 "Dear one! what thou hast built the last of thine shall
 hereafter
 Finish, who knows whether I it may be, or haply another?
 Let us at once, however, from out this circle oppressive

¹ Homer: ἐνδοιχθων, ἐνδοσίγαυος.

² This expression, and those in lines 457 and 471, are imitations of the Homeric epithet γλαυκῶπις.

³ In Homer the hands of heroes are "unapproachable," ἀσπροι.

Climb up aloft, and walk round the lofty dam up above there.

Thence may be seen the land and the sea and the isles in the distance."

Thus she spoke, and his heart was moved, and raising she led him

Lightly above by his hand, and the two then wandered together

Round the lofty edge of the mound, that was ever increasing.

But the goddess began, her blue and brilliant eyes turning Round to the sea, in words that were both friendly and trying:¹

"What are these sails that numberless here one after another

Strive to attain to the shore, stretched out in rows in the distance?

These, I think, to the holy soil will not approach quickly, For the morning wind from the shore is blowing against them."

"If my sight does not err," replied the mighty Pelides, "And the form of those coloured ships now does not deceive me,²

These are brave, Phœnician men, desirous of riches; Welcome provender out of the islands here are they bringing

To the Achaian host, that long has missed its provisions, Wine, with fruit that is dried, and herds of the loud-lowing cattle.

Yes, they will be landed, I think, for the people's refreshment,³

Ere the hurrying fight shall summon the newly refreshed ones."

¹ Homer: *πειρητίζω*.

² The epithet is chosen in remembrance of the Homeric *φαινικοπάρης*, by which the red colour of the ships' sides is signified. The ordinary appellation of the ships (*κοῖλος*, "hollow") is found in lines 479 and 605.

³ The supply, at least of the wine, for the Grecian army came in the Trojan war from Lemnos.

"Sooth to say," thereon the blue-eyed goddess responded ;
 "In no way did the man do wrong, who here on the sea-
 shore

His watch-tower to build aroused the whole of the people,
 On the high sea hereafter to look after vessels arriving,
 Or a fire to light at night, a mark for the steersman ;
 For the widest space to the eye of the searcher is opened.
 'Tis never empty ! one ship other struggling ships may
 encounter,

Or it may follow. In truth, a man from the streams of
 the ocean,¹

Coming and bringing the gold in grains from Phasis
 remotest,

In hollow ship to roam through the sea, and eager for
 barter,

Would be seen, wherever he turned, or if he were sailing
 Either on through the briny flood of the broad Hellespontos
 Tow' rds the Kronides' cradle, or tow' rds the river of
 Egypt,

Longing to see the Tritonian Syrtes,² or else peradventure
 Down tow' rds the end of the earth,³ to meet and greet the
 descending

Steeds of Helios ; after this to wend his way homewards,
 Rich with laden wares that many coasts had presented :
 Still would he be seen in going both outwards and inwards.
 There behind also, I think, where night from holy earth
 never,

Vexed by cloud eternal, separates, there, too, is dwelling

¹ The Phasis, famed through the Argonautic expedition, lay in the realm of King Aetes, in the westerly portion of the earth, to the north-east of the Ethiops. Starting from there all ships must cross the Hellespont, whether making for Crete, where Zeus was born of Rhea, and hidden in the caves of Ida, or for Egypt.

² The river Triton in old times passed through three lakes, of which the last was called *τριτωνικὴ λίμνη*. This was connected with the small Syrtes through a narrow arm of water, which according to later travellers no longer exists. In ancient times the small Syrtes and this lake were frequently confused, as in Herodotus and Diodorus, and Goethe probably was thinking of the Tritonian Syrtes as a bay, and not as a lake.

³ According to Homeric ideas the western edge of the earth. This same neighbourhood is meant below in line 489, and clearly points to the Cimmerian sea (*Odyssey*, xi. 14).

Many a man determined enough and craving adventures,
 Ready to dare the open sea, tow'rds gladsome day steering;
 Hither may he arrive, and showing the mound in the
 distance,
 Will his companions ask as to what the signal may pur-
 port."

And with a cheerful look then happy answered Pelides:
 "Wisely to me thou speakest, of wisest father thou off-
 spring!"¹

Not only thinking of what just now thy eye is affecting,
 But like² the holy seers the future also beholding.
 Gladly to thee I listen, thy gracious speeches creating
 Fresh delight in my breast, that I so long am deprived of.
 Well may many a man, hereafter the blue billows cleaving,
 This magnificent monument see, and say to the rowers:
 'Here lies interred by no means the least of all the
 Achaians,'³

Whom the way to return the Moirae had sternly for-
 bidden,
 For not a few must have carried this towering hillock
 together.'"

"No! not thus will he speak," impetuous answered the
 goddess:

"See!" will he cry enchanted, on seeing the peak from a
 distance,

"There is the glorious tomb of the peerless, mighty Pelides,
 Whom so young tore away from the earth the will of the
 Moirae."

"This to thee do I now declare, as a truth-speaking
 prophet,

One to whom the gods are now revealing the future;
 Far from Okeanos'⁴ stream, where Helios drives up his
 horses,

¹ In many places in the Iliad and Odyssey the wisdom of Nestor is spoken of. He was the first adviser of Agamemnon and the Greeks generally.

² Homer: *εὐαλίκως*.

³ In Iliad, vii. 64, Hector speaks of a mound to be raised to the memory of a valiant Greek who would be slain by him.

⁴ The ocean was supposed to be a river that ran round the earth.

Over the summit guiding,¹ to where he descends in the
 ev'ning,—
 Yes, as far as reach the day and the night, shall be
 rumoured
 This thy glorious fame, and all the people shall honour
 This good choice thou hast made, of a famous life, though
 a short one.
 Excellent has been thy choice. The earth who youthful has
 quitted²
 Wanders for ever youthful still in Persephone's kingdom :
 Ever young he will seem to the future ones, and ever
 longed for.
 When my father shall die, the grey and road-ready³
 Nestor,
 Who will bewail him then ? From the eye of his son even
 hardly
 Trickles the tender tear. They will say that fully com-
 pleted
 Lies the old man at rest,⁴ of mortals an excellent pattern.
 But when a young man falls, is excited longing unending
 In all future men, and for each he dies again newly,
 Famous deeds with deeds of renown who crowned to see
 wishes."

Thereupon answered at once with words according
 Achilleus :

"Yes ! so treasures a man his life as a sanctified jewel,
 That he will ever honour him most who bravely disdains it.
 Much of virtue there lies in lofty intelligent wisdom,
 Much in faith, and duty, and love that all things embraces,
 Yet of all mankind is nothing so perfectly honoured
 As that determined purpose, to death in place of surrender."

¹ The highest point of the mountain, whence there is a descent on both sides. Goethe has here adopted post-Homeric ideas of the sun's path, like those of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, ii. 64, in which the highest point is reached in the middle of heaven (*Medio est (sc. via), altissima coelo*).

² This idea does not appear directly in Homer, but may easily be deduced from his writings. Ulysses in the lower world sees youths and virgins, as well as old men.

³ Homer, *ἱππότα*, "mounted and ready for the road."

⁴ Applicable to Nestor especially, not to old age in general.

⁵ Schiller, in "Das Glück," says that that man may be deemed great who overcomes the Fates themselves by the force of virtue.

Bravely that calls the force of the Fates themselves to the
conflict.

Worthy of honour, too, he seems to new generations,
Who, when hardly pushed by shame and trouble, deter-
mined

Turns the edge of his brass against his own tender body.
Fame pursues him against his will. The glorious chaplet
Out of the hand of despair he takes of the victor un-
fading."

Thus he spoke, and quickly answered him Pallas Athene:
" Words becoming thou speakest, for thus does it happen
to mortals,

Death and its dangers despised exalting even the lowest.
Glorious stands in the fight a slave by the side of the
monarch.

Even the fame of domestic wives in the earth may be
rumoured.

Ever the name of Alkestis, the tranquil wife, will be men-
tioned,

Who for Admetos offered herself, among those of heroes.
Yet for none is reserved a lot more glorious or greater
Than for him in the strife of untold men without question
Who the first is counted, who here of the race of Achaians
Or of native Phrygians² fight through battles unending.
Sooner will Mnemosyne,³ with her glorious daughters,
Cast to oblivion the fights, the godly first of the battles
That confirmed Kronides his realm, when not only the
heavens,

But the earth and the sea, were moved with throes sym-
pathetic.

Sooner indeed shall be quenched of the Argonauts' pluck
the remembrance,⁴

And the world no more the power of Hercules think of,

¹ No example of suicide occurs in the Iliad or Odyssey. The farther we go back in the ancient world, the fewer traces we find of suicide.

² A common name for the Trojans and their allies. In the Iliad the Phrygians are mentioned as a distinct people.

³ Mnemosyne appears in the hymn to Mercury (Hermes), and in Hesiod's Theogony as the Mother of the Muses.

⁴ The war with the Giants, the Argonautic expedition, and the labours of Hercules, are all mentioned in the Homeric poems.

Than that this broad plain and these coasts should never
hereafter

Tell of the ten years' strife, and that of great deeds as the
summit.

And for thee it was destined in this so glorious conflict,
Which all Hellas excites, and all its valiant fighters
Over the sea has driven, as well as remotest barbarians,
Who in league with the Trojans hither to war have been
summoned,

Always to be the first to be named as leader of peoples.¹
Where hereafter the garland of peaceable people assembles,
And, in the harbour landed safe, shall list to the singer,
On the well-chiselled stones reposing of oars from the
labour,

And from the terrible strife with ever untamable billows ;
Or when at holy festival, round the glorious temple
Camped of Olympian Zeus, or of far-striking Phoibos,²
When the prize of renown to the fortunate victors is
portioned,

Ever thy name shall flow the first on the lips of the singer.
After first the name of the god with honour is mentioned.
All peoples' hearts thou raisest, and in thee singly united
Shall the fame and renown of all who are valiant vanish."

Sprightly with earnest look thereto then answered
Achilleus:
"All this honest and well thou sayest, intelligent young
man.

Truly to see this thronging crowd a man it rejoices
For his own sake assembled in life, and eager to see him.
So will he, too, rejoice of the gracious singer in thinking,
Who his name shall interweave of his song in the garland.
Yet more pleasing it is to joy in congenial feeling
Both in life and in death of men with the best and the
noblest.³

¹ Homer, in accord with the often repeated phrase of the Iliad, *αιεν
αριστευειν και υπειροχον εμμεναι αλλων*.

² Homer, *εκατος, εκαεργος, εκηβόλος*, or *εκατηβυλος*.

³ When Alexander saw the mound of Achilles, he exclaimed, "O fortunatum adolescentem, qui Homerum virtutis tuae praeconem inveneris" (O fortunate young man, who hast found in Homer the herald of thy virtue).

For to me upon earth can nothing more precious be given
Then when Ajax,¹ Telamon's son, shakes my hand of an
ev'ning

After my terrible labour, and when the battle is ended,
Pleased at the victory gained, as well as the enemy
slaughtered.²

Truly in this short life it were of man to be envied,
Sitting within his hall that he from morning to ev'ning,
Food in all abundance enjoying, should happy complete it,
Drinking the strengthening wine, the healer of care and of
sorrow,³

Whilst meanwhile the singer discoursed of the past and
the future.⁴

On that day, however, no such fortune befell him,
When great Zeus was enraged at the clever son of Japetos,
And Pandora's form⁵ for the king Hephaistos created.
Then was apportioned the lot of unavoidable sorrow
To all mortal men that ever the earth may inhabit,
Whom ever Helios lights to hopes that are always decep-
tive,

E'en with enlivening beams and heavenly splendour
deceiving.

For in the bosom of men is of endless quarrels the fountain
Ever disposed to flow, of the peace fullest house the
destroyer.

Envy, and lust of power, and wish for unfettered pos-
session

Even of widely distributed goods, of cattle and woman,
Who, though godlike of look, to the house brings dangerous
sorrows.

¹ In Homer no particular friendship between Ajax and Achilles is mentioned. He is first seen in the lower world as his companion with Antilochus. He was nearly related to him, Telamon and Peleus being both sons of Æacus, and was eminent among the Greeks.

² Lines 587 to 591 are a free rendering of Ulysses' words in *Odyssey* ix. 3 to 11.

³ *Λυαῖος*, a post-Homeric description of Dionysus or Bacchus.

⁴ Of the seer Kalchas it is said that he knew the present, the future, and the past.

⁵ Pandora was made out of clay for Zeus, and endowed by the gods with various excellent gifts. Zeus gave her the famous box containing all human ills, at the bottom of which lay Hope.

Where does the man find rest from effort and vehement
labour
Who in his hollow vessel crosses the sea, or who ploughs up
After his mighty ¹ bulls the soil in convenient furrows?
All around him are dangers near, and Tyche,² the eldest
Of the Moirae, rules on the face of the earth as on ocean.
Thus, then, I say to thee: let the most fortunate ever
remember
For the strife to be ready, and let him resemble the
warrior,
Who is ever prepared from Helios' face to be parted."³

Smiling answered thereon the goddess, Pallas Athene:
"Let us set this aside; for any mortal expression,
Wise though it be, that earth-born man may make use of,
Can not the problem solve of the future not to be fathomed.
Therefore think I more of the purpose for which I have
come here,
Of thee to ask if thou perchance would anyway bid me,
What may be needful for thee and for thine just now to
prepare thee."

Then with a glad solemnity answered the mighty Pelides:
"Well dost thou more wisely remind me of what may be
needful.
Me nor hunger allures, nor thirst, nor many another
Appetite born upon earth, to the hour's more cheerful
enjoyment.
But for these there is not, these true industrious workers,
In the labour itself refreshment for labour provided.
If thou demandest the strength of thy men, then must
thou them strengthen
With the gifts of Ceres, who all that nurtures distributes.

¹ Homer: *ἰφθιμος*.

² Tyche, a daughter of Zeus Eleutherios, was the mightiest of the sisters who direct the undertakings of men by sea, in war, on land, and in the council.

³ Parting from Helios, the light, as the opposite of the lower world, was accounted particularly painful. Ajax, when about to kill himself, takes particular leave of the light, and in Homer life is specially associated with seeing the light of the sun.

Hasten, therefore, my friend, below, and of bread send
sufficient,

Also enough of wine, that we may hasten the labour.

And of the welcome meat shall refreshing smell in the
ev'ning

Rise up, steaming, to you, of cattle recently slaughtered."

Thus did he speak aloud, and, laughing one to another,

Heard his men the words, refreshed from the sweat of
their labour.

Then with flying steps descended Pallas, the godlike,
Reaching without delay the Myrmidons, where they were
camping

Under the foot of the mound, and there were faithfully
guarding

That right side of the camp, that fell by lot to Achilles.¹

Soon the goddess aroused the ever provident people,

Who the golden fruit of the earth were fully protecting,

And were ready to hand it on to those who were fighting.

These she called, and thus to them spoke with words of
commandment:

"Up! Why now the delay of bread the nourishment
welcome

And of the wine to take up there to those who are working,

Who, to-day at the tents in merry converse assembled,

Sit not and trim the fire, their daily food to prepare them?

Up! you lazy fellows! procure for those who are active

What their stomachs require! Too often you're given to
stinting

Those who are working their due reward of promised
refreshment.

But I think the rage of your ruler will soon overtake you.

Not for your sakes, be sure, has he led his warriors hither."

Thus she spoke, and they, distressed at heart, then obeying,

Hastened to bring out abundance¹ upon the mules to be laden.

* * * * *

¹ The ships of Achilles and Ajax stood, because these were the most valiant leaders, at the most dangerous points, the former on the right and the latter on the left wing of the camp for the ships (Iliad, xi. 5-9, and viii. 224-225).

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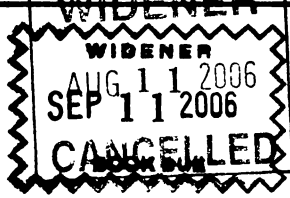
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